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MYRIORAMA:

A VIEW OF OUR PEOPLE AND THEIR HISTORY, TOGETHER WITH THE PRINCIPLES UNDERLYING, AND THE CIRCUMSTANCES ATTENDING

THE RISE AND PROGRESS

OF THE

AMERICAN UNION.

A Poem:

BY W. A. PEFFER.

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DEDICATION.

To the American people, and especially to the young men and women, upon whose shoulders soon will rest the responsibilities and duties of our Government, this Poem is respectfully dedicated, by

THE AUTHOR.

CLARKSVILLE, TENN., July 4th, 1869.

PREFACE.

THE design of this POEM is to present to view our people as they are related to their unwritten history, and to impress upon the mind, by *poetic representations and figures*, those principles of inherent political philosophy which underlie the government and institutions of our country, as well as the various facts and circumstances which have impeded or advanced our progress in the different stages of our development and growth.

After rising from a perusal of Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Hallem's "Middle Ages," McCaulay's "England," and Bancroft's or Hildreth's "United States," it would seem to be a pleasant relief to look upon a picture wherein all the principal features of our own history are drawn in prominent positions, thus giving us a bird's-eye view of ourselves and what we have been, as a pleasing sequel to our more laborious studies. The following pages are the result of an attempt to paint such a picture.

A principal and leading object in the work is, to give an interior view of the causes which produced the recent war, and to show how evil influences may operate unfelt for years and ages upon a people, but which will, sooner or later, if unchecked, strike for universal dominion, and attempt the absorption of all opposing things. For the better presentation of the subject, I have chosen to give each *element* or *principle* which is introduced, a *personal* character, whose separate history is given both by narration and argument; and the operation, as well as the ef-

fect of each principle in, and upon our society, is shown by the action of councils for debate. Each class of people also, when such classes have borne important parts in our history, is represented by a *character* having personal attributes and a name.

The first great principle with us is LIBERTY. Hence she is the first character introduced. The next is INDEPENDENCE, and he is the second in appearance. They being purely spirits or elements, their natural love for VIRTUE must be apparent, and her union with them for any good purpose is absolutely necessary; for this reason, she is the third character seen. They meet, and determine upon planting a new nation in America; but, as all the world knows, three hundred years ago, *monarchy* was the great obstacle in the way of freedom. This idea is represented in the person of KINGCRAFT. He opposes the new plan. True policy would then dictate that some means be devised whereby his influence might, if possible, be counteracted; and for this purpose, WISDOM volunteers his advice, and suggests, that as various principles and classes of people *must*, in the nature of things, enter into the grand enterprise, it would be well to hold a Council of all such, and agree upon an harmonious plan, in which there might be union, and no discord.

Such a council is, accordingly, held, in which participate, besides those already named, JUSTICE, MERCY, AMBITION, PROGRESS, ABORIGINES, (the Indian) AVARICE, PRIDE, LABOR, CAPITAL, Etc. Failing to agree, because of KINGCRAFT'S opposition, WISDOM directs them to join their efforts and wait for what God may develop, as the result of their combined labors, and they act on his advice.

Their history and conduct is then sketched down to the period of the Revolution, when, in the third chapter, several new characters are introduced, as AMBASSADOR, HERALD, MINISTER, Etc., in order to show the peculiar state of the public mind at that time.

After the war of the Revolution is passed, another Council is held, in which our present Government—the Union, under our present Constitution—is formed. As all cultivated readers of political history know, the two matters of *Slavery* and the right of *Secession*, gave the people much concern at that time. It is also

well known, that two leading ideas, as to the *power* of the new government at that time, prevailed: one, the FEDERAL, represented by Hamilton; the other, the DEMOCRATIC, represented by Jefferson; and that upon these two ideas as bases, the two great political parties, Federal or Whig, and Democratic, were formed. In the fourth chapter, these two different ideas are represented by two new characters, LAREDEF (Federal), and TARCOMED (Democrat.)

The separate and combined history of all is then traced down to the period of the Rebellion, 1861; and the anomalous condition of our political society at that stormy period,—the sudden changes of parties, and the evident tendency of the times toward permanent change, are fully shown.

In the sixth chapter, various characters, to represent the times and classes of our people, are introduced. The restless energy of the Northern people is represented by ENTERPRISE; the peace men of the North, by NAMECAEP; the war Democrats, by TARCOMEDRAW; the Northern white laborer, by BLANCO; the neutral men of the Border States, by LARTUEN; the slaveholder and rabid secessionist, by REDLOHEVALS; and the slave, by NEGROS. In a Council of these, and the characters already named, a full view of the times to which the chapter refers, is exhibited.

After this comes the war, Chapter VII., wherein appears to better advantage the true character of our people North and South. Then, in Chapter VIII., we have the period from the surrender of the Rebel armies to the present, so far as the war and its effects are concerned.

In the ninth and closing chapter, we have a picture of the United States, represented as a great Landscape, in the midst of which an American Presidential campaign is represented in the recent contest between Gen. Grant and Schuyler Colfax on the one part, and Gov. Seymour and Gen. Blair on the other.

I have no apology to make for the names of any of my characters, nor for the name of my book. The Hebrews and Greeks and Latins were wholly unacquainted with American names and affairs; and besides this, I am wholly unacquainted with the languages of those nations; hence, viewing the subject from both of these points, the reader must be satisfied

with purely American inventions; and when he would know the etymology of any of my titles, as, for instance, "REDLOHEVALS," he may read the name *reversed*—backwards, and he will thereafter read it understandingly.

The Poem is intended to give a VIEW of the various things written of, and hence the name "MYRIORAMA." I only ask the public to deal tenderly with my book. It is my first child.

CHAPTER I.

REMARKS.

Each prominent act of men and nations has its influence in forming their character, and has its effect upon the history and progress of the world. Progress is the law of man. Freedom is the result of man's commotions. Virtue, Liberty and Independence are the true and proper representatives of a perfect state of Freedom. Hence they are here presented at a place where all the important acts in man's history send up their rays of hope which meet where the spirits are.

Monarchy, being their enemy, opposes their designs. Kingcraft represents monarchy. They meet during the period of the revolution in England, soon after Cromwell's time, when the best spirits of the Old World were looking to America for safety from oppression and religious intolerance. Wisdom, a spirit which all will recognize, suggests a *practical* course. A Council of all the elements, (represented as spirits,) which enter into the constitution of all governments, and especially ours, is held. Each of these: as Labor, Pride, Avarice, Etc., represents its own peculiar office in the new society; and after an interchange of thought and feeling, intended to represent the condition of the public mind at that time, and the circumstances attending the early settlement of our country, the spirits start on their mission..

Spread out the map of man's misfortunes,
His struggles and defeated hopes, and mark
The spots where, in the dim perspective of
The years, each had its origin and death.
Look o'er the wasted fields of war—the wide domain
Of power's stretch, where fiery passions held
High carnival o'er graves of heroes slain;
Where battling millions, swaying on the verge
Of death like angry waves at sea, poured out
Their blood like rain. Go back through all
The darkened past and glean from out
The granary of ages all heroic deeds;
All battles lost and won; the rise and fall
Of empires and their glow; the birth and death

Of noble men,—oases in the wilderness
Of life,—and trace the lines of hope which gleam
Through all the gloomy mist of years.

See Moses and his chosen seed depart
From Egypt's galling chains and march through land
And sea not knowing where, but guided by
Jehovah's light, pursuing still where faith
Directed on, and though their leader lost,
How faith from father down to son descended, led
The wandering sons of Abraham into
The promised land.

See Babylon's drunken king,
Belshassar, trembling as he found himself
Entombed within a wall of human forms
All clad in the menacing garb of war,
While prophecy engraves his horrid end
Upon his golden walls. The noble Seven see
Who toward the sunrise rode their prancing steeds
On Egypt's tempting soil, that he whose charger
First did neigh the others should command.
Behold the stroke which cut the Gordian knot,
And see Great Alexander stand astride the world.

Back through long lines of kings, behold
The glare of glittering empire shine. See power stand
Upon the ruins of decaying wealth, and splendor
Grow amid surrounding death. Do hear
The cry of captive slaves, and listen well unto
The murmur, as it rolls itself along
The growing lines, which gave to Rome
Her Tribunes and bade them there on Freedom's
Outposts sleepless vigil keep and safely guard
The people's liberties. See Carthage, proud
Amid her burning temples, smoke, while shouts
Of brave defenders filled the heated air;
And hear the lisping oath of Hannibal
The youth, inspired by hate his father bore
To Rome.

See cities, nations, customs, waste
And fade; see old things pass away and on
Their ruins rise the new. See Cadmus teach
The world to read; to reason Socrates,
And fight, great Cæsar. Hear the voice

Of Aristotle, Pythagoras, Plato, too,
Philosophers of old who raised their portion
Of the veil that hid the wrongs of man from view.

Trace up the expanding power of Rome;
See nations fade from earth where'er
The imperial army comes, and in the lapse
Of time the wave recede which, in its fury, all
Her pomp destroyed. See other nations rise,
And like a meteoric star, a time
With lustrous glare astound the world, then sink
To endless night and death.

A moment spend amid
The wreck and carnage of the later time,
When Spain her Philip, stained with martyr's blood,
Held out to the world's disgusted gaze.
See Cramner burn for sin; and Lady Grey
Her gentle life lay down beneath a sad
And wicked instrument of shame. Behold
The land o'errun with myriad hosts of men
At war, not knowing why; see victims sore
Beneath the sword of vengeance fall.
And hear the cry of martyrs going up
To God while Christians sacrificed their lives
To feed a love of wrong. See Luther and
Melanchton, with their brave compeers,
Men bold of heart, borne up by faith in right,
Build lasting monuments upon the graves
Of sin; and hear the wail of countless
Thousands as they fall in effort to
Destroy despotic rule.
See Cromwell and
His patriot band, with all the gallant men
Who led that moving age:—their marks are left
Upon the scroll of time in living lines,
And just where blood-red stains are thickest on
Its gory face.
Look out upon
The world of life, I say, on these and every
Varied scene where man has wrought, where elements
Of matter and of mind have been at war;
Where freedom struggled in her chains, or wealth
And power lashed their victims into silence;
Where ambition struck the world aghast,

And men were born who played upon the strings
Of life while nations danced to the fretful
Music; where love of right inspired marching
Armies on to brave long years of war; and where
A Christian faith the pangs of death removed,
Or cooled the tortures of the stake.

Wherever man has struggled in his hopes;
Wherever freedom lurked; wherever truth
Was hushed, or heaven hid from view;
Wherever mind has been at war with mind;
Wherever hand has pushed the wheel of time
One jot ahead;—oh, there, on each and all
Of these do look, and mark you well each sacred spot.
Behold! From each of these runs out a ray—
A shining line like lingering ray of sun
When day prepares himself for coming night,—
A glistening thread up darting from the spot
Where some one act of earth had done its part
In forming what we call man's history.
The number of these silvery lines cannot
Be told, but see them as they start, and trace
Them on along their brilliant course. They bend
Themselves, extending out, and upward speed,
Inclining toward each other till, high up
Above the rocking earth, converging still,
Within the bosom of a beauteous cloud
Which hovers o'er the sacred mount where man
First heard the written law proclaimed.
They meet, a focus of ascending rays of hope.

A thoughtless, roving, happy cloud, hung out
Upon the morning air. Its fleecy folds
Were films of clear white ether, lined
With curving, crooked, rolling seams
Of varied shape and color; yet were all
So softly met and blended in each other,
Fold o'erlapping fold of thinnest vapor formed
And wrapped in nature's simplest beauty,—
Rays of light straight streaming through the whole,
Here gold, there silver edges painting,—that
'Twere never known if early light, cut loose
From other realms—adrift and left at ease
To roam—had here reposed a time to look
At earth; or, whether angels had assembled

There to draw a thing of beauty, and thus
Upon the blue of heaven hung their canvas out.
But there it was, high up above the heavy air
Of earth. Around, the spotless blue of heaven's
Wide estate extending far and near;
Nor speck nor other thing in all the realms
Above. Alone, amidst encircling blue,
And resting on the arch of earth it lay—
That pure, white morning cloud.

Within its folds
There sat a form of heavenly mould, with face
Of pensive cast, with eyes of peerless blue,
Deep seated and serene. Long, waving hair
Swept down her back and sparkled in
The streaming light, while from her shoulders hung
A loose, long, flowing robe of white, in places
Gathered up upon her snow-white arms.
Her face, though wearing signs of care and toil,
Was flushed with hope; her eyes were peering out
Into the trackless wilderness of air,
And every feature spoke a certain tongue.
Expression mild yet firm; though pale, a fresh
Returning health o'ershadowed all, and pure,
Sweet beauty, mingled with a high resolve,
Shone out in every line. Though old, yet young;
Though weak, yet strong; defeated oft
On many an earthly field, now braver
For reverse, she gazed into the air.

A scroll within her hand she held which, slowly
Rolling out in part but leaving much unseen,
She dropped her eyes upon the picture there,
And thus in silence Liberty reposed.

Look back along the fading shadows of
Departed years when time began, and see
Creative wisdom shining through primeval night,
And from a glorious Center issue forth,
In lines diverging out from the eternal sun,
Unnumbered ages with their myriad worlds
And all to them belonging. See all the sons
Of God rejoice, and stars together sing
When, looking out upon the vast created throng
Jehovah saw "'twas good." See Eden fair

And lovely in her pristine garb, where, arm
In arm, in holiness enshrined, the happy pair
First roamed in peace. A little farther down,
The prophet speaking see, who tells of coming love,
Unwelcome truths proclaiming to
An obdurate world, and bidding all prepare.
Still later, see the angels as they tell
Judean shepherds how the lonely Nazarene
Was born, and hear them sing of "Peace
On earth, good will toward men." The Cross,
Then rising up, behold;—its holy victim there
Displayed, while weeping nature veils her face.
From out this dreadful scene the sword
Springs up, remains unsheathed for years,
Until Christ's Kingdom is established on
The earth, when, dripping with the blood
Of millions slain, the gory blade falls back
And pens take up the tragic tale of truth,
While trembling thrones fall down in dust.

'Twas thus the picture shone whereon
Fair Liberty looked; and when the blood-red stains
Upon the sword did meet her patient gaze,
She seemed to listen for the prayers of those
Who once sang requiems o'er her grave.
Just then the concentrated shout of millions,
Struggling for the right, was wafted to her ear,
When, starting back, she dropped the scroll
From out her trembling hand. But to
Her great surprise, another spirit form,
Before unnoticed, gently stooped, and picked
It up.

She would have turned. But, "no:
Not so," he said. "Long years agone we met
As friends. No less our friendship now.
Th' unwritten memories of all the dismal past;
The birth and death of nations with their good
And evil left; the overflow of Europe's rushing tide;
The spread of truth; the untold mysteries of death;
All these and countless more unnamed, are drawn
Upon this sacred scroll;" and down—down—
He let it roll, disclosing as it opened out,
The varied history of man, until
It reached the living, active now.

Resuming then, and rolling up the scroll
The while he spoke, he said: "All these and more
Are penciled there. They all are past
And shrouded in the mist of time. But here
They live, and are to us as now. Since last
We met, fair angel, much of this great chart
Was drawn. Though scorn and hate
Have bound us oft to earth, and stifled long
Our prayers, at last, thank God,
The trembling of the thrones has left us free,
And here again we meet."
His noble form
Bent down, and on the forehead of his fair,
Pure listener he pressed a fervent kiss,
And took her fondly in his arms.
A tender, long and fond embrace.
And Independence wept great tears of joy.

While thus they stood caressing and caressed
In holy, tender love, another spirit came.
A form of beauty, and of modest mien.
Her stature small, enshrouded in a gauze
Of purest blue, all save her sad and downcast face,
Which wore a sorrowful expression.
Her hands within each other lightly held;
Her head somewhat inclined to front; her feet
In resting posture set; her eyes dropped down
Toward earth; in silence thus pale Virtue
Stood within the cloud. Although no watchman there
Her presence to announce; no guard
Or watchful sentinel to usher in;
Uncalled, unheralded she came upon
The scene; no one more welcome there than she.
Her silent, noiseless tread their joy did not
disturb, for never yet was good o'erwhelmed
Or put to shame by being done within
Her sacred presence. Nought but evil does
Her breath confuse. Good men, and deeds
Do court her sweet, serene assent,
While purity looks up to her and calls
Her blessed. They welcomed her approach;
Most warm and fervent was that welcome.
A hand by each outstretched, took hers
Within its grasp, exchanging words
Of gladness and inspiring looks

Which only separation long can give
To friendship's face.
A time upon
Each other's faces gazed the friends, and
After pouring out their passions long entombed
That now might freely vent themselves,
In slow but measured tones, deep sounding
Through the cloud, and far and near
Along the open corridors of space
In fearful earnestness resounding, thus
Did Independence kneeling, pray:
"Great God of all! inspire our hearts with praise.
Our faith in truth make strong. From death
And every ill preserve us. The path in which
We are to walk, oh, now direct us.
Our hearts uplift; our arms do strengthen; and
Our hopes encourage in the right.
From further bondage, Lord, protect us, and
In thine own good time, the temple build
Where all thy worshippers may kneel
And pray to Thee unharmed. Thy will be done."
And bowing low, a deep and reverend
Silence passed, when they arose.
Above
Them through the trembling cloud, in accents loud
And clear, a voice came rolling down, and said
"Well done. This meeting was ordained of God.
There's labor now to do. Look down upon
The earth. Behold the nations boiling, and
The streams of men wild rushing to and fro
Without a king. Those tides upon the sea
Of human hopes and fears will waste
And back to ruin run except a light
Be hung upon the heavens to attract
Their gaze and lead them safe to shore.
Go, stem the wave; the scattering flocks
Collect, and bring them to the fold. Direct
Their wandering steps aright, and lead
Them forth into the promised land."
The voice
No more was heard. But while in wonder still
They listened for another sound, as yet
Its lingering echoes stayed, a shining hand
In front of their astonished gaze appeared
With finger pointing west. A moment hung

He stood in bold defiance, tall, athletic, full
And rounded frame; high arching brow
And quivering lip; bold, massive forehead, crowned
With thick dark curling hair; large sparkling
Eyes of gray—great globes of light; deep heaving
Chest, respiring full like swell
And fall of ocean wave behind the storm
Just passed; each nerve and fibre of
His towering form with hidden rage
Vibrating, and each muscle to its utmost
Tension strung; his beaming face alive
With inward fire; his clenched right hand
The trembling flambeau holding while
The left hung stiffened by his side.
There he stood, his feet firm planted on
Th' ethereal floor; about his loins
A golden vesture hanging; there, oh! there,
Magnificent stature of a man, what
More noble 'neath the Gods than thou!

Kingcraft proceeded thus: "Hold back thy wrath,
Ambitious being, most noble I confess
Thou art. Restrain thy struggling rage,
And hear what I would say. A little
Liberty hath made thee wild, and set
Thee high above the plane of thy ability.
Appearance hath deceived thee grievously.
Not yet absolved from all allegiance
As it seems to thee, 'twere well that thou
Shouldst listen now to him who still has power
To do thee harm and mar thy brightest hopes.
Behold those rays descending from this cloud
To earth. From them thy inspiration comes,
And they arise from out the dead. The living thou
Wouldst lead who walk upon their speechless graves;
And they do move and breathe in my dominions.
My subjects are they all; protected by my power,
And pay me homage. If thou wouldst plant
Thy nation in the western land whereto
The finger points, and there build up
A people who would call thee king,
Remember, then, that land is also mine.
My people now have foothold there. They sow
And plant and reap; are born and die in my
Domain. 'Twere well that thou shouldst be

Respectful then, to him upon whose broad
Possessions thou wouldst plant thy little nation, lest
When all thy work is finished I should claim
The fruit of this thy useless labor. What may suit
My pleasure in the time to come to do
For thee and thy designs, the future may
Disclose. Sufficient for thee now to know
My right should be respected, lest in time
A greater evil come. The rage and rant
Of unrestrained ambition often lead
To ruin, and the fairest hopes oft'times
Of ill-conceived advantage fade from view.

So saying, with a haughty look he turned
And beckoned to his train; and soon it came:
A splendid moving scene of kings on thrones,
And high-born courtiers, ministers of state,
In dazzling chariots drawn. Fair women too,
Companions of their lords, in rare attire robed,
With gold bespangling all their forms. Great crowds
Of men and women in their order passed,
From nobles down to slaves, in every
Possible array. By petty captains led
Each class, and these obeying higher rule,
The whole revolving like a great machine
By common power moved. All nations in
Their varied aspect shown, and life
In every phase; the pride of wealth;
The wretchedness of want; the crushing power of
The tyrant's rod; and all the unnamed
Agonies of death slow wrought upon the poor;
These, and all their kindred sympathies,
In state before the monarch passed in most
Obsequious reverence and awe.
The awful pageant gone, great Kingcraft turned
Again unto his auditors and said:
"Behold how all the world of man obeys
My call. Life and death are in my hands;
At my command do nations rise and fall;
And all men pay me homage. Deride
Not then my power."
To this plain speech
Bold Independence thus replied: "I've heard
Thee, Kingcraft, well. Thy awful train
Of serfs I've seen, and looked with pain

Upon their doleful, forced obedience.
Thy words of warning too, I've heard; thy threats
And words of promise uttered. But now, once
For all, I tell thee plainly, 'tis too late.
I'm free. To choose is mine; to frown
Is yours. We'll plant our nation where
The finger points, and woe betide thee if thou
Interfere."

Just then an aged spirit came,
Entreating them be calm. His form was tall
And spare, high, rounded head, with white
Long flowing hair; a modest face from which
A beard of grayish caste hung down upon
His chest; of piercing steady look his eye,
And voice of clearest tone. They looked upon
Him as a friend. Consent instinctive came
From all to do him great respect.

"Be calm,"
Repeated he. "No one so great, or wise, or good,
That may not still another lesson learn.
I'm old, you see. Old Time has slowly crept
Upon my face, and each revolving year
Has left its traces there. These furrows are
The channels worn by time's incessant flow;
These scars, the chafing of the storms of life.
Of man in all his varied state, has been
My constant thoughts; and his affairs
In all their changing phase, my never
Ceasing study. His sorrows and his pains;
His pleasures and his hopes; his gains,
His losses and their sure attendant ills;
Disasters when they come upon his path;
Successes, when in mercy God has sent them;
All of these, I've watched and traced
Their causes out.

"The Great Creator of
Us all unfolds His plan of government
To men as sin and death give way to truth.
No favored class with Him until His law's
Obeyed, and stubborn wills are bent to shame.
From out the sacred mount beneath this cloud,
He sent his written law. The light broke from
The darkness of that hour, and then did men
From thunderings of Sinai, the law and life
Both learn. His law is life. No evil comes

When that's obeyed. To all of good
His plan's adapted well: His holy law
Is easy of obedience; its nature fixed,
Its scope is infinite, and is the same
Wherever found in all the wide extent
Of matter or of mind.

"The evil and the good
We see; the crime, the riot and the waste,
Pervading all the deeds of men in life,
Are landmarks in the troublous way
To guide the after traveler where he'd go.
Who follows up the good comes safely home;
While evil leads us all astray.
The wondrous plan is so arranged
That out of death and sure decay oft times
Springs up the pure and good; and human life
Is so made up of good and bad, that he
Who will, may save himself much wrong.
"An open book is all the past of man,
Whose lucid pages all may read. Who there
Will look upon the dismal record writ
And ponder well the lessons taught, will see
How much of evil may be shun. Look down
The gloomy list of failures and distress;
The other, brighter then, of gain and rich
Success. Those, who would avoid, or these
Attain, let him not repeat the foolish wrong
Of them that blundered, nor reject the plan
Which brought success. Take counsel of the past,
Young noble man, and thou, proud king, pass not
Its lessons by unheard. Your wild dispute
I heard, and volunteer advice. I pray
You heed. You both may learn without
Regret, a lesson all should know: That when
We can't compel obedience to our will,
'Tis better not to urge the purpose, lest
Our weakness be exposed.

A war
Between you hangs about an untried field
Of labor. One would build a nation up
On lands the other claims. Impassioned hope
Asserts itself in words of fire, while,
With reason too, respectful hearing
Power claims. Take counsel of the age.
The founding of an empire in the west,

Inviting to the ardor of a noble manhood
As it is, may still require care in its design.

On life's tempestuous sea there roll
Great breakers which betimes destroy
The strongest barques. 'Twere well to sail
Around them if we can. The finished dome,
Of parts minute—of separate identity
'S composed. The noble ship which skims along
The watery plain, upon a certain plan is built.
And thus a nation, too. Within its structure rests
A compromise of elements and rights.
Immortal principles, like those first seen
From Sinai, are mixed and interwoven there.
While Justice holds the scales, and Liberty,
Restrained in part, gives nerve and hope
Unto the heart, sweet Mercy pleads for all
The poor, and Kingcraft, in his regal robes,
Gives strength. Bold Independence, proud,
Defiant as he is, the temple guards
Wherein the people dwell, and Virtue
Purifies the state. Ambition, Progress, too,
And Labor, all of these and more, do have
Their part in such grand enterprise.
Better now consult with them, and hear
What they would say; for each does represent
A principle of life, which sure will enter in
To all your public plans. Then, in
A common council held of all who have
An interest to serve, if possible, a plan
May thus be aptly formed attractive and
Complete, where death and premature
Decay may not lie hid beneath the corner stone,
And when success would seem to shine most clear
The upraised dome would topple down
Within a day."
When Wisdom thus had said,
He looked upon the four and waited for reply.
Without a further thought they all replied:
"'Tis well. If thou wilt bear us company,
Then let the Council meet without delay."

By unseen power in an instant moved,
The cloud in which they stood and spake,
As if some magic wind had swept along

To blow it off had disappeared, and in
Its stead a mystic temple, with its dome
And lofty columns out in front, and at
Its entrance peering sentinels
The sacred pedestal patrolling, slow
Came down from heaven overhead, and shut
Them in.
No time apparent intervened
The while this magic change was wrought.
It came upon them quick as thought, and like
To all the deeds the Father does, though process
Of formation and of change, before our eyes
In everlasting progress works, the thing
As it is seen is perfect in itself—complete,
And when or how created, mortals never know.
In all its finished frame, it springs upon
The gaze, as though 't had always been,
And what it was a moment or an age
Before—what form, if any, then assumed—
Its history or its name, we cannot know:
'Tis there, and that sufficeth here.

Within that spacious temple thus let down
Upon them, sat the solemn council to
Deliberate. Within the center and above
The rest, sat Justice, cold, sedate, reserved
And upright. Like Arctic iceberg was his face,
But through it ran some traces of an inner fount
From whence in proper seasons flowed
Life-giving streams. His eyes, expressionless,
Were satellites reflecting borrowed light.
Bold, stately form was his, but motionless.
Upon his right the noble young man stood,
With Liberty and Virtue at his side.
Sweet Mercy in her robes of pearl,
In all the gentle beauty of her tender sex—
Her face angelic and serene—sat next
Upon a golden stool. Ambition too,
In all the fire of youthful hope, a fair,
Imposing form, o'erreaching, proud
Its mien, and careless yet withal;
And next to him defiant Progress stood,
With look of firm, determined air,
Untiring patience and control. His heart,
Like Cotopaxi burned, but steady, cool,

Deliberate his eye.
Upon the left
Of Justice, Kingcraft stood, with Avarice
Cold and slavish, at his side, whose eyes,
Like two devouring flames, shone out
From otherwise an open blank—a dried
Up waste of face. The next there stood
A self-important imp of darkness, straight
And stiff, a paragon of excellence,
Made up from odds and ends of wickedness,
Hard striving to attract the public gaze
And concentrate it on herself.
The Devil, thus improved in general plan,
Was there in female form and known as Pride.
Direct in front sat Wisdom in
Reflective mood.
Within the center of
This semicircle, stood a bold and manly form,
Of stature tall and straight, with muscles
Swelling in their strength; high, heaving chest,
And limbs of finished shape. Upon
His light, brown skin, in crooked lines
Of varied color, there were drawn
Rude traces of a wild adornment, while
Upon his head, long plumes, from some
Great fairy bird fresh plucked, were
Tastefully arranged. His face was open,
Broad, without expression, lit up only by
An eye of steady gaze, wherein there lurked
A hidden fire. Upon his shoulders hung
A short, loose sack of color like unto
A golden sunset mixed with evening gray;
And round his middle clung a blood-red scarf.
In such habiliments as these, in stubborn
Silence and reserve, this splendid son
Of nature sat,—bold Aborigines.

Behind the skirts of Pride, so neat
And dressy round her little body hung,
Sat crouching at her feet in most
Dejected mood—the very picture of
Despair—in loose and weather-beaten garb—
The chains upon his swelling limbs, held fast
Within his hands to hush their heartless noise,
Despised, unwept, submissive Labor,

In council with the spirits there.
The golden light of morning shone
With mellowed softness in upon
The sacred council, as in solemn mood
It sat in that ethereal hall.
A holy silence reigned amid the group.
Their hidden thoughts, within themselves,
Like sleeping mountains lay, and nought
But calm composure rested there, so far
As outward signs revealed the latent germ.

Slow rising to his feet, Great Wisdom spoke:
"Exalted beings, spirits of the air,
Bold representatives of all the deep—
The struggling thoughts and hopes of man,
Here risen from the sleeping dead of earth
In high debate, hear what I would say,
And then decide. Far out within
The shadowy time to come, a nation is to live;
A people born of Freedom, in a land
By two conflicting lords now claimed.
In fertile soil the seed's already sown,
And soon where now in stately silence
Nature reigns, the busy marts of men
Will rise. Independence with his grant,
From God, ejectment brings against
All intervening rights; and for defence
Great Kingcraft pleads a prior claim,
By reason of his long established rule.
If other rights there be, or reasons pro. or con.
Why or why should not this enterprise
Proceed, let them now be told and heard."

Then Independence rose and said:
"From all of earth's allurements and
Her deadly snares, by slow, determined steps,
At length I'm free. Through many ages of
Distress, defeat and shame, by unseen hand
Borne up, I've passed, till now, in God's
Good, chosen time, he sets his finger on
The verge of heaven here and points me to
The western land. He bids me hasten there
And with me take the scattering tide of men
That now so wildly runs o'er blood-stained fields
Of earth, and build my people there. 'Tis on

This grant and by Supreme command, I claim
The right of entry there, to do and be
What seemeth right to him."
Next Kingcraft spoke.
"By right of ancient use; by all the laws
'Mong mortals known, that land is mine.
Through storms and seas, my subjects sailed
Long years ago; they found that western world;
In my great name possession took.
And in the book of time 'tis so recorded.
'Tis part and parcel of my kingly realm,
And now upon the map of my dominions it
Is fairly marked. I hold exclusive right
And have no compromise to make."

Ambition quickly rose, while from his eyes
The hidden fire of his earnest soul,
In streams of inborn eloquence ran out.
And in a tone of hurried grandeur, thus
He spoke: "Whatever God commands, let men
Obey. If conquest needs be had; if war
Must come 'twixt Independence and
This monster king; if blood of men must flow
Before he yields his grinding grasp where Liberty
Would plant her foot; if all the great expanse
Of eastern world will not suffice to fill
His thirsting veins, and nothing less than rule
Of earth he'll have, then let the tocsin sound.
My voice shall be for war until the world is free."
And glowing, burning spirit as he was,
Amid a murmur of applause he took
His seat, while Labor, poor, dejected being, shook
His chains and muttered in a smothered tone,
"Blessed be the name of God, amen!"
And Pride, with bold, repulsive look
Did shudder in her ire and demanded that
The wretched being in his rags and chains
Be driven from the hall, but no responsive throb
In that august assemblage came,
And burning with her disappointment, turned
Herself with scorn about, and strutted
Proudly out of sight.
When Avarice had raised
His husky voice, all eyes in wonder looked.
In slow and haughty phrase, of hidden truth

Though full, and supercilious air, he said:
"This quarrel's none of my begetting. My name
Is known wherever man has been; and in
The land now in dispute, my votaries reside.
To me it matters not how ends the fight;
I deal with men, their passions and their feuds—
And not their plans.
Then Mercy mildly spoke;
The while her tiny hand she pointed toward
The warrior chief. "Hear him," she said.
To his utmost height then r'sing up,
In slow, clear words the chieftain spoke:
"My home above the great long tree-tops
Of the distant western mountain,
Is happy now and peaceful.
In that pleasant land of slumber,
Where the Overruling Spirit
Watches always o'er my people,
There's many a thing attractive.
I love bold Independence,
Fair Liberty and Virtue;
And they may make their home there.
My people, honest, living justly,
Aspiring only to be happy.
Great Justice with his mandate,
And Wisdom with his learning
Would find with them welcome.
"They are a trusting, fearless people,
Brave and generous in their nature;
They only ask that those they welcome
Will not, in the coming future,
Cheat them and betray them;
And further, that their native freedom
Remain forever unmolested.
Kingcraft, with his wealth abundant,
And Avarice, with his look of treason,
And foolish Pride, so stiff and fretful,
Would not there be fondly greeted,
Except they'd swear upon the altar
Of the Great Almighty Spirit
They'd not disturb our ancient pleasures."

Thus finished Aborigines; and in a glow
Of splendid passion, proud Ambition sprang
In front of him with Independence at

His side, and in an earnest voice, both spake
At once. "Bold brother of the west,
Have hope and not a fear. These arms,
As far as in them lies, the rich reward
Of fairness will bestow, and from the tread
Of Kings, we'll keep thee free forever.
Be content."

"'Tis well, the chieftain said.
Thy promise, if 'tis faithfully observed,
Is guaranty of peace forever.
But have you power over these reserved
And darker looking spirits? Will they swear
And promise me as you have done?
And will they in the coming time deceive us?"

"God above does rule. Leave this all to Him,"
Said Justice. "What he does is fitly done."
With peaceful look the chieftain took his seat.
Then Virtue, drawing up her veil, with voice
Of purest pathos, and so gentle that it fell
Like starlight on the scene, repeated—"Peace
On earth, good will toward men."

Labor, thus
Encouraged, meekly then essayed to speak.
"Most noble spirits, may I ask that now
These chains be loosed upon my limbs?
In your new and happy nation, must
I toil in want, as in the past I've done?
Oh! can you not at once release me here
And set me free? I pray you most devout,—"
And Kingcraft bounded toward him like
A beast of prey, to strike the wretched being down,
But gentle Mercy stood between the two,
And poor, meek sufferer staggered back.
Then Liberty did soothingly declare,
That "in the happy time to come, he, too,
Should bask in heaven's sunlight, free
From bonds and fetters. There she'd watch
Him in the western world and pray
The Lord for his deliverance."

Wisdom, then, in somewhat happier mood,
Addressed the council thus:
"This interchange of thought has shown
That peacefully this contest will not end

At this appointed time and place. Through all
The wondrous universe of things,
Beneath the surface lurks a vein
Through which God's spirit permeates
The whole and sends up higher planes
Of life. His ends by means to us
Unseen, His will obtains. Whatever He
Permits within the sphere of His
Eternal plan, performs its part
In making up a better world. In all
The changing scenes, the later than the first
More pure, and nearer the supernal end.
This now unsettled aim will prove a good
When He is ready to disclose the end.
Go build your nation there. Let all
Your varied and opposing forces join.
In proper balance held each to its place
To make the people good; and if, in time,
When, in the distant blue of coming years
Another epoch come by reason of your wide
Diverging thoughts and modes of action, and
You fail to weave yourselves into a web
Harmonious and sound in all its parts.
Then let the will of God prevail. All things
He doeth well."
Justice bowed assent,
And with a searching look, and voice
That rolled like evening thunder overhead,
Responded thus to all that had been done:
"In what you undertake be just, be kind,
Be merciful, and look to God for help."

A sudden light of brighter glare then darted in
Upon the happy group. Ten thousand
Twinkling stars, outbursting sprang
Upon the disc; unnumbered happy spirits
From high above came down in groups
And clapped their hands in joy, the while
They shouted in angelic chorus: "*Hail,*
All hail the day which gave to Liberty
Her birth." They sang their joyful song,
And moved about in endless circles of
Delight, until within the glare of this
Resplendent light, while loud long shouts
Of cheer rang through the upper air,

Slowly, like a mist majestic rising up,
Dissolving as it went into the distance
Moving high, the holy temple faded from
The view, and then———a moment gone—
The spirits moving West the while.—
'Twas vanished as a midnight dream.

CHAPTER II.

REMARKS.

The territory occupied by the early colonists, and the thirteen States, with their unoccupied appendages—their topography—is shown. The treatment of the Indians by the more avaricious of the settlers, with the wars resulting; and the superstition and intolerance of the times, as shown in the judicial cognizance of witchcraft, and the banishment of Rodger Williams; together with the gradual growth of slavery, and the prejudices of race, are detailed in the personal history of each spirit. And also, the virtues of a large majority of the people, and the influence of the spirit of freedom, as well as the causes of the foreshadowed Revolution.

Upon the land like mantling shroud, the night
Had crept. Unnumbered happy stars
Their laughing light sent peering through
The deep blue air, a sleepless watch
Reposing nature o'er to keep.
And stillness, soft and sweet as childhood's dream,
Upon the earth did rest. Oh, happy land,
Outstretched upon the bosom of the sleeping earth,
Thy slumbers fanned by breeze of night;
Thy peaceful rest made happy by the voice
Of God in silent starlight speaking, like
To faithful sentinels on post of duty;
Above thy smiling face, extending high,
Th' etherial arch, with diamonds set—
Resplendent coronet of night—in deepest
Grandeur hanging. How lovely thou
In this thy native vesture sleeping. Thy plains,
In God's green covering spread out upon
The lap of night and softly drinking in
The gathering dew; thy fountains, streams,
And rivers all in silence musing in
Their midnight reveries; thy valleys and
Thy hills made fragrant by the breath
Of nature's purest odors; thy deep,

Dark forests moaning in their heavy sleep:
And high majestic mountains overlooking all.
'Tis thus, fair land, I see thee wrapt in sleep
Before the storms of after years disturbed
Thy peaceful rest.
But look: it changes now.
A greyish light upon the eastern sky
Is slowly coming on. Some great, eternal light
Is swelling in the hollow void of space
Beyond the line which shuts the earth
From air. Within the bosom of that dark
Abyss of night, the wondrous fire burns.—
Its heat and light outbursting far and near.
Their volume and degree increasing fast.
Until the blush of morn appears: and night,
Her starry mantle softly gathering up.
Removes herself away, while sleeping
Nature wakes to life. The sun—great burning globe.
From out the yawning depths of blue, in slow
Majestic mien, moves up the brilliant arch
And darts upon the quiet earth the shining
Javelins of his morning light; and they
With swift, unequaled speed, fly sparkling
Through the air. Upon the mountains' crest
They play their laughing freaks: within
The verdant valleys rest themselves
A time to start the morning mists away;
They shine and sparkle in the tree-tops'
Quivering leaves; and glisten sweetly in
The dew. All nature wakes from her
Repose to kiss the coming morn. As they wave
Their rich, green foliage, in solemn reverence
Bow the forest oaks, and moan a hymn
Of praise. Great mountains raise their snow-capt
Peaks to meet the laughing light, and shake
The mists of night away, while down
Their sides young cascades dance, and bound.
And skim along from ledge to ledge
Then run away and hide themselves.
Deep rivers through the valleys roll
Their ceaseless floods; and prairies, filled
With flowers, spread their carpets out
For man and beast to walk on. From
Many a humble wigwam springs
The native warrior up, while beasts shake off

Their lazy sleep, and birds do plume themselves
For flight and sing their sweetest notes.
The land breaks forth in one grand hymn
Of praise to God the Eternal King,
And nature smiles to see herself so fair.

'Twas here the finger pointed from the cloud;
'Twas here the scattering people were to come;
'Twas here the infant nation should be born,
In this fair land where nature in her
Simple beauty reigned supreme, so pure,
So unrestrained in all her wild abode,
This happy, virgin, free America.

* * * * * *

Two hundred years and more had passed
Since then. At end thereof we stand, and trace
The story on. Beginning then, when first
The sons of Liberty did set their feet on shore
Of this the promised land,—the day on which
The youthful nation moved within the womb
Of time in warning of its future birth;
When love of freedom and the right
Drove tides of men from eastern shores
And wafted them to this; when rage, and hate
Of liberty recoiled and on the crest
Of the receding wave, with Hope, sweet
Angel for their guide, meek sufferers rode
In safety home; when all the public mind
Was fretted, whipped and stung unto despair,
And flying victims sought the western world
For peaceful exercise of right; when first
Our mountains echoed with the ringing song
That Christian freemen sung; at that
Immortal epoch in our country's life
We take its history up and trace
The onward tread of freedom's march.

The fortresses of nature where, for all past time,
The world of progress stood at bay,
Begins to yield as christian sunlight melts
Their icy stays, and savage wildness
Falters back in front of the advancing light.
The hunting grounds of savage chiefs,
Beneath the culture of true working men,
Rich fields of ripening grain become;

And where the native Indian warwhoop once
Did echo through the vales, now there
The woodman's axe is heard, and forests fall
Before his stroke. Small towns arise
And these by slow degrees to cities grow,
Where but a few short years before,
The wigwam and the village stood.
Thus rustic nature yields her reign, and in
The course of years, the golden wheat
Her rich, ripe harvests yields; the growing grass
In rippling waves o'erspreads the fields.
And tasseling corn makes glad the farmers' heart,
Where beasts and hunters roamed unharmed
Not many moons ago.
As time lifts up
Her moving feet, and sets them down ahead,
The sons of Liberty increased in strength,
In numbers and extent of place.
Their growing power and possessions drove
Resistance back, and trade and commerce grew
Apace. The children too of all the
Other spirits, Justice, Wisdom, Pride,
Ambition, and the rest, increased
Their number and their wealth; each holding fast
To all he gained and striving hard for more.
Long years of struggling toil and change,
Of sickness, death and savage war,
These patient pilgrims worked in faith.
From chains and Kings themselves had come,
And in their hope to be forever free,
They knew no labor too severe, or pain
Too great to bear, if by enduring it
Another step toward freedom's star
Was gained. This never dying hope
Was ever in their hearts. It was their meat
And drink; their shelter from the storms
Which in their new-made homes did beat
So mercilessly on them. This hope,
Their guardian angel in the dark
And dreary nights of trial; for it
They struggled on; for it no dark despair
O'erwhelmed their trusting hearts. It shone
Through all the dismal night; it laughed
When morning came, and made the heat
Of noontide cool. It sang in every breeze

And rode upon the threatening storm.
Bright angel thou, the golden star of hope,
How long we've followed thee through all
The thorny walks of life; how many years
Of darkness thou hast lighted; how many
Pilgrims love thee, and thy name.

King Phillip with his bloody band, and he,
The Wampanoag chief,—the bold,
Brave Metamora, and his tribe,
With hundreds more no less renowned,
Their flinted arrows, with unerring aim
Struck deep in many a heart. Brave men
And free were they. They yielded up their lands
And homes, and ancient usage with
Their lives. They braved the flowing tide
With manly courage, but they fell and sank
Beneath the wave, though not until its crest
Was tinged with white men's blood. Along
The channels of those flowing years,
A thousand milemarks point the way
To blood and death, where Christian men
And savage fought and died on many
A hard contested field; and here and there
All o'er the land, in little mounds of earth,
Where now the plow share runs and homes
Of happy childr n rise, their bones lie hid,
Forgotten and unknown, save only where
Recording angels note the deeds of men.

Mount Hope, and all the tragic scenes
Of war so near it played, hath for themselves
In history a place, where children yet
Unborn may read the dreadful tale
Of pilgrims slaughtered and destroyed
By Indian tomahawk. Wyoming tells
Her tearful story too, where blood-stained rocks
Of Pennsylvania's rugged hills bespeak
The traveler's eye and whisper to him of
A time when thirst for blood in savage
Nature raged, and Christians fell
A sacrifice to terrible revenge.
These and many more.
So struggled on
Through all these long two hundred years

And more, those faithful, earnest men.
A trembling few at Plymouth then,
With here and there along the watery beach
Of wide Atlantic's wave, another little band,
To many now had grown, and westward still
The tide rolls on to Mississippi's bank.
No mountains intervening, forests deep,
Or river in its rolling flood, could stay
Their onward march. Before their strong
Unyielding will, all else gave way, and now
A busy, active, Christian people dwell
Where once the savage, with his bow and shaft,
Had roamed at will. Beneath their feet
The wastes of nature lay reclaimed,
And churches now, and cities rear
Their heads where forests then denied
Approach, and mountains hid the view.
'Twas thus they toiled, and thus they won
The rich reward of persevering hope,
And earnest faith in God's direction.

We've seen the steady progress of that band
Of Spartan heroes true, who with them bore,
'Mid all the changes of that changing time,
The flag of freedom up; and how,
Through many bitter years of pain and toil
They never faltered in their onward march;
But braving every storm which came
Upon their path, and holding fast
To faith, they won at last the golden prize.
We've seen them grow from feebleness
To strength; from little brother band
United by one hope, one end and aim
And only one—their freedom—to a people strong
And brave, and spread o'er wide extending tracts,
Diversified their interests and plans,
With all the elements of national wealth,
If concentrated in one common whole,
To make a nation equal with the best.
From small and feeble colonies at first;
A few determined men, set down
On narrow cape along Atlantic's shore,
Or farm upon the James scarce large
Enough to feed the hopeful band who trod
Upon its soil, a thriving people now have grown.

They tamed the savage wild; away
The forests cleared; the Indian with his stern
Resolve compelled to yield; where bears
And bats in olden time had snuffled
And winked the time away, there cities
Built they up. Across the rivers and
The plains their fields extended far,
And wilderness with thrifty commerce spread.
Their numbers multiplied with wondrous speed,
That now, the time whereof we write,
Three millions strong they'd grown, and from
The little pilgrim band, to thirteen great
And noble States of Christian men.

We'll now take up another vein, and trace
The footprints of each master spirit
As 't is stamped upon the passing time,
To see what influences each has had
In making up the people and their name
As now we see them. We'll look beneath
The surface of events, and down the lane
Of these two centuries and more:
We'll follow up the unfelt sympathies that in
Their silent tread had left their image on
The times; and learn what work they've done;
How much of evil have they sown, and what
Was reaped of seed they'd planted there. We'll look
Along the deep and hidden stream of mind
That runs beneath affairs of men, and when
They sleep or wake, or toil or laugh, their
Natures moulds and makes them what they are.
We'll see the silent contest of conflicting aims;
The mystic mixing up by slow
Degrees of strange incongruous elements,
Which to unpractised eyes do seem
A comely whole; how principles, unlike
In nature and design, by silent contact came
In time to permeate the whole; and how
The onward moving will of God,
Deep underlying all, permitted this
Contagion, this interchange and mix
Of spirit, this combination of design and aim,
Unlike within themselves, in the affairs
Of men, to consummate His just intent.
We'll see what progress spirits made

In multiplying kind, and fixing on the child
The impress of the parent will; how oft
Unguarded passions interwove themselves
With good, and unwatched sin has left
Its slimy track through much of these
Good pilgrims' hopes.
First, then, we'll see
The work which Avarice, in his secret plans,—
His low and base designs, had done.
When first the little band had set their feet
On shore, this restless, thieving spirit came
And followed all their ways. When night
Came on and in their tiny huts they slept,
He crept upon the breeze and whispered in
Their ears a siren song of gain.
He told them of fair lands and rich
Within their reach which only they
Could see and hold. He conjured up
Bright dreams of gold, and blew them
Into life. He painted wealth and opulence
In shining glare upon their yielding brains;
He opened up the earth to them, and showed
The latent treasures there with all their wealth
Untold: he painted maps of distant lands
Upon their hearts,—great mountains filled
With gold, and flowing vales where diamonds
Sparkled in the night; of undulating plains
Where ease and wealth grew up like corn
And waved their heads in richest air.
With these and kindred things, by slow,
Unceasing work, he filled their minds,
Slow pouring in upon their simple hearts,
Like fell miasma, all the evil he could coin.
By night, by day, incessantly and long,
This silent, devilish thing did work
Upon their hearts, until the weaker ones,
Less able to resist than many of their kind,
Gave way and fell into his snare.

The subtle working of his dangerous arts,
Like anaconda, wound them in its coil,
And poisoned all the good that years
Of trouble there had sown. His evil work
Was seen by better spirits and deplored;
But by a fatal compromise with sin

Which first in Eden had been made, he won—
This wicked spirit—won his end, in spite
Of all their efforts to defeat his plans.

By slow and steady steps his children grew,
And love of gain began to sear their hearts.
Without a thought of right or wrong in what
They did, they took the lands of trusting men
Who bade them welcome in the olden time,
Nor offered them reward. The unsuspecting
Warrior on his native chase, dreamed not
Of want or what would meet him in
His happy home where, game secured,
He then should wander back. But so it was.
His lands, his home, where many countless moons
In peace he dwelt; where graves of fathers lay
And many other sacred spots, here—there—
The white man came, and he was crowded out.
In patient, earnest effort, he appealed
To all the gènerous impulses of men,
Bespeaking patient audience to his wrongs.
He offered peace and safety then and for
All time to come. His manly heart he pledged
For this, and justice only asked as pay.
His native home with fondness did he love,
And could not yield it thus to wrong.—
For wrong it surely was: the Great Supreme
Declared it was.

But Avarice had done
His work. His childen pushed the red man out;
Destroyed his wigwams, and his lands fenced up;
His game they captured, and the graves wherein
His fathers slept, they ran their plow-shares through,
And cleared away his forest haunts.
His native, simple spirit turned at this,
And in his bitter disappointment did
He wage terrific war upon the trespassers.
The better pilgrims did not dare to see
Their neighbors fall, lest they in turn became
The victims of revenge; and thus in self-defence
Were they compelled to countenance
A wrong. In order to sustain themselves,
They must defend their neighbors, though
Their trouble came of wrong themselves
Had done, because their colony was weak.

Encouraged thus, the sons of Avarice played
Upon the weakness of their friends and won
The lands of Aborigines without return.

By oft repeated stratagem and wrong
They multiplied their gains, and blood,
And death, and carnage, as we've seen,
Grew common in the land. What the good
Would have avoided, they'd no power
To prevent; and thus from year to year,
As time grew on, the feud increased,
And bitter wars were waged. The other's good
Each one was bound to wish, and when
The trouble came, no question then
Of right or wrong was asked: but safety
For the whole was motive strong enough
To bind them in their common need.

Such means as these combined to work
A patient toil among the better class;
And though much more of evil Avarice did,
Might here be told, let this suffice, and know
That while much mischief had he done,
Had poisoned many a virgin heart
And sowed prolific seed, remaining still
Unharmed were much the greater part
Of them whose history we write.
And to their lasting honor it is said
Their virtue was a shield against
His wicked darts. *They* paid the Indian for
The lands of his they took.
But foolish Pride
Did little headway make among
These sturdy sons of toil. Quite true,
The faithful coadjutor oftentimes
And steadfast friend of Avarice, yet
Her manner, as it always is, was bad,
And so repulsive, that her very name,
Despised and hated as it was, and ever
Should so be, was driven from their thoughts;
And though she dwelt there long, and made
Her house with better things, it happened
That for very shame she changed her name,
And waited for a better time to come,
Without companions in her maiden name.

In part she passed her time away. Although
Her seed she sowed, as yet but little fruit
Appeared.
Poor, honest Labor, patiently
And long had borne his round of toil.
Each page of this progressive book did bear
His name in largest type. If forest cleared,
Or city built; if valleys smiled, or fields
With blooming grain looked gay; his brawny arm
Had done it all. But by some freak
Or frenzy of the times, his children, while
They grew most rapidly in numbers and
In strength, betwixt themselves had drawn
A line dividing white from black.
In honor those, dishonor these had grown.
The reason none affirmed. Perhaps
If never Pride had wormed herself
Between, no difference had been,
For surely both alike had toiled. But so
It was; and while in chains the one,
The other free, together had they grown
And none more valued there than they.

Determined in his work, his interest
Guarding well, old Kingcraft grew quite large
And fat. When savage warfare raged,
And Pilgrims' blood ran fast, he sent
His troops of war to help them fight
And drive the red men back. Without
His timely aid much damage had been done.
If danger threatened, Kingcraft came;
And when disasters stalked across their path,
He hired mercenary troops to drive
Them all away. When dangerous feuds arose,
In very kindness—(no other motive, sure, had he)—
T' arrange the case, he sent his viceroys out,
And by his generous oversight of things,—
His kind protecting guardianship, while they
Did all the work, he won upon their hearts,
And great, oh, very great grew he. So much
Attention to the rule he gave; such deep,
Unselfish interest in their good,
That while they dug and plowed and built,
He held the compass in his hands.
When fields of corn were harvested

Encouraged thus, the sons of Avarice played
Upon the weakness of their friends and won
The lands of Aborigines without return.

By oft repeated stratagem and wrong
They multiplied their gains, and blood,
And death, and carnage, as we've seen,
Grew common in the land. What the good
Would have avoided, they'd no power
To prevent; and thus from year to year,
As time grew on, the feud increased,
And bitter wars were waged. The other's good
Each one was bound to wish, and when
The trouble came, no question then
Of right or wrong was asked: but safety
For the whole was motive strong enough
To bind them in their common need.

Such means as these combined to work
A patient toil among the better class;
And though much more of evil Avarice did,
Might here be told, let this suffice, and know
That while much mischief had he done,
Had poisoned many a virgin heart
And sowed prolific seed, remaining still
Unharmed were much the greater part
Of them whose history we write.
And to their lasting honor it is said
Their virtue was a shield against
His wicked darts. *They* paid the Indian for
The lands of his they took.
But foolish Pride
Did little headway make among
These sturdy sons of toil. Quite true,
The faithful coadjutor oftentimes
And steadfast friend of Avarice, yet
Her manner, as it always is, was bad,
And so repulsive, that her very name,
Despised and hated as it was, and ever
Should so be, was driven from their thoughts;
And though she dwelt there long, and made
Her house with better things, it happened
That for very shame she changed her name,
And waited for a better time to come.
Without companions in her maiden name.

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He held the compass in his hands.
When fields of corn were harvested

Or winter stores prepared, 'twas merely for
A tithe to feed the tarving poor, to pacify
The throng, a very little too indeed, to clothe
The king, he sent his tax collectors out.
By gentle means at first, like morning dews
Upon the early pastures falling down,
He fed and fawned these trusting men.
As time went rolling by, so pleasant was
His kingship then in all the soft
Cajoleries of sweetened lies, by slow
Unseen attempts,—one point attained,
Another then in prospect near,—his power
Over them increased until, no more
Their will respecting, he unmasked
Himself and showed his brazen front.

His petty, grasping wiles too well he kept
Concealed. When fire must be built
To burn wierd witches up, 'twas merely lit
He said to purify the tainted atmosphere
And chase contagion out; and when
To banishment he drove an independent mind,
'Twas freedom's interest he served, that liberty
Of speech might grow and make men wise.
Oh! wretched monster, how I hate thee now
In all thy dazzling infamy! Away!
May shade of night o'ertake thee soon
And hide thy hideous, repulsive shape
From human view, and there remain
Until thy just reward be given thee.

At length they felt the chafing of his yoke,
And saw the lurid glare of red hot chains
Fast forging for their limbs. The cold
And clammy coil the serpent gives
Came o'er their hearts, and then remonstrance
Oft repeated came, resistance next, and last,—
But no,—not now, again we'll talk of that.

What Aborigines had done or left undone;
What part he took in this dramatic scene;
What good or evil in his plans; what wrongs,
If any, he inflicted on his neighbor's rights, or in
His person suffered, need not now be named.
Again, before this song determines, he may speak

His own and others wrongs. Till then let him
Repose, and we will look at Mercy, sweet,
Sweet angel, as she rests within the view.

For each specific ill of man, she finds
A balm, a pure, a holy cure. When pain
And want, and all the lengthened train
Of dreadful war rolled by; when sleepless nights
Of long and patient watch did stretch
Their gloomy shadows out; when hate,
And all the fiery passions raged
And laid their fainting victims low;
When sickness, death, and gnawing woe
Fell hard upon them in their new-made homes,
She came to their relief and gently poured
Her vials out. The lingering pains of death
She soothed; prevented many a stroke
Of falling tomahawk, and often turned the edge
Of well directed knife. No enemy she knew
From firmest friend. Wherever suffering came
She went with healing in her words;
Wherever toiling pilgrim worked, or watched,
Or slept, or prayed, she fanned his face
The while and breathed into his thirsty soul
The brightest words of cheer. When sleeping babes,
By cruel savage slain, their little spirits gave,
She wrapped them in her robes of love
And took them gently home. When happy,
Laughing girls, to torture and revenge
Fell helpless sacrifice, their plaintive cry
For help she heard and told them to her God.
If ever winter storms blew snow-drifts round
Their beds of straw, or cold and hunger chilled
Their aching limbs; when children cried
For bread and none was there to give;
When patient mothers wrapped their babes
In arms of death; when watchful fathers prayed
To God for aid in many a troubled hour,
Then was Mercy there, to comfort and
To warm the freezing heart.

Bright angel! oh,
How often in the stillness of the cheerless night,
When want and destitution stared in every star,
And lowered in the passing clouds, has thy
Sweet voice been heard and felt. Go on

In thy angelic work. The God who hears
The widow's cry reward thee.

His roots within
The virgin soil Ambition planted deep;
And, like a skillful gardener trained
In fruiting vines, whene'er the tender shoots
Appeared, he pruned them back, that when
By age matured, and not till then, their full
Grown fruit might yield without a fear
Of failing strength. A prudent spirit this:
He guarded well his field. His hand
To every labor he applied, and lent
His genius everywhere that nerve
Was needed or success attained. The benefit
Of all his patient work to them he gave
Nor asked return. In war he hurled
A fearless and a certain shaft; in peace
He labored hard for good of those he loved.
In every place, in every work, Ambition's hand
Was seen, and never faltered he,
Nor gave a sign of yielding hope. He chased
The fleeting hours past; he cheered
The irksome toil, and always gave reward
To others, not himself. His end, his aim,
His hope was in a star by them unseen—
To them not risen yet above the deep.
By stronger vision of prophetic light
Which he possessed, that star by him
Alone was seen and known in time 'twould rise.
Its sure approach would come when all
Things else were ready. Hence his duty now
To husband well his means and guard
The wayward instincts of his sons.
Their interests he made unite in one
Or other ultimate design and end, and while
He kept from view his own renown,
By zealous industry his power grew
And stronger grew until his friends
He could not number. Preparing for
Himself, he strengthened others' hopes,
And thus he made the people steadfast, true
And happy.

The child of Liberty
Was every throb and generous impulse of

The heart. Without their cherished mother, none
Would thrive or live. Within the veins
Of every hardy son her blood did flow;
Her name on every lip, her praise on
Every tongue, in every eye her burning fire.
Her influence in every heart was always felt;
And though the chill of Avarice, betimes,
Or shining glare of Kingcraft's golden throne,
Some weak ones led astray, yet Liberty's
Sweet voice, like heaven's music, in their souls
Was ever ringing pleasant notes. About
Her people watched she well, and every break
Where stranger gods might make approach,
She guarded with a mother's care.
Her time she occupied in fostering
Among her children that devout
And holy love of freedom which she nursed
Within her own pure heart; and though
In later years, her voice was hushed to whisper
By the heavy lash of Kingcraft's will,
Yet never was her image banished from
Their loving hearts. 'Twas there it lurked,
Like hidden germ, combustible at touch;
And when her glorious name was sounded in
The hush of night, or in the glare of noon
A chord, a sympathetic something, in
Their hearts vibrated in a sure response.

The brightest star which shone upon their path
And led them through the wilderness of years,
Was that of Independence. His duty was to go
About and hold his star in view. He nerved
Their arms for labor, emboldened he
Their fainting hearts, and taught them what
Reward for patient watch and work.
The camp wherein his soldiers slept
He never left; he guarded all their toil;
Rewarded all their labor done, and showed
Them how, in the far off time to come,
No human master would they know.
He watched the wiles of wicked Kingcraft too,
And curbed the reins of grasping Avarice.
He stimulated Progress; Labor he encourged;
He cherished Liberty and virtue; Mercy he
Delighted in her angel work by pointing out

Where she might do her deeds of love;
But Pride he hated, yet he loved; for much
Of her misfortune came from want
Of proper knowledge of her true and
Natural position. He led his children step
By step through all this dreary time of work,
And taught them what was hope. For love of him
The pilgrims lived, and in his name they died.
Through all the gloomy round of want,
Privation and distress, they followed still
With cheer his rising star.

In visions of
The coming time, with here and there a start,
Did Progress for the most part dream
His time away; but once or twice in every age
Or two, he prophesied the better day ahead,
As when upon the grave of Cotton Mather stood
He up and told of shameful murder done
By law of superstition made; or wept
When Roger Williams looked his last upon
His native home, and showed to him
A land where 'twas not criminal to think.
Appreciated not to great extent until
In later years, nor yet admired much
Except as tributary to success in time,
It happened the condition of the state
Was such in early time, that this industrious
Pioneer could do but little work. The time
For him was coming but by slow degrees;
And thus we see, that while apparently
He slept, his dreams were of the future years.
His voice was therefore weak, his field
Of labor circumscribed, his time had not
Yet fully come.

Pale Virtue, silent watcher,
Unassuming, modest, pure, her name
Through all the land revered; in vale and on
The mountain top her praises did the
Pilgrims sing. Within the barque that bore
The settlers out she came; she taught
Them how to read, to love, to pray. She helped
Them build their churches up and schools,
And dedicated them to God and Liberty.
She purified their pleasures, blessed

To them their pains, and taught the little ones
Of Christ. Upon each pilgrim's grave
She built a cross; each evil turned to good;
From darkness brought she light, and in
The midst of deepest pain a pleasure to
The sufferer she brought. Within the hearts
Of these her children, friends, her name
Was deep engraved. She taught the mothers how
To rear their children up; to train an honest race
The fathers how; the sons to carve their names
In truth and virtuous renown; to live
In modest purity the daughters, and
To fit themselves for future mothers of
Their kind. Her Christian work, had done
A general good, had leavened all the State;
For ot a truth, no nobler, better class
Of men and women ever graced the earth
Ontside God's chosen few, than those
Our Revolutionary ancestors.

CHAPTER III.

REMARKS.

Ambassador represents Americans petitioning the King of England for redress of grievances. The Minister represents that class of British statesmen who opposed the king in his war against the colonies; as Burke. The storm is typical of the coming war. Then comes the Declaration of Independence, and the Revolution. The statements of the messenger show the state of public excitement in the country in the early stages of the war.

Within the center of the land whose name
We praise, a mountain range uplifts
Its rugged hills from which, in youthful glee,
Bright Shenandoah sings her cheerful song.
High up above the rest, one lifts her crest,
Where pines and oaks in happy concert dwell,
And wave, and bow their swaying tops
As passing breezes play amid their boughs;
And there a towering rock uprears his head.
On either side, and to the rear of this
Majestic son of earth, as though to guard
Him from the storms which sometimes play
Around him there, two noble oak trees stood
With wide outstretching arms above
In happy friendship meeting, and
A vine which wound itself among the boughs
In deep, rich clusters hanging o'er the rock,
In silence nestled there, and formed an arch
Of evergreen above the hall.
Within
This high retreat that nature made
For haunt of forest kings, in pensive mood,
As back and forth he paced the rock,
Old Kingcraft with himself communed.
Somewhat disturbed in thought he seemed.
His head was forward bent, and deep
Low murmurs, rather breathed than spoke,

Sometimes escaped him. Slow and constant thus
He paced, and muttered broken words
Till something—what, he did not say,—
Arrested further movement and he stopped,
A sudden, nervous stop. To whom or what
He spake, it matters not, but this is what
He said, his right hand laid upon
His breast: "To say that I am weak,
Unable to restrain this discontent
Among the people, and by rigid law
Enforced, protect myself against
Prospective harm, would falsify
My high prerogative. To yield one point
Of this attack, a single inch of ground,
To such unreasonable men, would be
T' acknowledge there is error on my part,
And that is foreign to my just designs.
If I surrender now one farthing worth
To their demand, how long before
Another, and another, on the same
False principle I must yield? My right
To their abject obedience I claim;
'Tis undisputed by the nations of the earth;
And in the law of mortal men 'tis writ
That subjects shall obey their kings.
'Tis my undoubted right to legislate
My will, and unto that compel
Obedience. To slacken now my hold
Upon the law, relinquish what
Is legally my right, and pander to
The whims of this tumultuous throng,
Would greatly weaken that most just respect
And reverence for kings which their
Security imperatively does require.
Upon the power I possess to hold
Men subject to my sovereign will,
My throne its greatest safety does attain;
Its props and stays on that foundation rest,
And that alone. Each separate item
Forming part thereof, as ties and beams
In temples, is essential to the whole.
Destroy a part, a greater strain's upon the rest;
The whole is that much less prepared
To bear the weight upon it placed.
My great prerogative is to command;

Their duty to obey. This commotion and
Distrust arises chiefly from the whims
Of disappointed aspirants for fame
And high renown. The influence possessed,
Whate'er it be, upon the people by the chief
Conspirators, if so far indeed 't has gone,
Must be at once destroyed, and nothing left
Undone to nip the flower in its bud.
Among the gravest duties of a king it is
To rid his subjects and himself of all
The dire consequences of revolt
By banishment or execution of the base
Alarmists who delude them into sin,
And thus inoculate the body of the state
With all the virus of their damning heresies.
The leaders must be hemmed about
By strong exacting power, and taught
To feel the weight of rule by law enforced.
Whatever of affection may my subjects have
For these disturbers of the peace, I'll turn
To bitter hate, and so destroy the bond
That binds them to each other, if
So be my fears are not ill-founded.
This rising spirit of resistance to
My just authority, as thus encouraged
By such as from their prudent training in
My schools, much better things I'd reason to
Expect, must be at once, if not
Abated by advice I sent them, to
Their own destruction turned. A due
Respect for all the high and noble purposes
For which I reign, compels me to deny
The slightest of the claims they represent."

"Disgrace upon my name if dangerous feud
Within my realm arise and not directly and
Completely quelled by strong restraint;
And yielding to their least demand, admits
My right to hold them in subjection
To be at least of doubtful origin.
Proceeding such as this would put the right
Of Kings to rule according to their will
At argument, and this cannot be done.
'Twould soon destroy the very base on which
Their just authority is built; and men,

When not restricted in their acts by certain rule
And well digested law, would waste
In riot, crime and quick decay.
In heaven discontented spirits sought
To call in question right of God, the great
Eternal King, to rule and reign within
His own dominions. They did teach
Deluded followers how disaffection would
Ensure success, and by the overthrow
Of Him who rightly did demand of them
Obedience, the light of freedom would extend
Her brilliant rays, and each would be
A King within his little selfish self.
In early rout and terrible discomfiture,
That foolish enterprise did end.
In ruin hurled o'er battlements of heaven,
Fell they down to endless discontent
And death to spend eternity in shame.
Deluded by the false, deceitful
Garniture Ambition wears, how soon
In sorrow and humiliating pain,
Unregulated passions often weep
And pray the mountains to remove
Them from their shame?"

"My will
Is firm: no half-way measures to allay
But for a moment longer growing pain,
And then return to curse me; no, nor long
Unmeaning messages for present use
Made up, and held for naught whenever
Changing state may make such holding well
Advised. No, no: I cannot compromise
My name, and barter thus my liberty
Away. I'll send a warning to them now,
Commanding their assent to all I choose
To do, and in the meantime will surround
Myself with true and trusted friends."

Whether anything was left unsaid
That he intended or did think, or whether
Then had come the appointed time
To cease, sure it was that when he spoke
Of calling round him "trusted friends,"
A scarlet girded spirit winged itself
Near by, and rested at his feet.

"What news? How blows the wind below
In nether atmosphere?" inqu red the King.
To which the messenger replied: "My King,
The discontent is great. Contagion spreads
From man to man. The body of the State
Is terribly diseased."
"Do they rise?
Do they threaten a revolt? Is my just
Authority denied?"
"Unorganized they are
As yet, but like a slumbering fire
Beneath the mountain's crust, a spark
At any moment may ignite it into life."

"What do they demand?"
"My business is
To make report of the condition, as it is;
I know not what they want, nor asked
What they would have."
"Go hence, away,
To my commanding captain, and inform
Him of the threatened break. His troops
In proper disposition let him place,
And then await my further will."
The herald quickly took to wing, and through
The distance lost himself to view.

Then turning round in angry scorn,
His breast hard striking with his nervous hand,
In volleys loud and louder, Kingcraft poured
His venom out in imprecations and
Disgust. "Contagion! Discontent! Disease!
A slumbering fire.—ah! indeed! Ha, ha!
Great words are these to come from low
Vile worms my kingly arm has never ceased
To give protection to; most glorious return
Is this for all the tender mercies of my throne
So lavishly bestowed in every time of need.
This riot shall be quelled. My power shall
Be felt in all this fevered land. I'll cool
The slumbering fire, arrest contagion,
And settle discontent. I'll cure the foul
Disease which threatens death, and make
My edicts heard, wherever wind of heaven
Blows. This infamous and base return

Of evil for the good received shall soon recoil
Upon their dastard heads; and when
The sober second thought does come, they'll curse
The fatal day when wiles and snares
Of wicked leaders led them into wrong.
I'll crush the devilish serpent out of them.
And turn it back to sting the traitor hearts
That warmed it into life. I'll set my dogs
Of war where they may bay these wretches
Into silence."
A moment here he paused
To think, as it appeared, if he had been
Or not betrayed into excitement and alarm,
And whether his much boasted strength
Was altogether real. While thus he paused,
A periodic sound, in quick succession heard—
Approaching nearer and still nearer
As it was repeated, fell upon his ear.
He looked and trembled as he gazed.
In brilliant plumage clothed, with wing
Of steady, noble bearing, swiftly coming on
In bold descent down toward the rock,
Another spirit cleft the quivering air,
And stood before the astonished king.

"What do'st thou here?" His kingship rudely said.
"Why darken this secluded place with thy
Unwelcome shadow? Hast thou news?
Another tale of discontent and shame?
What thou hast to say, if aught, do quickly
Say, and leave me to myself again."

"By a solemn council of the people, held
In just accordance with a right they think
They have, I am accredited with message
Unto your majesty himself. They bade
Me say that there is much alarm, lest what
They love most dearly, and cherish warmest
In their hearts, may be, by thy command
Soon wrested from them. They do claim
That due respect for what of good
They've had from thee, they've always shown;
But while that proper reverence for thee
Has often led them to espouse thy cause
For temporary safety and repose,

'Twas not because of any fixed intent
T' abandon and disgracefully desert
Their original design. 'Twas more for this;
That when in weakness and in want
Against most dreadful odds they labored
With a steady hand, 'twere most unwise
To add to their misfortunes and distress
Another ill, which by a proper patience
They could avoid."

"That spirit have they now,
And think that this is proper time
To represent their most respectful protest here
Against what they conceive to be
Unnecessary evils. If in thy esteem
They are and shall be subjects of thy realm,
They humbly pray that thou'lt extend
Thy laws in equal force to all
Thy chosen people. In the house of great
Debate, where law is made for them,
Interpreted and then enforced, they see
No justice or propriety in their exclusion.
If wealthy do their fellow subjects grow
From traffic on a common sea,
'Tis great injustice they conceive, that they
Should more than others fill the laps
Of such with gold. And then, when quiet reigns,
And no disturbance threatened, or revolt,
Or barbarous invasion comes,
Their poverty, they humbly show,
Excuses their request to be relieved
Of mercenary troops and many ills
Attending their protracted stay.
I'm authorized, your majesty, to state,
That what of difference now between
The sons of Independence and yourself
Obtains, may be removed, or mellowed down
To evils bearable, by what they think
A very simple process, and a just return
For their renewed allegiance."

"If thou'lt remove
A tax or two which they believe unjust
And not administered in that equal way
Which makes men feel that even though
Oppressions, cruel, undeserved, upon
Them rest, each bears no more than that

Upon his neighbor; if thou wilt deign
To hear their voice in thy great parliament,
And read the plain petitions which they send
To thee; and if menacing troops,
Unneeded here, thou wilt remove, with useless spies
That hang around and prey upon
The people's liberties; if in respect
To what they claim, thou'lt do these acts,
They pledge themselves to counsel quiet and
Repose throughout the land, and promise true
And faithful aid to all thy lawful rule.
Having thus communicated all I had
To say, if now your majesty will deign
Accept my thanks for this most proper
Audience, by your gracious leave, to them
That sent me I'll return."
Kingcraft heard
Him with a look of utmost unconcern, and in
A posture of reserve and kingly dignity.
"Bear back with thee this word:" he said.
"My iron arm encircles all the land,
And I'm prepared to well enforce what I
Exact;—most perfect and complete obedience."
With modest bow, Ambassador moved back
And gracefully withdrew. His work
Completed now, and bearing thence with him
The curt reply, he went the way he came.

Alone, and in unsettled mood, the monarch
Paced again his wonted round, but uttered
Not a word. So deep and agitating were
His meditations; so absorbed within himself,
He had not heard the distant muttering
Of coming storm, nor seen the clouds which then
Did hang in fearful blackness toward the west.

Uprising slow, in massive volumes there
Together rolled themselves the clouds,
With lurid streaks of lightning flashing in
Between, and deep, low rolling thunder.
Up higher rose the blackening pile
Extending out its creeping, crawling folds,
With here and there an upper edge
In golden sunlight tinged a moment, then
Behind another rising coil of cloud was hid.

The dreadful mass at length began to move,
Enlarging wide toward every point of space,
Up, down, to side, outgrowing as it came
With still increasing blackness on.—
The lightning played and flashed in streams,
Sharp, quick and awful as they blazed
Their lustrous sparkling darts athwart
The blackened front, and sent their javelins through,
While peal on peal of loudest thunder came
And went amid the glare, and rolling through
The hills, did shake the very mountain's base.
A little nearer now, the fretful wind
Came whispering through the trees. At first
In solemn moan it came, but soon increased
Its volume and its force, until the great
Oak trees and pines shrank back in terror
From the coming storm. They bowed and swayed
Their heavy tops from side to side, to front
And rear, like feathers in an evening breeze.
It came in fiercer blasts and stronger still.
No waving now, nor swaying to and fro:
But there, half-bent and trembling in
The rushing storm they stood, their tops
Low reaching down, as harder blew the wind,
And cringed and creaked in terrible
Resistance yielding, while fast through
Their straightening branches swept the
Frightened air, and bent their limbs together.
Then came the pelting rain, in large round drops
At first—then whirling, dashing sheets
Which splashed about in broken spray,
Or danced against the rocks, and then
Through little furrows trickled off in fast
Increasing streams upon the ground.

Dark and threatening was that dreadful hour.
The storm, no whit abating yet, in wild
And awful riot blew. It rained and howled,
And roared till half the day was gone, and then
Its strength began to waste, when softening down
Its force by fast degrees it ceased, and cleared
Itself away, while sound of rushing
Torrents tumbling down the mountain sides,
Sent out their roaring echoes through the vales.
The sun looked out behind the parting clouds;

The trees, no longer riven by the storm, reared up
Their heads again and sang their wonted song.
A few stray drops still falling of the rain,
Did linger on behind, through which
The sparkling sunlight shone in rays
That eye might see, when th' seven colored span—
The beauteous bow of heaven, raised itself
Across the quiet hills.
From out the distant
Blue, and through beneath that lovely arch,
With rapid speed sweet Mercy came,
And knelt at Kingcraft's feet.
"Most noble monarch,"
She began; "I pray thee hear my plaint.
Thou hast it in thy power to prevent
A storm of death. Behold that spanning arch,
That golden bow of promise, bright
Harbinger of offered peace; and pledge me, if
Thou canst, to make no war upon
The sons of Independence. The word which thou
By the Ambassador did'st send to them,
They've heard. No hope, as they believe,
Of reconciliation left, they have
Determined to rebel, and free themselves
From thy restraint. But still, 'tis not
Too late. If thou wilt make me bearer of
The welcome news that thou'lt relieve
Them of the burdens which they bear, or think
They do, and yield in some, though small
Degree, to what they ask, that blood may yet
Be stayed, I'll pledge myself that they'll
Desist from further disaffection. Think
Oh! Monarch, think, what dreadful, horrid thing
Is war, and spare the land this scourge."

She waited for reply. "Leave me instantly"
He said. "Thy soft appealing words and looks
Unnerve me. Leave me now, that of myself
My counsel may I take."
"No word of hope
To send?" she asked. "No!" he answered
With a frowning sneer, and that very
Moment did the rainbow disappear.
In tearful sorrow, Mercy then retired,
Just as the scarlet-girded messenger

Again appeared."
"All's well," said he,
"The forts are manned, and every point
Well guarded."
Then answered thus the King:
"Go, watch the movements of the malcontents:
There's trouble brewing now I fear.
Have my legions ready for my call;
And bring report as seems thee well.
Be quick and cautious as you go."
And bounding up like startled roe,
The messenger departed hence.

A noble Minister of State,—no firmer friend
Of Kingcraft lived than he,—came slowly near
His kingship now and thus addressed him:

"Most august sovereign, thou in whose service
I am proud to live; for whose advancement
And success it is my pleasure to exert
My every effort. The honor of my King
And all his subject people is my warm
Desire and most resolute ambition.
Upon thy fair escutcheon now for me
To bring disgrace would be my lasting shame;
And naught, believe me, noble King, but what
Upbuilds the interest and the glory of
My state, is my concern."
"I've somewhat now
To say to thee of matters which, as I conceive,
Have much of moment in them; and what
In deepest friendship thus is said, I pray
Thee hear and such attention give, as meets
Thy better judgment of the course of right.
I greatly fear that on the verge of the
Immediate future hangs a dreadful war
Which, in its termination, may affect,
In greater or in less degree, your majesty's
Fair name and just success in time.
If now, by honorable means and fair,
The which in no event can cast reproach
On thee, thou may'st be instrumental to
Avoid, for all mankind as well as thee
And those who owe thee their allegiance, all
Its carnage, spoil and horrid havoc.

The reason of the case, no less, methinks,
Than voice of God, and honor of thy name,
Requires that the word go forth at once,
And let the gathering storm call in
Its growing wrath and spend itself
On unresisting air."
"Thus, then, I put
The proposition unto thee: If heated war
Approach by certain signs, and all its dread
Calamities can be prevented, and no just
Reproach attach to him who thrusts
The intervening hand,—if war is harsh,
Disgusting, and most cruel, then, 'tis not
Improper, but most surely right, to speak
The charming word and stay its tide.
In special and supreme degree is this
The case, when he who willingly confers
Great blessings on his kind by timely
Intervention for their good, combines
With his philanthrophy a solid, lasting gain
Unto himself in temporal estate."

"Among these hills and vales of great
Fertility, where, in the early time,
Their fathers came in honest faith, to build
Them homes for future comfort and repose,
Where nature in her silent beauty reigned
Supreme, a hardy race of men has grown;
And in their hearts deep down implanted, lies
An overmastering love of liberty.
So strong with them this ardent love,
It seems almost an instinct given them
Of God for everlasting use and help.
Between this people's prospect and
Your majesty's designs, for many long
And dismal years to them, has lain
Almost in sleep, a latent, deep, untold
Divergence of resulting end. By right
Of law as known to mortal men below,—
Discovery and conquest,—thou hast
Never ceased to claim the land as thine.
But long before thy arm was thrown around
Them in the form of government protection,
They advanced upon the bold design; they braved
The ocean's tide; they faced the dangers of

A route of greatest peril and fatigue;
And this they did by voluntary act.
'Twas not at thy command they sailed
And settled in this land. No order from
The throne unto the which obedience
Did bring them here, but truly the
Reverse. They came without, and oftentimes
Against thy published will. So far
Thrown off from thy immediate reign—
An ocean 'twixt you intervening wide—
Upon their own resources thrown, and cast
Upon the waters of uncertain life to shift
As best, in God's own providence, they could,
A restless spirit, which not well does brook
Restraint, has grown up like a native plant
Indigenous within the soil. The training of
The just and equal laws which hold within
Thy realm has not extended always
Unto them. The land which they inhabit
And thou claim'st, no physical connection has
With thy dominions proper; 'tis rather an
Appendage hung upon the outskirts
Of the imperial state, like comet
Having no appointed sphere in space
Where heaven's orderly arrangement rules."

"The beginning of this people dates
Amid the troubles of our own domain,
When war and great commotion raged
Throughout th' unconquered world.
Such origin no other people ever had.
They asked to sever their allegiance then
To all the eastern world, and that
They thought they'd done. But questions such
As this are settled 'twixt contending foes
According to the stronger arm, without
The voice of reason taking any part therein
As necessary consequence; and stronger thine,
Their weaker arm has given way in part."

"Their weak and feeble start in life did leave
Them prey to stronger power, and when
That power, by a seeming good, vouchsafed
To them its strong protecting arm, a just
Return would indicate respectful treatment.

And so with them and thee. Though thou
Hast ever called the land thy own, and too
As well the people there, and gave them laws
And governors, thy *right* in this, to them
Important matter, they did never recognize,
And now deny. Of thy fast encroaching
Power they seriously complain. Unequal laws
Burn scars within their freedom loving hearts,
And spies, and troops of war upon
Them quartered, and without consent
Of those concerned, they deem a grevious wrong.
Ambassadors, with prayers to thee
Respectful have they sent, petitioning
Redress for this and other causes of
Misgiving and alarm. Their manly prayers
Are clearly written out in language chaste
And pure, and mortal never read
Petitions abler—than were these.
The learning of the nations, my chiefest
Thought has been, and nowhere in the realm
Of moving mind are nobler themes,
And better stated, than in these
Petitions from America."
"Their
Remonstrance hast thou heard without
Redress. Of this do they complain. Their oft
Repeated message to thee sent, and as oft
Repeated failure of success, has given cause,—
(If just or not is other matter for debate—)
For great alarm and grevious discontent.
Their last appeal unto your majesty
To them has been returned with strong
Peremptory command for most complete
Obedience. To this demand, so often made
By thee,—as oft by them deplored, I fear they may
Not always tamely yield submission.
And further do I fear, that if a struggle come,
As come it will, unless by thee 'tis stayed
By yielding up the point disputed long,
Thy power great I know it is—may prove—
(With great respect I say the word—)
Unequal to the thing in hand. They may
Compel thee then, with all thy strength
Of name, to yield what they demand and more.
They now make ready for resistance to

Perpetuation of thy reign as king.
With dutiful obedience, I do
Most earnestly declare as my belief,
Their spirit is so brave, their hope so strong,
Their determination not to yield
To further rule so universally is spread throughout
The whole uprising mass, that they,
In ultimate result, will stand upon
The field as conquerer, and by the future
Judgment of mankind acquitted of
A wrong."

"Most gracious sovereign, so well
Thou knowest, I need not here repeat
The great expense incurred to build
A lasting fabric out of brittle and
Resisting parts, does greatly overrun
The value of the thing complete.
Compulsory obedience at best
Not always is the wisest, nor in return
Prolific otherwise than in its greater loss.
These people, independent in their thoughts,
And fertile in resources,—far removed
From where thou really reignest king,
Will surely war upon thee if thou force
Them to the wall. The end of such a war,
No good to man at large would yield,
But loss of much that might be left of worth
To all; and also much be left, I fear
For thee to wish were otherwise."

"If, then,
So little good, but greater harm must needs
Result from war, 'twere wise, methinks,
It were avoided. If in thy great wisdom
It were fit to grant to them their will
Without compulsion, it would come
As gracious gift, and not as forced
Bequest. 'Twere better thus, that what
Thou wilt, if anything, conclude to yield
To their desire, should to them appear to grow
From magisterial clemency,—a choice,
A great gratuity sprung out of love
And due regard for good and future weal
Of subjects from the crown, much rather than
That after long refusal of the grant,
Resort to war compels a greater sacrifice

When streams of blood have flowed.
This much thou still hast left thee then,
Without resort to arms. This much
Can well be done, if done in time, without
Dishonor or expense. If long deferred
A greater ill may come unto thyself."

"If now I've shown thee that t'were well
To grant a little liberty to discontented men
Which would befit thee well, as thou
Art noble, strong and great, and they
A people good, industrious and brave,
Without a tittle or a jot of what belongs
To kings in honor to themselves
E'er being lost; that war may come if this
Thou dost not do, and all its wretchedness
Thou mayest thus prevent, and so confer
A lasting good on them and all mankind,
The work I undertook is ended. At
The risk of thy displeasure have I spoke
What best it seemeth me for good of all,
And more especially the good of my
Most gracious king. What I have said
I pray thee ponder well; my earnest
Argument, so feebly stated, justly weigh,
And what to thee does seem the best, that do."

The minister received the value of
His argument in estimation of his king,
In these emphatic words:
"If thou dost take
The part of traitors, and with all the power
Of thy gifted mind, do show and press
Their wants on my attention, deserting thus
That high position in my heart which thou hast
Ever held, for their attractive company,
Then let the penalty of treason fall upon
Thy head along with them thy friends.
I'll have obedience, and only that."
"Most gracious king," the Minister began;
But not a word would Kingcraft hear.
All further audience refused, that he
Might hear report of Messenger returned,
In sad discomfiture his faithful
Minister was forced away.

With look of great alarm o'erspread
His nervous face the Messenger began:
"The whole land burns as with a living fire.
The secret mountain caves are used
As armories and magazines for the
Citizen soldiery. Already blood has flowed;
They won't submit. At Lexington
And Bunker hill, like unchained devils fought
The wicked wretches. The fields, and woods,
And byways lined like Egypt with her
Swarming locusts. Without organic rule
Or discipline, they fight upon a bold
And native plan,—each for himself. Just where
To strike them with effect, is puzzling sore
Your noble captain's brains. If wheeled
In line of battle for a gallant charge
Your faithful troops change front, when least
Expected and from strangest place, like storms
Of blowing hail, their leaden rain they pour
In enfilading streams upon th' astonished
Troops. And when on march from place to place,
In unsuspecting line, like thunder from
A cloudless sky, comes pouring in upon
Them volley after volley from all sorts of guns.
Like Pompey's legions, at a tramp sprung up,
They're everywhere. Their madness is
Contagious. All are fired by a kindred hate
Of all your majesty's designs. The rich
And poor alike; and sex no barrier is.
Fair hands of maiden girls, of wives
And mothers ply the needle at the lamp
To fit the men for war. The very boys
Do talk of tyranny and revolution.
By some unusual means, the spirit spreads,
And all the land is rising. The very air
Seems freighted with the smell of war.
Bold Putnam in the furrow left his plow,
Nor took farewell of wife or child, to join
His comrades on the field of blood; and from
The mountains, in his peasant garb,
Stalks Allen forth as lion from his sleepy
Lair, and rushing straight, with hundreds two
Or three, upon Ticonderoga, does demand
The place in name of Great Jehovah and
The Continetal Congress. And thus,

From bad to worse hourly it grows."

"Do my officers and troops stand firm?"
Asked Kingcraft. "Are there signs of breaking
In their ranks? what of this?"
"With few
Exceptions such is true. The traitor
Franklin whom thou had'st deputed
To exchange the mails, has been displaced,
And he has joined the people."
What more
He would have said does not appear. But when
He spoke the name of Franklin, Kingcraft
Started back, and raising both his hands
In great astonishment, while wildly
Staring toward the east, he bade the Messenger
Be still. In breathless silence stared
The two with eager listening ear, as softly through
The trembling air came wave on wave
Of oft repeated ringing sound: again,
And still again, they came in quick
Succession growing fast, till spreading far
And near o'er all the land, the inspiration
Caught at every point, the very air,
Like storm-tossed sea, was jarred and lashed
Into unnumbered rolling, circling waves
By peal on peal from a thousand ringing bells,
And fervent shouts from a frenzied throng
Of people singing Independence Day.

Above, and louder than the ring or shout,
A voice like that which thundered forth
From Sinai when Moses read the law,
Was heard, and to its unmistaken tones
The trembling King gave open, though
Reluctant ear. And thus the voice proclaimed:

"'Tis proper when a people would absolve
Themselves from all allegiance to their king,
The causes should be named which have
Impelled them to the separation. These truths
To be self-evident we hold, that equal are
All men created,—by their Creator are endowed
With certain rights inalienable, 'mong
The which are liberty and life, and the

Pursuit of happiness. He from whom we now
Absolve ourselves, has done us grevious wrongs.
Against our well-known will he makes
Obnoxious and unequal laws; against
Our solemn and respectful protest, lays
Upon us most oppressive burdens; dissolves
Appointed boards whereby our very hearths
Lie open and exposed to all the dangers of
Invasion or intestine feud; as answer to
Our prayers in curses comes his spleen;
He makes his will the law of tenure and of pay;
Defeated has he justice, and prevented right;
Compelled by force the quartering of his hired
Troops; destroyed our lawful trade; the tide
Of population has he stayed; excited
Insurrection; attempted savage massacre,
And forced us oft to fight against ourselves.
A prince with character thus marked
By every act which may define a tyrant,
Is ruler most unfit of any people free;
And hence, we hold his subjects friends
In peace, and enemies in war, the same
As all the rest of men. Henceforward, as
Of right we ought to be, so now do we
Declare upon our sacred honor, we
Are free—forever free."
The ringing and
The voice had ceased. Upon his face
In very rage did Kingcraft fall,
And darkness seemed to shut his vision out.
Like Saul, his blindness came because of sin;
But unlike him, the baffled monarch did
Not pray for knowledge what to do.
In terrible amazement lay the frightened King,
Until returning reason came again,
When rising to his feet, he bade his friend,
The trusted Messenger, "depart again
And boldly prosecute the war."

He watched the shadow of his parting friend,
As in the distance it grew fainter by
Degrees,—then clasping tight his hands
Before him, with an earnest look upon
The blue above him and the depth beyond,
His lips from some emotion slightly pressed,

Slow rising in the air he went away.

And now low, hollow rumbling sounds
Came slowly through the mountain glens,
And smiling valleys echoed back the roar.
Quick bursts of smoke in mingled blue
And white in rapid curling wreathed
Up darted toward the lowering sky,
As from the mouth of belching cannon poured
The sulphury blasts, then lost themselves
In air. Sharp rattling notes from muskets borne
In hands of freemen rushing to the fight,
Came dancing on the breeze; and shouts,
And prayers, and curses loud from men
By passion frenzied, ran along the hills.
The plaintive moan of wounded soldier as
He lay upon the bloody field unhorsed,
And piteously praying help from hand
Of heartless foe, while o'er his broken limbs,
Forgetful of his pain, the battling
Squadrons ran, hung dolefully in air;
And deep into the heart with solemn force,
The widow's wail, and orphan's cry did sink.
A strong, unnamed sensation, as
Of unseen danger pending near with no
Defense against the threatened hurt to urge,
Fast settled in the soul, in every nerve
Vibrating. As to ear of seaman wrecked
Comes music from an unseen Island near,
Inspiring in his sinking heart a hope
That even though surrounding death
Fast closes in upon him now, in time
A better day may come and some bright
Angel save him yet,—so came these notes
Of warning to the hearts of pilgrims'
Brave and hopeful sons.
Ah, yes! The times
That tried men's souls were coming fast
Upon th' excited throng, and every breeze
That played across the startled land, with some
New pain or hope was heavy freighted.
The blaze of war swept wildly through
New England's hills, uplighting
Every glen, and leaving in its fearful wake
The smoke of burning towns, and streams

Of scalding tears. Yes, war, devouring war,
Had really begun.

The sons of freedom held
A solemn fast, and offered up to Him
Within whose hands the destinies of men
And nations lie, their humble prayers;
Petitioning the throne of the Eternal King
To nerve their arms, sustain their hearts,
Their cause espouse and make it His;
To guide them with unerring hand
Through all the trouble of the coming years;
To lead them safely through the storm,
And teach them how to shun its swift
Devouring vortex. With earnest, fervent hearts
They prayed the Omnipotent Head
For strength to hold them up; for grace
To keep them pure; for hand divine
Beneath their youthful State to rest
And bear it safely up through all the roar
And carnage of the war; for love to spare
To them humiliation of defeat, and worse
Than death its sure resulting ills.
Did ever Christian pray with greater zeal,
More earnest and devoted heart,
Than in the midst of their afflictions
Did these undaunted patriots send
Their pure appeals, with love of right
Bedewed, to God their Father, Friend?

The listening angels heard them pray, and
Catching up their fervent supplications, bore
Them on to God in clouds of light.
Returning from their blessed mission there;
As toward the earth descending came
With joyful wing th' angelic band,
Upon the garment Liberty had worn
When first we saw her in the morning cloud,
In seven separate streams across the white
They poured the blood which pitying angels scooped
While fresh and warm from his panting heart it flowed
Of freemen shed in first encounter with his king.
These stripes of red and white, thirteen in all,
Unto a field of blue cut out from heaven's air,
Did they attach, wherein they set

A galaxy of bright and shining stars
In number same as were the stripes.
To shaft of glittering spear, this flag
Was hung, and in the talons rightly clasped
Of bold majestic eagle from the mountain cliff
With shield of bristling arrows plumed.
They placed the spear, and bade the noble bird
Convey it to the earth and let the people see it.
Then down from his lofty hight with swooping wing,
The eagle came, and over mountain, field,
And valley sailed he with his sacred flag.

The noble sons of freedom, while they looked
Upon the brilliant symbol as it passed,
Caught up its inspiration, and in one
Upheaval from their bounding hearts
Of universal hope, they hailed with joy
And inexpressible delight—with songs
Of praise, with prayer, and every other form
Of soul out-pouring from its inmost depths,
The Star Spangled Banner.
Each heart inhaled
The stirring air in which the quick
Contagion spread; and from the field,
The workshop, and the bench; from counter, desk,
And forge,—from every place where work
Was done by brain or hand, came forth
In endless streams determined men
And brave. Fair hands, in many a dreary night,
When "husband's darling" round her lay,
Of loving wife, or other, younger, fairer still,
Whose dreams of distant lover's good
Kept fresh within her virgin heart the hope
Of coming joy, did ply themselves
Unceasingly and fast to make
The deadly cartridge, or prepare
The soldier's uniform. No hand but had
Its work to do, and nobly did it. Sacrifice
And toil, are feeble words to tell of what
They did and still were wont to do, in aid
Of them their husbands, brothers, sons,
And fathers in the fight,—those noble daughters
Of the Revolution.
Worthy women they:
Bright and shining jewels in the darkness

Of that dreadful time, whose cheering light
Made glad the way the weary soldier went.
No praise too great for them; no eulogy
Can ever with sufficient truth portray
The priceless worth of their devotion and
Self-sacrificing work, when hearts
Of sterner stuff made up would quail.
May green and fresh within our hearts
In everlasting fragrance live
The memory of their virtues, and their names
In characters of light ineffable upon
The soul of every freeman be engraved,
Forever there to rest.

With noble
Washington to lead, the sons of Independence
Now were mustered for the fight; and on,
And faster on, he led his armies to the front.
Beneath the stars and stripes they marched
And countermarched, and prayed and fought.
No evil feared the faithful band while Freedom's
Banner floated o'er their heads, and on
The soil of Liberty they trod. In God, and in
The right, their trusting hearts were fixed;
And what of evil might betide them on
The way, or danger intervene, 'twould only
Purify their faith and make it stronger still.
With justice on their side, and strong
Approving conscience in their work,
They entered boldly in the line of war.
On many a hard fought field they met
The trained and veteran troops of Kingcraft's line,
Contesting inch by inch each foot of earth
O'er which they fought; their comrades slain,
On every hand lay scattering o'er the field
Made sacred by the blood they spilled.
The plain of carnage spread o'er all the land
From Massachusetts' hills to Carolina
And the North, and every hill-top was
A parapet from which in splendor waved
The bloody banners of contending armies.
Oft mingling through the horrid din
Of raging battle came the savage yell
From Indian throat; his scalping knife,
And faithful tomahawk, with dripping blood
In barbarous vengeance held he up

To view, and fearful was the debt
He made his victims pay. The dire
Havoc of relentless war, with all
Its wretchedness and pain, without
A ray of mitigating warmth, now swept
Across the land. Its desolation and
Its waste appeared as armies passed,
And what was left within their wake
Untouched, the torch of savage burned.

For seven long and bloody years,
Made memorable in the hearts of men
For many a truthful reason, war, as man
Had never waged, destroyed the land.
The wave of battle swayed with varying
Success from year to year, to front, to rear;
Now one, then other gained and lost,—
The contest undecided,—neither army
Yielding. But in the latter half of those
Immortal years, the hosts of Kingcraft
Began to hesitate and falter in the field.
This nerved the hearts of Freedom's sons,
And strengthened well their arms.
New courage thus infused into their veins,
New fire ran along their patient lines;
Enthusiasm stimulated all their hearts;
The gallant captains shouted the command
For final, desperate attack; and with
Their ponderous weight they fell once more
Upon the yielding lines of royal troops.
The battle fiercely raged, but Liberty
Prevailed. The long red lines of Kingcraft's men
Did waver, stagger back, and finally
Did break in wild confusion from the field,
And left the victors masters there.

Cornwallis grounded low his arms, and bowed
His royal head beneath the banner of
His victor chief; while Washington, the good,
The brave, the noble man, revered
In every freeman's heart, stood master of
The land. Brave La Fayette, Rochambeau too,
And Kosciusko left their names engraven deep
In every freedom loving heart wherever man
Was counselling with God and Liberty.

The kingly rule was broke. The humble prayer
Of honesty could now be heard, and courts
Of kings and queens flew open to
Our Jays, our Franklins, Adamses
And Jeffersons. The voice of freemen now
Was that of men and peers. The world
Had moved a step ahead; America was free.

'Twere useless now to tell of all
The varied suffering of that eventful time,
Or count the wrongs inflicted. In God's
Great book above they're written out
In full, and there they'll be revealed
At proper time to shame the enemies
Of peace and virtuous repose.
To speak of all the valliant sons of war
Who, in the Revolution carved their names
With bloody swords in everlasting fame;
Of Gates, Montgomery, and Green, with Marion,
And Putnam, Wolfe, and all their brave
Compeers; to register the name of every one
That made itself immortal then, would be
To write each man and woman's name
Within our blessed land who then espoused
The cause of Freedom when the clouds of war
Were lowering thick around them, for none
Superior had, except to give command.
Each did his part and much he had to do.
The price they paid was great, but liberty
Was worth the cost. They fought as never man
Had fought before. In storm and rain,
No less than in the noontide sun, their chosen work
They did; and whether on the frozen Delaware,
Almost in nakedness, they crossed to further shore,
Or on the mountains of Virginia left
The blood from out their shoeless feet
On many a pointed rock, or mid the shocking
Carnage of the savage slaughter house
They sacrificed their honest lives, it mattered not
To them. One sacred duty must each one
Perform, and that he did because he loved
His land. A noble band were they: Brave, good
And true. In peace eternal rest their
Sacred bones. When in the dreamland there
Does Jesus call his chosen flocks together,

Among His cherished lambs will rise
And answer to the call each member of
That faithful army.

CHAPTER IV.

REMARKS.

The formation and adoption of the Constitution of 1787. The Hamiltonian, and Jeffersonian,—or the Federal, and Democratic ideas of government, leaving the question of the right of Secession open. The public feeling at that time on the subject of slavery. It is intended here to show how these two questions were left in such condition as afterwards to be the subject of a war. The Union, and the departments of Government—Legislative, Executive and Judicial. The pledge of the people to "protect and defend" the Union and Constitution.

"All hail, brave partners of my toil!
Ye kindred spirits of the deep
Illimitable sea of mind wherein
The eagerness of hope has noised itself
To life, to this most sacred council welcome ye.
As in the time of trial and of war, ye shared
With me my pains and bitter disappointments,
So now, when Freedom reigns, and smiles
Of peace with pleasant prospect come,
And happier times do beckon, enter ye,
As ever have ye done, into my joys
And pleasantness of life.
"And ye,
Fair watchers at the couch of Freedom's child,
Sweet angels of my stormy life,
Whose gentle care has purified
My sorrows all and blessed them to my good;
Whose guardian watchfulness about
My noble sons when wasting storms
Beset them on their way, has kept
Them safe above the wreck: thrice welcome ye.

"Amid the shadows of these blood-stained trees
Made hallowed by the memory of the dead
Whose ashes rest beneath their shade,

While Susquehanna rolls her lucid tide
In rippling murmurs at their feet.
We come to look upon our labors done.
And for the birth and future of our
Youthful State provide."

Thus did Independence greet
His great compeers. They, in turn, with great
Delight congratulated each the other's joy.
So long a time since early meeting held
Had passed.—all marked it was by bloody
Indices that pointed them to death.
But yet, oh, happy termination! all
Was turned to better fate; and now,
Though storms had rudely torn their hearts
And closed their pathway up, again, and free
As air of heaven, here they meet, in happy
Council meet. Much cause had they for joy.

Other spirits now were here than those
We knew before. Two noble sons
Of Independence sat beside their sire,
Fair pictures of paternal mould.
The elder, Laredef, of stern and steady look,
Seemed thoughtful and sedate. The other,
Tarcomed, with face of liberal mould
And watchful eye of peerless lustre,
A child of Kingcraft, too, was there
Whose strong appeals of peace unto
His sire made when war with Independence
Raged had brought paternal retribution on
His head, and having lost the guardianship
Of him whose cause he would have served
By reason of his secret love of quiet and
Repose,—thrown out adrift from the
Ancestral home—must now needs come
To these as friends whom he so unsuccessfully
Had served by plying all his energies
Where least they had effect, and, too,
With him their direst enemy. Somewhat
Uneasy with his new companions, yet
With visage pleasant and serene, as one
Of having done his duty conscious,
Did Compromise in council sit.
With look of eager, crafty cunning,

Overshadowing every feature of his face,
Keen, restless eye and well trimmed beard,
And in a golden cloak, sat Capital.
Two sons of Labor, too, were there, of origin
The same and destiny as well, yet, as
Before we've said, betwixt the two
A line did run dividing white from black,
And these two spirits represented both.
Each wore a weary look, but Blanco's face
Was satisfied and calm, while that
Of Negros was of doleful caste
And shining black. Upon his head
A turban wore; a band upon his wrist;
And on his wrinkled forehead deep
Was burned his common title.—"*Slave.*"

The cord dissevered now which bound
Them once together. Kingcraft was not there.
With this exception and additions named,
The council was composed of those we knew
Before with similar arrangement.

Congratulations ended, now resumed
The intrepid warrior who welcomed here
His coadjutors.
"Through fields of blood
I've led our noble armies on to victory.
We've driven Kingcraft from the field
And scattered all his troops of war.
The land is free, blessed be the name of Him
Who held us up when all beside had failed.
Each spirit here save three has done
His part, and done it well, to bring about
This happy consummation. The voice
Of Wisdom in the cloud we ne'er forgot,
And good results have come from frequent
Counsel. But though the child were born,
'Twere young, not able scarce to walk alone;
Too weak to bear the weight of years
Fast crowding in upon him. In armor strong
And safe must he be clad to shield
Him from the poisoned darts of arrows
'Gainst him hurled, before we send him out
Into the world of nations. He must be
Baptized in blood, and too, a name

Be given him whereby the world may know
Him when he comes.
"We're free I said,
But lessons of the past, by sad experience
Learned, have taught that vigilance
Eternal is the price of liberty. We need
More strength; a central power recognized
By all, of delegated duty, which unto
The outside world shall represent
Our will combined, and regulate our own
Domestic difference when we disagree,
If ever such occur. A common danger,
Round us pressed, united all our strength;
But now the danger far removed, and we
Would send our youthful nation out upon
The sea alone, her rigging must be trimmed.
Stability and power must we have; a fabric
That the whirl of passions which sometimes
Befall a people in their path, cannot destroy;
A durable and stalwart craft with power
To outride the billows as they come.
Divided as we are in thirteen parts,
Each one a sovereign in itself, the charter
Of its Independence signed by Kingcraft's own
Right hand, yet of itself too weak
To fight the world, or stand against
The other States if they should ever, in
The shifting scenes of time, be led
By evil work of Avarice or Pride to join
Their strength against it. 'Twere well
In the beginning, while we're pure, to so
Secure ourselves with guards and bulwarks
Round about, that war of foreign prince,
Or feud intestine, should so great an evil
E'er befall us in our course through life,
Cannot destroy our walls. Our strength,
Divided, very weak, is great when 'twere
United in a perfect whole. To husband well
Our means of power, not too much from each
Detracting as to leave it at the mercy of
The creature it creates, is what needs now
Be done. Though Kingcraft be defeated, and
His legions routed to the shore, yet
Our weakness in this new, unfinished, and
Divided state, one day may tempt

And fall a prey to his revenge. Prudence now,
May save us much remorse.
"Such work
As this befits us here. Each spirit
Whose uncovered arm did help us in
The fight to gain the prize which we enjoy,
Has earned his right to have a voice
In rearing up the government that we
Propose to build and consecrate to Freedom.
Let each, if aught he have to say, now speak."

With brawny arm half bare, then Blanco raised
And said: "My province is to work,
Not govern. I only ask that my prerogative
Be well secured in what you undertake.
I want this continent to labor on
Where I, and those who aid my toil, may show
Our handiwork without restraint, and reap
Our just reward."
With fearful trembling in
His voice untutored, Negros raised to speak,
But Pride, with well directed stroke, prevented him.
"Let ALL be heard," said Justice, in command;
And Pride, though none abashed, did stand
In anger back. Thus, then, the slave appealed:
"Most gracious spirits, if my humble voice
Is heard, I make but one request. All else
Is naught to me. Remove these marks
And bands, and set me free to work and to
Receive the worth of what I earn. Behold
What honest pride upon his brow my brother
Blanco wears. He has breathed the air
Of Freedom but a few short years.
Methinks if I were free, we'd all be happier
For it, and of greater worth as men.
For many years together have we toiled;
Much labor done, much hardship borne;
In all, however short of what was right
I've come, to do my duty well has been
My constant aim, and nothing asked
But servant's fare. I've earned my freedom as
I think. Not to learning trained, my thoughts
May not be wise, but this to me seems clear:
'Twere better now to grant my plain request.
No wrong can come of this. My prayers

For freedom to my Great Eternal Master, night
And day are offered up. This my chains
Cannot prevent. One day they may be heard
And answered to my earthly master's ruin."

"You shall be free!" said Liberty, "although
It take ten thousand years to do the work."
"Amen!" with one accord the others said
Save Pride and Avarice, who stood
With scowling faces back. Then frisking to
The front with passionate emotion, Pride
Thus modestly began:
"My presence in
The land has been a thorn in Liberty's side.
The ease with which I move through life;
The flutter in the world I make,
Commanding admiration of the kings
And princes on their thrones, has given
Virtue pain, and Independence much
Concern. My value as a handmaid in
The work of building up a nation in
The earth where none was known before,
They do not now appreciate. Without
Advantage of a living tutor's skill
To mould its character and give it tone,
How soon the infant nation would decay
And die. Naught else of all the various
Accomplishments of earth so well
Befit the young and inexpert as that
Which makes them proud and keeps
Their heads upraised above the dirty throng.
In office such as this, to best advantage
My matchless worth is seen. But to the
Future not so much as past I'd have
You look to see me as I am. When dusky
Savage dared to lift his hand in self defense
As Freedom's sons appropriated much
Of what he called his lands, and had
The brazen impudence to claim from them
Respectful audience to his ridiculous
Complaint, I taught them how with
Proper self-respect to scorn his low appeal
And drive him from their presence. By my
Advice they took the niggard's lands and put
Them to a proper use. It made them rich;

It gave them proud position in the land;
And gave them wherewithal to clothe
Their daughters and to train them in
The school of pride. To regulate
Their passions have I taught the people,
And with some propriety their prejudices train.
That line, by God Himself laid down,
On either side of which, so properly arranged
And, separated by their color, are the races
Known, with care and deep concern
I've taught them to respect. Between
The races black and white, by earnest zeal
And constant effort, have I raised
A hatred up so virulent and strong
That danger of amalgamation need
Not now be entertained. This source
Of national disturbance then, is drowned
By my devoted work. Besides that due
Regard for self I've planted in the white
Man's heart, and nurtured well its growth,
With less success perhaps, but more
Determined zeal, I've crushed the opening
Bud of liberal thought which in its crude
And humble state lay hid beneath
The hideous skin of this degraded wretch
Who here, amid this circle of the demi-gods,
Dares crave attention. Though little knows,
Or ever can, by years of abject bondage has
He learned to know the servile plane on which
By nature's mandate he must ever walk
And serve his master well. Between
Him and the white, that proper prejudice
I've nurtured long and trained, forbids
That he be free."—And Negros moaned aloud.
"No less, indeed," continued she, "the fact,
As all the world so well does understand,
That such is not his state by God
Ordained. To serve is his estate, for so
'T has always been. The poor must serve
The rich—the black the white. To have
An equal voice in law or government,
Would rapidly destroy his usefulness
In any place he'd fill. To make him
Equal with ourselves would be to thrust
Aside with very scorn the edict of

Jehovah's law, and down to his low level
Let ourselves disgracefully to fall.
In patient service let him live and run
His lowly round. The further fact
That Christians are his masters, augurs for
His future well. To serve for such befits
Him for a better life, if God has so
Designed. 'Twill train and christianize
His ignorant, benighted mind,
And make him better servant. 'Twere wrong,
To him injustice, as I think, to hear
His stupid dream of toil and chains,
And kindred stuff, and lend an ear
To his unreasonable prayer for freedom."

Then Virtue in reply declared:
"'Tis great injustice to deny the humblest child
Respectful hearing. That glaring word
Upon his forehead, and the band upon
His wrist, are evidence at once
Of bonds and most degraded life.
In bondage such as this to hold a man;
To force unwilling service from his shackled limbs,
And brand him where the world may see
His sad condition as he toils, in all
Its parts is wrong.—a burning wrong,
A damning sin. To claim ourselves
What we deny to him, is true hypocrisy
And shame:—unjust, disgraceful to
The last degree. His arm has helped
Us build our homes, and faithful has he been.
Against his will brought hither, now
That he hath served us well, do let me loose
His bands."
And stepping forward toward
Him as in very joy his fettered limbs
He raised and held them out to meet
Her gentle hand;—a moment more,
And they had fallen, but a stronger arm
Than hers between them placed, with mild
Persuasion the apparent weapon of
Attack, he turned her from her good design,
While Negros wept in bitterness of heart
At this unmerited dishonor.

'Twas Capital that came between, and thus
Spake he: "Between myself and Labor lies
A strong unyielding cord of sympathy.
Our duties and designs, 'tis true, are not
The same, yet we are strongly bound
By ties of interest to each other's hopes;
To him my presence is essential as his life.
He lives and moves within my reign;
My atmosphere he breathes, and dies
At my expense. Without my potent aid
He withers as a frosted plant and falls.
Essential thus to him, his service is
To me no less important. Wealth,
The product of our strength united, springs
Up like a cultivated flower, and spreads
Its fragrance round to beautify
And bless the land. The evidences of
Our usefulness are seen on every hand,
And stare you in the face from every door.
On land no less than sea, we have
Our mystic art at work, and gold
Rains in your coffers as we toil.
Your trade and commerce have we built,
No less have made your social good. In bone
And sinew of the body politic;
In every fibre of its vital frame,
Our life lies hidden and impels the whole
To move. When our strength is brought to bear
The mountains move, the forests clear
Themselves away, and cities as by magic raise
Their busy heads. We're omnipresent in
The land. Without us you're destroyed.
My interest in the land is great;—"
"'Tis true,"
The spirits all declared.
"There's much
Unfinished yet to do;" he then resumed.
Before us lie great boundless tracts
In nature's garb, where fields must bloom
And civilization rule before another
Hundred years roll by."
"'Tis true," again
The voices said.
"As we develop strength," he said,
"And power, which we will, new avenues

Of wealth will show themselves around
Our way and these must be improved.
My life is restless, as 'tis useful. I
Must work. Your counsel and your aid
Must I bespeak in shaping my
Peculiar ends; for as you all so well
Do understand, success of my adventures,
Aided by the hand of Labor, to your joint
And several good conspires, and my defeat
Is yours."
Again they said: "'Tis true."

"The harvest, sure is plenty," he resumed,
"But laborers are few. So soon as one
Of Labor's sons outgrows his bonds
And Freedom's arms encircle him,
With one of my descendants joins he in
A happy marriage, and unto themselves
Begin their life anew. This robs me of
My strength in such proportion as the loss
Is great or small. O'er such, my rule
Is weak;—indeed, oft-times to their demands
Am I compelled to yield. But such as still are held
In bondage do obey my will, and do it well.
Their worth in great degree depends upon
Their close obedience to their master's will.
For reasons such as these, methinks 'twere ill
Advised to set them free from service yet,
And not until it can be better spared
Than now."
Ambition, in his usual warmth,
Delivered thus his thoughts:
"The end and aim of all our hopes
Is liberty for man. The corner stone on which
Our temple rests, is equal right of all
To this inestimable good. The right of one
To hold his fellow as a slave, no soul
By love of Liberty inspired dare admit.
To buy and sell his sinews and his bones
For gold, is sin most damning, and
The nation that permits it must incur
Divine displeasure. When we build
Our nation up with chains upon a part
Of those we have as props, that hour in
Our inmost vitals do we plant

A canker with its spreading poison which
In time must work its end and send
Disease to all our parts. To make this nation free
In fact as well as name, to rid the land
Of sin in all its forms and make the world
A better place for man to dwell, has been
My aim, and to that end I now declare
My life, and all my energies of will,
Shall ever be most sacredly devoted.
My voice is for the freedom of this man
And all his race. The golden thought
Which Capital has urged as best, betrays
The weakness of that strength that builds
Itself upon the ruins of decaying
Liberty. The tender bird unfledged
Remains within its little prison wall;
But when, with fluttering pinion plumed,
He looks upon the broad domain of heaven
And calls it his, he's free, and goes
Without a rein upon his wing.
So Labor, from his fetters free, combines
With child of Capital, and builds himself
Anew in life. The blood of Freedom swells
His veins,—he feels himself a man,
And slavery ne'er again shall capture him.
Why not to all apply this glorious
Indulgence? Make him free as man
Should be, and then adapt your pliant will
To what his new condition needs, and thus
Exert your omnipresent power to remove
The burdens of our race, and of our ills
Relieve us. Employment such as this
Would forge a golden chain to bind
Us to th' eternal throne above, and make
Us chosen people of the living God.
Go, burst his chains; let freedom shine
Upon his darkened soul, that it may live
And bloom as well as thine, and make
Unto thyself a name immortal."

As he ended this appeal came Mercy by
His side low nestling, while her loving eyes
With all their beaming luster looked
Appealingly on face of Capital, and said:
"Do, pray, permit me loose these pinching bands

And set poor Negros free. I know he'd serve
Thee better and with truer, braver heart."

But Capital replied "Fair angel, no:
Not now. Not many years more yet
Of toil, but such as we do need for certain ends
Already named, and then that pleasure thou
May'st have. 'Tis not my wish forever thus
To hold him, but for the present let it so
Remain. His service must we have a time,
And better 'twere in bonds. Thy frail
And tender nature does befit thee not so well
For ripened judgment of the sterner things
Which meet us in the round of life. Let us,
Of harder nature made, decide what's best,
And for a little time have patience with
Our plans."
Like starlight through the dropping rain,
Out through her tears shone Mercy's eyes,
As sorrowfully yielded she her happy work.

Then Avarice leered his serpent eye
Askance, and spake to them in this wise:
"Some claim have I to your attention here.
The tenure of your lands in great degree,
On my suggestions rest. In part at least.
The wealth you now enjoy, of my begetting is.
You owe me much: to that extent you're in
My power, which for good or evil is intense
And well controlled, as you'll have reason yet
To learn. To whom I will, destruction comes,
And wealth and place to whom. My arm
Is shield in many a dangerous work;
My coil is as the serpent's—stronger as it grows
Near time of meal. Upon this son of Ham
A claim I hold, and on his sons
And daughters none the less. I brought
Them here for service, toil and gain;
And not until their work is done, and I
Have nothing left for them to do in this
Their servile state, will I consent to change
His plane. The words of Capital are true
And fitly spoke. Those bonds, so sore
And painful to the eyes of certain here,
Are locked, and I do hold the key. The work

For which you're met cannot succeed
Except in this respect I have my way.
My sons are numerous and my power great.
No plan can I approve, or counsel them
To do, of government, unless you leave
Me Negros as my own without dispute,—
For me and Capital. When it suits
Our pleasure, as in time we think it will,
We'll do as seemeth best; but now
Let nothing more be said in his behalf,
And let him have no voice or part in this
Transaction."

So spoke the imp, and Compromise,
As if to soften and excuse the glaring wrong,
With smiling grace declared:

"'Twere better not
To agitate this dangerous theme to any
Greater length. 'Twill sow discord and
Trouble in our midst. The speaker last
Who spoke a large and influential class
Does ably represent, and he declared in terms
Most positive and clear, that his demands
Must be conceded else our object here
Must fail for want of harmony. Both he
And Capital opine that but a few
More years at most they'll need the service of
This man, and then, as we may hope
With reasonable certainty, for they
Are honorable spirits speaking what
They earnestly believe, they will release him.
Indeed, 'twere little matter as to worth,
If free or bond does Negros live. His name
Among mankind is low and rarely heard;
He's quite unfit for high position, and
As servant fills his place most fitly. No need
Methinks for heated thought, where little is
At stake, or nothing, as 'tis here. To save
Commotion in our midst, to further peace,
With great respect for all, I do propose
That we concede the thing disputed."

Ambition sprang upon his nimble feet
And said: "I will not thus consent that man
By will may hold a right of property
In man, and thus incorporate a living lie

In our law."
Said Compromise: "It need
Not enter in the law. 'Tis promise made
Outside the law, that Negros shall be free
In time. Let that remain as law unto
Itself. Trust the word of those who pledge
Themselves so sacredly. Their honor will
Forbid apostacy."
And Avarice said:
"It matters not
To me about the law, if you but leave the chains
Upon his limbs until his time's fulfilled."

Ambition spoke again:
"Omitting, then,
Within the written law, his title SLAVE;
His tenure too as well,—the reason why
You hold him thus, and pledge your sacred
Word that time, and that not distant far,
Shall see him free,—with such agreement,
For the peace and present good I'll hope,
I yield the point, but with distinct
Announcement of my understanding;
A few more years of slavish toil, and then
You'll make him free. *I swear here now*
I'll execute the bond.
Said Justice then:
"You know not what you do. You sow the seeds
Of death where living plants should grow.
Ye passed unheeded by my warning in
The cloud—'Be just, be just to all.'—Ye have
It now again. Beware of compromise
With wrong. By stealth and rapine brought
From home where nature placed him free,
He's held in bondage here, compelled by force
To toil against his will, and for another's gain.
Justice to him now is liberty, and nothing less.
God created all men equal. He never
Made a slave: that is human work.
Who denies to man that native liberty
His Father gave, deprives his brother of
His birthright. Retribution, when it comes,
As come it will in time, for God's decree
'S unerring as Himself, and so
'Twas written from the first,—will feed

On him who violates the law; and terrible
Must be the vengeance meted out to him
Who traffics in the flesh and blood of men—
The offspring of the Father. God. Be not
Deluded by the falsely varnished hope
Of future freedom for the slave, so long
As devils walk unchained, and gold allures
The eye. The heart so deeply steeped in crime
That in the darkness of the tangled wood
Dare pounce upon a passing child
And send it to a life of wrong, is fit
For murder, harlotry and shame. No truth
Except by accident, or told for stolen gain,
From such a fountain springs. Let pass
This moment and your future life
Will be diseased from head to foot. Life strikes
Its searching roots deep down into the dead,
And lives upon decaying things. Let not
The life of wickedness and wrong spring from
The ruins of decaying liberty."

Said Compromise in answer to this grave
Rebuke: "But if two evils do present
Themselves, and one we must accept,
Would it not be wise to choose the less?"

"Choose none," said Justice. "Do but right, and keep
The law."
Wisdom then thus reasoned:
"Much power has this spirit Avarice here.
He can destroy us and our hopes. By granting
His request, though wrong it surely is,
We may combine our now divided strength
For future usefulness, and God, when He
Determines, will accomplish what we now
Defer. Deny him and we fall again
To weakness and a prey to Kingcraft's lust.
Can we not this evil for a time endure
With more of good resulting than to fly
To others which we know not of? and will
It not insure a greater good?"
"One day."
Said Justice, "will you be compelled to lop
It off. Its spirit is aggressive, and in time
Its serpent head will raise itself, unless

Destroyed, and take the rule of state."

"'Tis that much gain," said Progress:
"To have the pledge of all, though some were false,
On Freedom's side. We must, for purposes
Of Union now, to work a lasting good,—
A good of greater worth with evil of a short
Continuance combined, than though we free
The slave and separate the state. When strong
And great we grow, the force of public thought
Will then compel fulfillment of the pledge
Made here. I do confess that we must choose
'Twixt evils now, and I am willing to
Accept the less."
"So be it, if you thus agree;
But what I've said, I've said, and that's the law,"
Said Justice in reply.
"No further need
For me," said Avarice, "if no offence
Be taken, I'll retire."
"And I;" "and I;"
Said Pride and Capital, and they did leave
The scene, with Negros limping in
Their rear, dejected sore.
Behind was left
A purer atmosphere. With careful word
And studied phrase, then Laredef made free
To speak. "When man unto himself a rule
Would make for fundamental law, a view
Of that Supernal Constitution of the Great
Infinite God, by which He rules and governs
All His varied world, might lessen much
His labors and simplify his work.
With that intent, let's pause and read a line
There written. Himself the center of the whole,
Unnumbered systems round Him roll
Their mystic spheres in well appointed time;
A center for each system, round the which
In lesser circles run their wonted round
The worlds appointed there to stay,
And wheel their endless course in space,
Attracted each unto its central sun
By stronger power divine. No jar
Or discord breaks upon His listening ear,
But round, and round again, in one

Harmonious whole, in noiseless orbits move
The lesser planets round their inner sun
And these, with all their whirling stars,
About the Great Eternal Center of them all,—
The Great Omnipotent will,—the inner force
The stronger always.
"Thus may we
Arrange our plan. A central power make
With duty well defined, combining in
Itself attractive force to hold the States
Within their proper orbits as they run
Their revolutions round the federal head;
And should some irritating cause come in
Between the inner and the outer force
Which for a time might threaten dissolution,
The central power would restrain and draw
Them back—the truant States—to their
Allegiance. Thirteen in number now
The States. Let each retain its little
System of domestic rule, but to the
Federal head by bonds so strong allied,
That unexpected trouble could not break,
A system thus of States revolving round
A higher center by the people made,
Controlling all their movements which
Do not themselves immediately concern,
Would we erect, and government of great,
Surpassing strength—of permanence
And worth—would be around us for
Our mutual protection 'gainst the world,
And all intestine discontent.
A Government without the power to
Perpetuate itself and give protection to
Its citizens in every quarter of the land
O'er which it ruled,—or crippled in its will
To quell disturbances to such extent
As that it could not shield itself against
Internal discord or rebellion,
Would be an easy prey to spoil and ruin,
If e'er ambitious men combined to plot
Against it. Wisdom now dictates, methinks,
That in th' beginning of our race we make
Secure a lasting hold upon
All necessary power, and by certain safeguards
Be surrounded, that projecting rocks

In our tempestuous voyage may not
Dissever and destroy our youthful ship.
My general plan is such. Details,
And more minute arrangement, may
Conform to this rude outline of design
In future application. The States within
Themselves, still sovereign may remain,
While do the people of them all, as one
Great whole, unite and form the federal head
For general good and mutual restraint."

To this, then Tarcomed replied:
"Of power
And all its various, subtle forms,
My heart has great abhorrence, and
As deep a jealousy. Long years of toil
And patient suffering have sorely taught
Us how to value freedom. Through all
That dreary time, around our homes
In most distasteful ways, did Kingcraft weave
His web of tyranny, which only war,
With weakness, waste and desolation as
Its end, removed. At first he claimed
But little, nor that little loud, but by
Degrees slow coming on like summer
Solstice, quiet but incessant still,
He plied his wily arts until our very hearths
He claimed, our daughters and our sons;
And naught but most determined force
Continued long could drive the evil of
His lusts away. From this protracted
Struggle with a king, I've learned
To hate all evidences of his ever
Having lived to curse the earth with his
Remorseless presence. All lingering
Relics of his barbarism I despise,
And loathe the very name of power.
"This want
Of sympathy with kings, this sad experience
With their black iniquities, will be excuse
I pray, for what may otherwise appear
Severe expression. I differ widely with
My valued Laredef, as to his plan
Of government. His central sun
Would grow a scorching flame of fire,

And singe the helpless fledgeling's wings.
'Twould grow so large and lustrous in
Its blaze, that little, feeble, outer planets,
In their love of grandeur some bewildered,
Would go to bask themselves within its light
And lose their lustre there. This inner force
Would grow too great, and soon absorb
The whole. By force of its attraction,
The little struggling worlds upon
The outer verge of their allotted space,
Would deviate from the appointed line
By slow degrees, and, losing now
Their power of resistance, dash against
The inner sun, and lose themselves
In him.

"While guarding as we should
Against contingent ills by proper union formed,
'Twere well that nothing more we do.
A constant watch upon the ruler oft
Relieves us from his snares. Effects
The same from causes like arise.
The nature and the aim of power is
To fortify and to increase itself.
The more is given to it, the more it will
Demand. Sufficient to the head
For what, as freedom-loving people they do need,
With liberal hand I give, but not a moiety
Beside. Let it the creature be, and not
Creator. Then should it attempt
Absorption or coercion of the powers that
Had given it its life, we'd know our rights,
And knowing, dare maintain them.

"Upon consent of those on whom it rests
Do governments derive their just authority.
So long as they retain the people's good
Affections, they will stand as adamant.
When these they lose, decay and rot strike deep
Into their vitals, absorbing what of life they have,
And all the powers of hell can't stay
The dread disease. If that we now
Propose to rear should prove in its
Administration just, regarding well
The people's liberties—not oppressive in
Its rule, then no fear of feud or war

Within ourselves; but should a love of power,
Or unholy, wild Ambition seize the reins
Of government and grind the people down,
The thunder of the public wrath would tear
It into atoms.
"The gulf dividing us
Is great, yet not so wide, methinks,
But that it may be bridged. That love
We mutually bear our chosen land
Is guaranty that what with our
Conceptions of the right we can, we will,
For good of our common country, most
Cheerfully concede. We need a common head—
A general government, for purposes
By all well understood. How much
We give to it of power, and how much
Retain unto ourselves, is what divides
Us now. Essential what, I yield,
But nothing more. So much retain
That if in future years need be, our hands
Will not be tied. A just and true respect
Unto the rights reserved by States, will give
Security and permanence, and they
Are all we need."
In answer, Laredef replied:
"Sufficient to the federal head of power
To perpetuate itself and parry all
Attacks from whatsoever source they come,
Methinks we ought to yield. The work
Of human hands is always weak.
Some festering sore—some tender spot—
May now be lurking in the veins through which
Our nation's blood will run, to us unseen,
Or seen, permitted to remain; and this
In time may generate confusion and
A subsequent disquiet, which, if left unchecked
To run its course of ruin, would produce disease,
Disintegration and decay; and yet
It might be wise and greatly to our good,
If power in the land which all respect
Could remedy the evil, and restore the state."

To which then Tarcomed responded thus:
"If the government should leave its place
And go astray to trample on the people's rights,

It should not be perpetuated. If right
And justice rule its course, no danger need
Be feared within; and if from any
Other quarter comes, we're ready for it then
As in the past we've been. Our people as
Thou knowest well, are virtuous and brave.
No fear from their assault if no one's
In the wrong."
"Thy argument," said Laredef,
"Does rest upon the people's virtues. Great
And many though they be, all men are human;
And what is human may be led astray.
The government may once be right,
The people wrong. Should such occur
With us, who then shall be the judge?"
"No danger do
I fear from any wrong the people may
Commit. They will right themselves if hand
Of power keeps its proper place."

"If possible arrangement can be made,"
Said Compromise, "between these different plans
Of government, and thus defer dispute,
The which, if long continued may prevent
A union of the people for their good.
'Twere very wise it seemeth me, it should
Be done. Might not the matter rest
With safety where it is? Each does concedo
That power sufficient for the end proposed
Must needs be granted to the central head.
For ills unknown—in future time
Contingent—may not provision then
Be made, should ever they arise?"

"That contenteth me," said Tarcomed.

"My will I yield," said Laredef,
"For present, and I'll hope for future good
Of all, but still my judgment is the same.
When, to build a nation out of States,
Whose people heretofore gave them
Allegiance, for our mutual good
We undertake, we either do or not, in law,
Create a body corporate which of a right,
And by its very constitution, holds

Unto itself all necessary powers
For self protection and perpetual life.
To what extent this rightful power may go
In matters now unseen, and merely
Prophecied or dreamed, is matter of
Opinion, and on that, perhaps
We need not further speculate."

With restless eye then Aborigines arose
And thus he spoke;
"Am I to be
Consulted not in this gigantic
Enterprise which so much concerneth me?
Is my voice forever hushed, and like
My name to fade away and die?
This land was once my home, without
Intruding mortal to disturb
The sweetness of my midnight dreams.
My right to most of it remains unto this day.
Then was my freedom unrestrained. No fear
Of coming danger lurked in clouds,
Or fell around me in the rain;
But since the day your people came
Across the deep blue water, my peace has been
Disturbed, and now my home is not secure.
My lands in part appropriated to their use without
Return, save promises that never were
Fufilled. But name of good old Penn
My people love, for he was faithful to his word,
And paid me for the lands he bought.
You have destroyed my hunting grounds,
My trusting people causelessly have killed,
And disinterred the bones of my
Departed braves. You've done me many—
Many wrongs. When first you set
Your feet upon this land of mine, you then
Were young and feeble. Your shadow reached
But little way, and mine was high
Above it. Strong and brave was red man then.
I gave you welcome here within my
Peaceful home. You're larger now, and
Many warriors round you stand to do
Your will. With these do you propose,
As often have you done, to drive me from
The homes to which when you were small

And cast upon the world a stranger and
Alone, I welcomed you, and this without
Reward or recompense? The hand that fed
You in your youth, and gave you kindly grasp,
You'll now, when older grown, and strong,
Destroy and lop it off because you have
The power so to do? Is such the teaching,
Of your Father as you read His book?
Have I then a voice or not in this design?"

Said Independence in reply:
"Great truth
In much you say, and due respect I pay
To it. Much wrong, by evil spirits done,
Has brought disgrace and shame on
Innocent designs in every period
Of the world. I came not here however
To consult your pleasure or your ease.
For all your offices of friendship done,
My gratitude is due you. For the wrongs
Of treachery and deceit without a cause
You've done to me, you have my plain
Forgiveness. The wrongs my people did
Do I deplore, and wish 'twere otherwise;
But for their sins I can't atone. My work
Was given me by Him who doeth what
He will. In olden time He gave His
Chosen seed a land, and bade them take,
Possess, and own it. What of war
And spoil were consequent, was not
To their account set down. His will
Must all obey. What He permits, He does
For general good. He sent me to this land
To build a home for all the world to fill.
If thou art in the way, or wont unite
With us, thou'lt be removed by hand
Of God through agencies His own.
If in the storms that round thee sweep,
Thou'rt carried off in the whirling wind,
Thy weakness, rather than my strength,
Should bear the charge if any do attach.
To consult thee I have no command.
My pleasure shall it be, as in the early time
I promised you, your days on earth
To make as peaceful as within

My power lies. Your comfort and repose
Shall be our constant care. Against
The wrongs of wicked men, as far as in
Me lies, I'll grant you my protection. If
Your lands at any time we need, we'll make
You fair reward, and see that you are paid.
Much of wrong not now foreseen
Will doubtless come, but this will be
Exception, not the rule. For your peace
Whatever I can do, will cheerfully
Be done; the rest remains with you,
And that is all I have to say; except
That thou art dying now, and with thee
All thy people. On the scroll of fate
'Tis written thus, and I cannot prevent."

Aborigines responded then in these words:
"If I rightly understand you,
My race is nearly run then;
And like the morning vapor,
Or the falling mists of evening
Fast settling into twilight
To rest until the sunrise
Removes them in the morning,
My people and their children
Are doomed to quick extinction.
And this is the reward of welcome
I gave your feeble people
When first they set their feet on
The shores of the Atlantic.
Oh, it I had only known then
That such would be their mission,
Their little ship had foundered
That brought them safely over
In the deep majestic ocean
Before it neared its mooring.

"Then all my kind entreaties
For your full and patient hearing
Of my many, bitter grievance
By your wicked people done me,
Must pass away for nothing.
This is the return for friendship,
Given without stint or asking,
To a people rich in learning,

And claiming to be christian.
If this be doctrine of the Father,
The Holy one above us,
He has deceived the red man.
For He taught him to be honest
And upright in his dealings;
To render all men justice;
To love the ways of mercy,
And walk before Him humbly.

"Your people took advantage
Of my unpretending friendship,
When many years aforetime
I gave you nature's welcome.
We took them to our homes then,
And treated them with kindness;
We showed them all our rivers,
We took them to our mountains,
We led them to our wigwams,
And covered them with blankets
When the early autumn frosts came,
And warmed them in the winter
When the snow-drifts blew around them.

"How sorely they've betrayed us,
And turned our kindly welcome
To avenues of ruin
And destruction of our people.
Our early homes they've taken,
Our wigwams and destroyed them;
Our hunting grounds they've wasted
And planted fields of corn there.
They've cleared away our forests,
Dug deeply in our mountains;
They've fenced about our meadows,
And driven us to westward.
Two hundred times, above me,
These trees have put their leaves out
And in the autumn dropped them,
While the wrongs I name were passing
Without a moment calling
Their most remote attention.
Not yet all appropriated
Of my large and ample fortune,
Could their grasping avarice

Be satisfied and stop there,
I still had left me plenty.
But now they want remainder,
And to the side you crowd me,
Refusing my petition
To take a part in council
When my native home's in question.

"They've hemmed themselves about me
Like swarms of summer locusts,
And when I would remain there
Where graves of all my children,
And memories of my fathers,
Do sleep in peace and quiet,
They caution me t' abandon
The habits of my childhood,
To change our ancient nature,
And adopt their novel system
Of life and agriculture,
Or depart and leave them
To take my lands and use them
And when they get possession
Claim the right to own them.
As we are, the Master made us;
Of this we're not complaining,
For what He does is well done.
Our life was free as nature,
As happy too and peaceful.
We have an inward teacher
That tells us of a heaven
Behind the western sunset,
Where all, without distinction,
All save the bad and guilty,
Will ever be most happy,
No one there to harm us,
Or disturb our constant pleasures;
But the great eternal future
Will be a line of endless ages
Where pleaures grow unstinted,
And happiness unending.

"We will not change our life then,
Our life-long ways and customs;
The Father don't demand it.
If your people will destroy us,

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And plow our childrens' graves up
Without remuneration
Or hearing our petition
For redress of our grievance,
Then in the land of spirits,
In the distant unknown future,
Where God with all deals justly,
They may render their account there
And take what He shall give them.

"I'll gather up my children,
My old, decrepid fathers,
My tender, loving women,
And take them with me westward
Toward the golden sunset,
And build them there new wigwams
Amid the snowy mountains.
We'll leave the haunts of childhood,
With all their happy mem'ries;
We'll leave our native birthplace,
With all its dear surrroundings;
We'll leave the little streamlet
That's winding through the valleys,
Where once we gathered flowers
To ornament our brides with;
We'll leave them all, and give them
To the avaricious white man
Who calls himself a christian.

"Farewell to hopes that clustered
Round our happy boyhood;
Farewell to joys and pastimes
We loved in days departed;
Farewell to homes and firesides
Where we have dwelt for ages,
To father, mother, dead there,
To all that made us happy
In the morning sunrise,
In the heated noontide,
In the evening twilight,
In the midnight dreaming,
Where we loved existence
For the happy pleasures
Our simple life afforded;
And welcome, western mountain,

With your snow-capt ledges;
New and strange adventure,
With your round of mis'ry,
And all that may befall us
As we part in deepest sorrow
From the homes of many sunsets,
And take our line of march up
For lands and wilds we know not
In the distant hills and valleys
Of the far-off, unknown country.

"But remember, white man,
I give you timely warning;
I'll never take your promise
In the long and distant future,
For any good behavior
Of your false, your faithless people.
Remember, pale faced brother,
That you have greatly wronged me
In the dismal, dreadful past time;
And while I may forgive it,
I never can forget it:
And when again you cheat me,
Destroy my lands and rob me,
It shall cost you dearly.
Your blood shall pay the forfeit
Of your dastardly betrayal
Of my early ardent welcome.

"To the mountains let me hasten;
Let me go and build my home there
Where freedom's still remaining;
Where my people may be happy
And live again in pleasure.
If so be that they remember
Not again their childhood
And all its tender gleanings.
Farewell! White man, remember."

And closely wrapping round his face
The flowing scarf he wore, with head
In sorrow bowed, he slowly walked
Away and never more returned.

Apparent consternation seemed to seize

The hearts of those who listened to
The pathos of his parting speech,
And in silent wonder sat they all a time
As though they still did listen to
His simple tale of truth. Their look
Upon his fading form was long, and not
Until himself was buried in the wood
Did they withdraw their lingering look,
When Progress rose and thus did speak:

"When storm clouds ride the western sky,
And lightnings play their frantic freaks,
They ask not man or beast what tree
Or other thing to strike. The voice of God
Is in the storm, and they obey His call.
They dart where He directs, and where He points
They strike. 'Tis not for them to know His will,
But only to obey it. He works His ends
By means to us unseen, and though we work,
And toil, and bend our course by what to us
Seems reason of our own, we're in the hand
Of Him who ruleth as He will, for He
Directs the whole. Thus far He's led us through
The darkness of the years, and though the fates
Destroy the primal race upon this favored land,
That's naught to us. A wondrous plan is now
Unfolding in the lap of time, and no
Poor savage life can stay the onward march
Of right and the eternal fitness of design
In the beginning made. Progression is
The law of Him who was and is to be
For all the time to come, and what is in the way
Of His majestic march must yield
To th' overmastering strain of His
Unbending will. The world is destined to
Be free, and here we watch upon an outpost
Of th' eternal scheme spread over all
The earth and through its inmost parts.
Our duty is to work and follow up the plan
Conceived within the mountain cloud
When God's own finger pointed here.
Onward then, and let the fainting savage die.
His exodus began long years ago, when sun
Of Liberty first shone upon his humble head.
'Tis our duty now to make his dying

Easy as we can, but let him go, if so
He be within the scope of better things."

Thus electrified, the chieftain passed away
From all their thoughts, and now their eyes
Were turned toward Wisdom, who,
Up slowly rising then addressed them thus:

"Two points of difference only now
Remain to mar the beauty of the
General plan we make, to give a doubt
Of its most perfect strength and
Permanent security: The slave's
Petition one; the other, question raised
'Twixt Laredef and Tarcomed, as
To which the greater power holds, the States
Themselves, or that which all the people
Do create—the Federal head. For his
Solution, these are left to Time. Whether good
Or evil come from this defection, future
Evolutions will disclose. Perfection on
The earth has never yet appeared.
'Twere foolish to expect it now. Experience
In time to come, as in the past, must be
Our guide. We grope in darkness here,
And go by lights we think we see.
While praying for the best, content
Ourselves with what we have, and ask
The Father's blessing upon that
"By spirit
Of concession have we yielded our wills
In deference to what we all conceive
The general good. If this most noble
Patriotism lives forever in our hearts,
No danger then of failure in the end.
When that from any cause decays, or
Mixes with itself a drug: when that affection
For our government which now we hold
And cherish in our inmost hearts,
Becomes alloyed with baser metal, should
Such ever be, disintegration then begins
And sure decay. But let us pray
For better things, and train our children
In the school of Christian love—the art
Successful of true faith in God and His

Divine arrangements. From contemplation
Of th' imperfect standard man sets up
For rule of faith and worldly practice, these
Reflections come, and it were wise to heed
The lessons they impart.

"On freedom's way
We've far advanced, and what we've earned
In God's good will, by years of patient watch
And toil we gained. We're masters of
Our liberty now, though long in doubt
And pain we've struggled for it.
The star of Independence lit our path
Through all the troublous years, and now
We clasp the jewel to our hearts and hold
It there. Let not dissentions rise
Within ourselves to wipe forever from the earth
The labor of our hands. Revere the hope
That led you on, and never for an instant
Leave the charge in undeserving hands.
So praying and deserving, shall we ever be
The watchful care of Him who promiseth
Reward to those who serve Him steadfastly.

"But now, agreed upon the general plan—
Two open questions left—much work
In detail still remains. A chart to guide
Us in our voyage must be drawn,
That we may steer our course aright.
Such now I give to you, with reasons for it.
For good of man his Father hath decreed
Some rules for his obedience. In forms
Of varied kind these rules are grouped
Together by but human architects, and such
As they construct they designate
So many forms of government.
In each of them there's good and evil mixed.
The part of wisdom then, it seems to be
To take from each what good we can
And mould it into ours. The true
Philosophy of life is bold eclecticism.
Like bees from poison flowers extracting sweet,
The wise man takes from everything
Around him all the good he can,
And lets the evil pass; so now will we.

"With iron rod the Monarch rules:
But then his rule is steady—fixed.
And that, pro tempore, is so much good.
When from the many do a few extract
The power, this, though mixed with many
Flagrant wrongs, gives tone and high
Respect to concentrated learning, while
It robs the poor of many a right.
When all the power with the people rests.
This guards them from the snares, and wrongs,
And grasping avarice of wicked men—
Ambitious out of place, though oftentimes
The State is weaker for the greater
Distribution of its active power.

"Beneath the surface of each structure
Built for rule of men, one grand
Pervading motive underlies the whole—
The ruling principle of all, and that,
To execute the will of him or them
Who are the source of power. This includes
Within itself three separate heads—
Departments of the State—whose duties are
Distinct each from the other. One
Does *make* the law; *interprets* it
The second; and *executes*, the third.

"These with us by proper balance held
Within their places in just equipoise,
Each smoothly working in its groove.
The other not disturbing, yet they all
By intimate relation joined unto
A parent heart which gives them their
Respective life in such a mystic way
That one's disease infects the whole,
Will make a government more perfect than
The world has ever known before.

"The people, then, by proxy meet in houses two
And frame their rule of law. As head
To execute their will, a President
By equal suffrage they elect; and then,
When difference appears because of man's
Imperfect work and nature, comes the Court
With purest ermine clothed, which bears

The grievance pro and con. and of the right
Gives its opinion. Thus, the end of all
Good government is reached in these
Distinct departments of the parent will.
The good of Monarch, in the President
We get; whatever good, if aught there be.
In Aristocracy, the Senate gives us here
Combined; and pure Democracy
We see in House of Representatives.

"In charge of these three branches now
I place three guardian spirits here.
And first, as maker of the law, that just
And equal rule obtain, I designate
Fair Liberty. To execute her will.
And guard the fountain well from whence
Her inspiration springs—the written
CONSTITUTION of the land. I name
Bold Independence, and do give to him
This honored charge. Then, knowing well
Her character is shield against
Corruption or approach of wrong.
I give the Court to Virtue for
Her everlasting heritage.
Go, noble trinity of earth, and spread
Your blessings over fallen man's estate
Wherever freedom has a home,—
Virtue, Liberty and Independence."

While yet the words of Wisdom hung upon
The air, a sound was heard as of
A summer wind approaching where
They sat. A band of happy spirits,
Bearing in their midst a child of
Tender form, with shining halo round
His golden hair and thirteen stars
Upon his breast, came near and hovered
O'er the thoughtful council. From the others
Separating now, fair FREEDOM, bright
And beautiful from heaven's home,
All clad in robes of mingled white
And blue with softened red in most
Ethereal splendor mixed, without
A line to show where each began
Or ended, but the three so perfectly in one

Were blended that all were seen or none,
Came lower down, and in their midst
She placed her infant child, and spake:

"I give you now this child in charge.
Each star by vital cord unto his heart
Is bound. Destroying one destroys
The whole. Within your most devout
Affections let it nestle warm, and there
Forever glow the brightest jewel of
Your hearts. Erect it there a citadel
Secure from all attacks of wrong,
And never, never, never let it die.
His name is UNION." And she left
It there.

Then gently Mercy took the babe
And pressed it to her heart and kissed it.
To each she then presented it, who kissed
And lovingly caressed this symbol of
Their hopes. His hand outstretching, Justice
Blessed the boy, while Liberty, with
Virtue at her side and Independence,
Stood, and took baptismal vows,
While all the other spirits joined
In solemn promise these had made,
To cherish and protect their sacred charge.

Her mantle, night, now softly dropping
Over earth, amid the gathering dews,
And glimmering light of stars just
Peeping out from heaven's drapery
Behind, we leave the happy group
Beneath those sacred elms which overlook
The silvery tide of Susquehanna while
Around the child they all did kneel
In fervent prayer, and Justice gave
Expression to their thoughts.

"Great God
Of heaven, our frail infirmities forgive,
And hear our humble gratitude for this
Thy gracious blessing. Spare to us
Forever the protection and the nurture of
This child. Give us proper wisdom to
Direct its footsteps in the right, and faith
In Thee to guard it from all harm.

In all things do Thy holy pleasure teach us,
And let us not depart from Thee
Nor disobey Thy law. Direct us for
Our good, and from all evil, Lord,
Deliver us and this our sacred trust."

"Amen!" with simultaneous voice
Broke forth the council all, and through
The distant evening air came trembling back
From happy angel voices, the echo till
It died away within the deepening
Night,—"Amen! Amen!!"

CHAPTER V.

REMARKS.

A bird's-eye view of the United States in 1860; and their progress in the arts and sciences; also the growing differences between the Northern and Southern people, and their causes; the enterprise and rapid growth of the North because of free institutions prevailing, and the tardy development of the South because of the existence of slavery; the growth of liberal ideas and hate of slavery in the North, and the growth of slavery and the hate of abolitionists in the South; the rise of the Whig and Democratic parties; the power of slaveholders, and their manner of using it; the sudden change of parties in 1860; the election of Mr. Lincoln President, and the consequent threat of secession by the Southern people. Tarcomed represents the Democrats, and Laredef the Republicans, who are mainly governed by the creed of the old Federals. The causes of the great rebellion, and how the people were arrayed in reference to it. The political combinations of 1860; the Democratic party proper, under Breckinridge; the "law and constitution" men under Bell; the Douglass men.

Another epoch in our history passed,
We'll now take up the lyre and sing the course
Of time between the launching of
Our gallant barque, and where it meets
Its last terrific storm.
With ample
Rigging trimmed and pennant streaming
At her mainmast head, the nation's ensign
From her after boom, she plunges in
The deep blue water, sending out
The rippling waves in circle after circle far
Extending out until they lose themselves
In the mighty sea. In curving line she dives
And cuts the watery crust away; she rises up
As graceful as a swan, and shakes away
The spray. Her masts bright shining o'er
Her painted decks, her sails unfurled

To catch the passing breeze. Her crew
All merry as a morning bird, she starts
Upon her cruise, while happy voices greet
Her from the shore. With easy grace
She moves along her watery line,
Nor stops, nor falters,—but straight on
She glides, and from her prow, the foaming spray
Goes rolling off. As farther out she goes,
Her timbers creak and tremble some
As a wave comes rolling 'cross her beams,
And storms of English warfare rush
Upon her bow; but only for a time
She trembles thus to chase the wind away,
And learn her true position. She rolls,
And drifts a little to the side, but soon
She's right again, and rides upon
The billows queen. She washes from
Her bloody decks all stains of strife,
And plows again her furrow in the deep,
Without a timber lost, or sail, or line.
A little farther on she meets a swell
Upon the gulf, and here again she rocks
And rolls betimes amid the waves;
But soon her gallant crew haul in
Her sails and trim them for the gale.
Away, like morning mist, the cloud
Has drifted off, and steadily on
Her voyage runs again the valliant craft
Unharmed, and stronger for the fight.
Still farther on she smoothly sails,
Her head to westward proudly set, but clouds
Begin to gather round her now.
The sea, by some internal power moved,
Grows tremulous and fretful as
Its surface rises into ridges and
Declines again. Thus slowly undulating
For a time, with sullen face betraying
Inward rage, then waves roll high
And threatening in the fast approaching night.
The wind comes whistling through her rigging
Now, and hail upon her clean swept decks
Fast falling down in dreadful stones.
Her stalwart crew disabling as they climb
Her trembling masts and hold her to
The storm. Still higher runs the maddening

Sea, and fiercer comes the wind and rain.
She plunges deep into the surging waves,
Rides through them and upon them.—won down
Amid the yawning billows buried deep
Then climbing up their sides, and rolling o'er
Their crest she goes, the sea upbounding
From her knife-like prow and dashing off
In foaming spray, then falling scattering
O'er her frightened face, as through
The rolling deep she struggles bravely on.
All safe the boat; but yet the dreadful whirl
Of fast increasing wind and pelting hail,
Still harder beating on her trembling spars,
Comes madly on. She holds herself
Yet proudly up—the noble ship—
And boldly battles with the raging storm,
As high or low.—to this or that side tossed,—
She rides upon the waves. "A leak! A leak!"
Cries mariner below. The pumps are manned;
All hands are set to work; but then, just then,
A mountain wave comes rolling on and drifts
The fainting ship far off—far off—
Amid the darkness of that awful night.

"Lost? Lost?" You ask? In time we'll learn.

We'll now take up her log book and review
Her progress through the wave. We'll look
At scenes she saw, and trace the current
Of events which kept her on her course,
And take a bird's-eye view of all the land.
The time wherein we take the view
Is that at which the age of these
United States was four and eighty years:
When in the glory of his manhood, Union held
Respect of all the world, and challenged
Admiration of unwilling eyes.

From thirteen youthful States upon
The olden map, hung loosely on
Atlantic's shore, we now see thirty-six
In grandeur grown, far reaching toward
The setting sun, o'erlapping mountains,
Valleys, plains and mighty rivers, to
The eastern shore of great Pacific.

Ohio, on the north, with streams and forests
Rears her head, with Indiana at her side
Who glories in her Tippecanoe;
Then Illinois, all dotted o'er with plains
Of waving grass; and on the lakes,
With copper in her safes, sits Michigan;
And Minnesota, and Wisconsin next,
With pines and lakes; then Iowa,
Nebraska, with their fertile soil;
And ironclad Missouri; to the west
Her sister Kansas;—Great Northwestern
States are these. To southward too,
And west, Kentucky with her gentle vales,
And Tennessee with marble front;
Then Alabama dressed in evergreen,
And Florida upon the gulf;
Then Mississippi with her tropic sands,
And Louisiona's orange smile;
Then Texas and her boundless prairies,
With Arkansas and her network streams,
The new States of the South While on
The east, Vermont, Connecticut,
And Maine, with all their thriving arts;
And westward of the great backbone,
Are Oregon, and Washington,
In native forests clothed, and south
Of these the El Dorado of the west—
Fair California, with her veins of gold,
And larger yet than all of these combined,
Unsettled tracts of fertile land lie out
Upon the map to-day we draw of this
Progressive land.

Eastward then of him
The Father of the streams, our little
Nation lay. The center now, and every foot
Within our own domain, majestic
Mississippi rolls his ceaseless tide
From sweet Itasca in the North to grave
Of the Atlantic on the South.
The Hudson then, and Delaware,
With Susquehana and Potomac,
The James, and Alabama, with
Ohio on the north, were giant rivers
Of that early day. To these to-day we add

A thousand more. Missouri's turbid tide,
With all the giant feeders north and west;
The Rio Grande, and the Platte;
Arkansas too, and Red, with scores
Of equal size on eastern side of land
We'd gained since then; while on the west,
From out the Rocky Mountain cliffs,
Columbia, and Oregon, with Shasta,
Sacramento and their sister streams,
Flow onward to the sea. All this since then.

With busy population teeming, wealth
And commerce spread on every hand, each State
To others bound by ties of trade and great
Community of interest, with bristling forts
Upon the coasts, and ships on every sea,
We see the land grown strong and great
Within the age of one old man.
Improved by every art inventive genius
Could devise, progression marvellous
Has left its foot-prints plainly marked
Wherever eye can see. Upon the winding
Rivers, as they flow throughout the great
Domain and spread their fertilizing
Moisture there, majestic boats by steam
Propelled, ply back and forth in never
Ending round, with stores from every mart
And nation laden. Across the busy land,
Beneath the mountain ledges, o'er the plains,
And through the valleys, in a mystic
Network framed, long lines of traffic
Reach their iron arms about, and steaming
Trains with freight of people and their
Busy trade, go dashing o'er the quivering rails.
The speed too slow of ancient coach,
Or recent railroad car, for this
Fast moving age, a quicker medium
Of thought the nation pants to greet,
Then Morse sets up his little iron thread,
On which from place to place, and man
To man, the news, with speed of light
Goes flashing through the land, and States
A thousand miles apart are brought
Within electric sight. In swarming streets
Of towns, like bustling ants at work,

From house to house the human stream
Continuous pours itself in rolling cars.
And light their lamps at night with gas
Extracted from the earth. In fields
Of yellow waving grain, with noisy ring
The fast revolving sickle strikes its teeth
Where farmers reap their harvests ripe.
Mechanics hitch the streams to wheels
And bid them cut, and saw, and weave
What by unaided hand was done before.
They make the cradles for their childhood,
And with the same machines the coffins
For their death, and beds to ease their dying.
If water sluggish and unyielding proves,
Beneath its sullen face they build
A fire, and force it into steam.
Which, catching up, they lead to wheels
And start them whirling in their work
Of wealth producing industry.
The elements of nature round them laid
In deep repose, they stir to life, and turn
Them to some useful end. They harness up
The lightning's spark, phlebotomize
The earth, and navigate the air.
From village, town, and city, everywhere,
We hear the click of Printing presses ring
Their rapid stroke,—so many centers of
The restless mind—the moving springs
Of all the busy world of work, from whence
In radiating streams of living thought,
From day to day, newspapers, books,
And journals flood the land, and people
Drink their spirit in. Through all
This happy land, in mountain, valley, plain,
No matter where, the Sabbath church-bells ring
Their welcome notes, where Christians meet
To pray; and there, beside them too,
'Neath humble roof close sheltered in,
The country school-house stands, where children
Learn to love their native land.
'Tis thus
We see that favored land from three
To thirty millions grown, of earnest men,
With all their strength and greatness earned
By persevering industry and toil,

In little more than half a century.
Oh, who that contemplates this living scene,
With all its speaking tongues of deep
Inspiring thought, can ever cease to praise
The Hand that made us free. Proud nation,
Thou, with these thy happy people; may the stream
Which bore thee on so fast, ne'er turn
Its sweeping current and engulf
Thee in its circling eddies. Go proudly on
Forever in thy progressive march and teach
The watching world what worth in liberty
And all her priceless train.
All this the work that Progress did
Whose field of labor now enlarged
Itself, and dreams of early time
Were amply verified. He brought to bear
Upon his earnest theme all avenues
Of wealth and mind that in the land
There lived, and plied himself unceasingly.

The path of Independence through these years,
With two short interruptions, lay
In pastures green and pleasant.
A right, by Kingcraft claimed, to re-enlist
By force the sons of Freedom who
Aforetime paid him homage, but who now
Renounced his name and rule, to some
Disturbance did give rise. The right
Disputed, and resistance, such
As freemen understand so well to make,
Presented, a skirmish line of brave
Defenders formed, a fight or two
Occurred, and Kingcraft left the field.
Again, the sons of Montezuma had
With Independence some slight quarrel;
But soon was it abandoned, and a slice
Off their rich borders gave, as hostage
That the war should never be renewed.
With Aborigines, at times, some trouble came
Because of mischief Avarice did.
Nought else but these befell the smooth
Career and great success of Independence.

The sacred charge the angels gave,
To keep the Union free from harm,

Was most religiously observed.
To full and noble manhood grown,
He looks behind him and remembers nought
Of offered or of threatened harm except
In two or three respects. While still in youth,
A wicked arm was raised and threatened some
Assault, was violent, menacing, but
Brave Jackson, son of Independence,
Paralyzed the arm, and Carolina felt
How sacred was the youth, and with
How much determination he was guarded.
Again, when older grown, a strife,
Because of claims that Avarice made
And Capital which Negros much concerned,
Arose, and Union's life with serious
Danger then was threatened. Spirit
Of concession for the public good,
Led on by Compromise, assisted by his friends,
Cass, Clay, and Webster, Douglas and Calhoun,
Allayed the fretful fervor of the time,
Though Avarice had gained his end. On part
Of those resisting his demand, the end,
By Compromise obtained, was merely that
Which first submission would have shown,
And thus left Avarice master of the field.
To plant the seed of slavery in, he needed lands
Thus far to Freedom consecrated. This
Refused by Blanco and his sons, gave rise
To the unpleasant state just named. By way
Of settlement, it was agreed, a line be drawn
Through territory now unoccupied, to which
The verge of slavery might extend and stop
At that. Thus further danger was prevented;
And with these exceptions, save, perhaps,
When young Missouri prayed admission to
The sisterhood of States, no harm
Had Union done to him. How much
Of future ill did these foreshadow, we
Will see in time.

With warm, unceasing zeal
Ambition labored, with Progress
Earnestly uniting all his efforts to effect
Within the land what we have seen was done.
He kept the people ardently alive
To all the great necessity of watch

And care for liberty. His work the land
Had strengthened in its growing power;
Improved and beautified as well. He sent
His potent aid wherever it was needed,
Nor spared exertion for the people's happiness.
In all departments of the State, his hand
Did push the car of Progress on.
And sleepless guard he kept upon
The distant outposts. But his elder sons
Were dying fast, and new ideas in the youth,
By Avarice pruned and trained to his
Contemptuous rule, degenerated from
The ancient stock, and for a time at least,
These reckless sons, much trouble brought
And sore anxiety to him. Long years of peace
And unexampled prospering had let
A looseness gather on the reins by which
The ancient fathers held their sons to duty,
And many painful sores from this
Resulted. But how, and unto what
Extent this danger ran, will afterward
Appear.
Like flies upon the ox's skin, the sons
Of Aborigines occasioned some distress
Betimes, but back they went, and back,
As Independence spread his fields.
Much pain it gave them to recede from homes
Of early life, and leave the graves
Of their departed dead. They offered fight;
But baffled, checked, defeated, they retired
West, as fast as Progress touched their lands.
Poor Indian had suffered less,
His exodus more peaceful and inviting been,
But Pride and Avarice did poison all
His wounds, by their insinuating virus.
According to his promise made when last
They met, protection guaranteed
By Independence was afforded strong
As all his earnest care could give.
But agencies more subtle worked
Division, hate, revenge and great distrust.
This all had much to do with what accrued.
The weaker party, Aborigines, declined;
His people wasted rapidly away.

On every hand where Labor could be found,
Had Capital spread out his wealth. To him
It mattered not for strife, or feud, or war;
His force beneath the surface worked
Its leaven, and where luxury, or ease,
Or profit beckoned, there he labored with
Success. His life ubiquitous, on sea
And land his temples built, and with
The aid of Pride and Avarice, gave cause
In after years for some complaint, and laid
The seed which afterward grew up to curse
Their work. His promise as to liberating
Negros and his sons, forgot or disregarded long,
He purchased up his race for toil
In fields where grew the Southern King.
Which, into fabric woven, clothed the people
And made their children rich.
New avenues of wealth this opened up;
The cotton plant a source of great reward
Became. He called on Progress for
His aid, who furnished Whitney's Gin;
And then, new life infused in heart
Of Avarice, began a new demand
For Negros and his children. Then
From native home and wilds, in great
Ship loads, in chains and gangs, they came
By force or promised good, to clear away
New fields, to sow and pick the golden fleece,
That Avarice might be fed. His children grew,
And faster grew; in service more
Degrading still were held. Their wives
And children bought and sold like chattel things;
Their brethren from the north were brought
To service such as theirs, and thus
The hollow promise made was broke.
The sun-lit fields of the golden South,
Where waving pines and live oaks grew,
Gave forth their songs of growing wealth,
And poured their gold in the nation's lap.
Plantations now, like English feud,
Grew up with large circumference,
Where slaves, in little village quartered at
The mansion house, did serve their masters
Long and well.

Sad day for him, the slave.

That pure and better impulse which
Had ruled when Council last was held:
That proper sense of human right
Which promised freedom to the meanest man,
Was now by Avarice crushed, and Negros
Bound to serve until, in God's appointed time,
A better fate would come; when Independence
In his new career was placed, and Union giv'n
In charge of him and his devoted aids.
The fate of Negros, though unsettled left,
By all was not believed in doubt.
The words Ambition spake,—"The aim and end
Of all our hopes is liberty for man," were those
Most cherished and revered by all the founders
Of our infant nation; but now, alas!
The ancient fathers gone, a new impulse,
By work of Avarice aroused, a change
Has wrought among their children, and
The freedom of the slave is distant still.
Indeed, the current sets the other way.
The fascinating glare of wealth shines out
On every side; the ease prosperity brings on
To those who bask within its warmth,
Allures the people on by quick degrees
To think of little else than gain; while peace,
With her attendant blessings, don't deny
Them time for such vocation.

Not all,
However, had departed from the landmarks set
By freedom loving sires. Many still remained
To ancient creed devoted, and to them belongs
The fame of having kept alive the fire which
Almost had died. It slumbered 'neath
A crust, like Ætna's burning flame, to be
Eructed at the proper time. 'Twas these
And their co-patriots, who dedicated all
The great Northwest to freedom, and
Protested 'gainst the spread of labor done
By slaves at every step of its expanding march.
'Twas these who fought Missouri back
When with her servants held by law, she prayed
Admission to the family of States;
'Twas these opposed the acquisition of
Domain for further use of slaves;
'Twas these who wanted all the land

For Freedom to enjoy; and these who, not
Without their prejudices 'gainst the color of
His skin, had always understood
That Negros was a man,—so owned
By Him, the Father of us all. Yes, these true sons
Of Liberty remained, and worked
For Negros' good. Of these hereafter, in
A stormy period yet to come, we'll have
Somewhat to say.

It happened that
In course of time we sing, a line
'Twixt North and South was drawn, on either side
Of which, opinions, creeds, and habits of
The people grew divergent. The climate of
The North, more rigorous and cold;
Of South salubrious and mild:
The soil more mountainous and sterile there,
More fertile here, and plain; how much
With what we now describe the e had
To do as cause, may readily be traced.
The northern valleys, with their farming lands;
The streams from mountain ledges pouring down,
Where mines of wealth lay hid,
Made labor honorable, pleasant, and
Remunerative too. The nature of the case
Made population dense, and varied the
Employments. The lands in little tracts
Cut up where thriving farmers made their homes,
And agriculture grew an active art
With labor saving implements.
The cold and rigor of the climate made
The people active, and the quick
Returning change of season taught
Them promptness and economy.
As population thus increased, the towns
And cities grew within each other's call.
Increased employment now secured,
The growing youth remained at home.
A thriving, busy, jealous people thus
Grew up, with schools and churches in
Their midst, where labor was respected,
With equal liberty for all, and idleness
Despised.

In time, as population grew,

Mechanic arts did multiply themselves.
And every hand of genius plied its strength
To build some object for his neighbor's use;
And learning too, became a common fund
From which, with equal cost, the whole
Community might draw on terms
Accessible to all. If emigrating to
Another home, one left his father-land,
He took away with him his restless,
Active mind; and thus, wherever Northern men
Do congregate, the little world around
Them moves. Of slaves relieved in early time,
Free labor has its worth to them; they love
And will protect it. Its value well they know,
As well as blight of contact with a forced
And servile work. This constant, free,
And unrestricted intercourse; this easy
Liberality of trade, equality of right,
And ease with which a change of circumstance
May be accommodated, nay, enjoyed,
Has made these people what they are:
Progressive, patient, frugal, active, prompt,
And greatly jealous of their rights.

To southward of the line, in happy ease
And luxury, a noble, generous people dwelt,
Where learning and refinement spread
Their fair adornments out,—confined,
However, to directors of the public mind.
Their lands, in richness unsurpassed,
Their climate of delightful air their forests filled
With evergreen, their smiling valleys strewn
With native flowers; this happy combination
Of design by Nature's all-wise Architect
To beautify and decorate the sunny land,
Impressed with great effect its dilatory ease
Upon the people's minds. They learned
To love luxurious life, and turned away
Disdainfully from labor and its pains.
Community was sparse, and wealth
Absorbed the land. The labor, much
The greater part, by slaves performed, because
A menial drudge, on which the master looked
With warm disdain. The new-born child,
When drinking in the happy sunlight of

His early years, by example of his father shown
Acquired habits of command. He learned
That labor was a rule for slaves
Below the level of his plane; and not
Accustomed to the equal law of labor and
Reward obtaining in the North, he learned
To look upon the hand that wrought as mean
And only fit for toil. By such
Association long enjoyed, he grew
Averse in feeling to the brawny arm
Of him who walked behind the plow, or 'neath
The broiling sun the heavy hoe did wield.
To him was labor all alike that by the hand
Was done, and doing his by slaves,
He looked upon all working men
As under social strata—whether free
Or bond, but little matter which, in such
Respect. By slow degrees, from year to year,
As slaves increased and multiplied,
And agriculture widened out, so strong
And deep this prejudice had grown,
That he religiously believed his right
To hold his fellow man in bonds
Was authorized by God,—so written in His Word.

To make him better slave, his darkend mind
Must never see the light of thought; and for
His greater usefulness in all that he
Was fit to do, no book or dangerous print
Was he allowed to see. Because of this,
The School House was a useless thing
Save for the higher class; and closest watch
Upon the public mail was kept
From fear incendiary words or prints
By accident or pay, might reach
The hidden, thirsting soul of slave,
And breed distrust among the servile race.
Increasing at a rapid rate, such feeling grew
Until the whole society at South did rest
Upon this false idea with slavery for
Its corner stone. 'Twas otherwise
In early times when better counsels ruled—
When Madison and Randolph lived,
And purer blood of ancient stock
Ran through the people's veins. The change

Grew up in years—so imperceptibly
It came—that they who most beneath
Its influence did rest, would most
Persistently deny it, until th' entire mass
Was fully leavened. Thus by slow degrees,
Without themselves observing it, the people
Grew most jealous of this social pet—
This favorite institution, and in their midst
Denied, with earnestness and hate,
The right to question its propriety.

Except this singular delusion.—the work,
As we have said before, of Capital
And Pride, with Avarice combined.—
The people grew in social life refined
And noble hearted. More easy in
Their manner and deportment, to old
Established usage they tenaciously adhered
And changed with great reluctance. The arts
And busy progress of the North received
But little of their thought. The only arts
They cultivated with success were those
Of government and living well. Of that
Persistent hum of industry which ruled
And permeated all the North and made
It rich, they little knew; the varied work
To every hand there suited, and had made
An honor out of toil, was here unrecognized.
Their only work was agriculture, and that
Confined to staples few.

The genial warmth
Of atmosphere, and tropic nature of
The soil, begat impulsive passions; and
The forced obedience of the laboring class
Gave rise to arbitrary and controlling will.
A bold and haughty people came of this.
Resistance to their will with little ease
Endured; accustomed to abject obedience
They were not apt to compromise.
Opposed in nature as was this to great
Development, and progress as its sure
Result.—while blest with much superior
Advantages in all that nature did.
Improvement came but slowly, and

A clannish spirit grew among
The ruling class, with Tarcomed's
Philosophy their creed of politics.
The value and the weight of citizen.
By standard new was measured,—that,
The number of his slaves and acres of
His land. By force of culture and
Of organized design, though few in number to
The whole compared, the masters grew a strong
And ruling power in the land. Between
Them and their slaves, in humble plane
Some sons of Blanco stood, as much above
The bondman raised as they were rich or poor,—
No more, no less; and these in numbers were
Much greater than the slaveholders but yet,
In power greatly less. They voted, but
It was the vote of them who ruled.
In population just one-third, while in
Extent of land they'd twice outgrown
Their neighbors of the North, and close upon
The line between, as North or South it lay,
Began a rapid or impeded progress in
The land.
'Twixt Laredef and Tarcomed,
We've seen, a variance existed as
To art of government. Two noble sons
Had each. To Laredef were Hamilton
And Webster, and to Tarcomed,
Were given Jefferson, and then Calhoun.
The elder, then the younger of each stock,
With great success and energy as well.
Their various doctrine taught. To each
Were proselytes united as the nation grew,
And these in every quarter of the land were found.
In time the body of the people, 'tween the two
Divided into two stupendous leagues,—
The proud old Democratic and the Whig.
First one, the other then, the country ruled,
But much the larger share had Tarcomed,
By reason of his plausible debate:
He played upon the people's love of Liberty.
As slavery had increased and spread
Itself, and masters thus became a balance power,—
Their weight sufficient to depress
Whichever end of scale they pressed,—

Both Tarcomed and Laredef became
Enamored of their influence and courted
It accordingly. Repeated pledges each
Had made of true fidelity to this
Fast rising power, and in time, as closer
Grew its hold upon contending parties,
Its rein drew harder in, until, in later years,
It held the nation in its tightening grasp.

We've taken now a hurried view of all
The land in physical improvement,
And have traced and sketched the working of
Each separate principle beneath the crust
Where silently it lay and did its chosen work.
We've seen the two great parties politic
Absorbing all the mass, dividing on
The line 'twixt Laredef and Tarcomed;
We've seen the growth of power slavery
Had built, and how it held its rule;
We've seen the growing wealth of northern
Enterprise, and rapid spread of its
Increasing love of liberty and equal law;
We've noticed the diverging lines of thought
And habit North and South with their
Attendant consequences, and we've seen
How widely separate and unlike they ran.
It now remains to look at the result
Of all these several principles and facts,
Commingled as they are and mixed
In general mass. We'll then survey
The moral field and see in what
Condition as a whole, the people were
At time whereof we write.

The Northern line
Of States, long since relieved of slaves,
Had learned to look upon the system as a curse
And growing blight; in churches and in schools
This sentiment was educated till it grew
A working force; and when demands were made
For further spread of slavery's area,
Resisted them and thus created strife.
Then, on the other hand the South had bought
Her slaves; she learned to love the system well;
She thought it right, and taught her children so.
Her lands, by careless cultivation,

Wasted fast, and new and other fields
To put her slaves, soon came in great
Demand. Upon our west and southwest lay
Large tracts of land unoccupied. Of these
Did slavery demand an equal share
With freemen of the North, resistance
Unto which much prejudice and hate
Betrayed. A feeling long had grown
Of bitterness on part of South toward all
The friends of Negros who did argue for
His freedom, and now an open warfare loomed
In great proportions in the near approaching time
Because of this disturbing question, whether
Labor free or slave, or both combined,
Should hold possession of the land in view.

In last great contest 'twixt the two
Contending parties of the State, did Laredef
Give way to Tarcomed in most
Disastrous rout; and as his flying hosts
Lay scattering about, this quarrel
Of the Labor fend enlisted their attention.
Heretofore, in South as well as North,
Had dwelt the sons of Laredef, and all
With equal zeal had followed long
His leadership; and so with Tarcomed.
But change, however, now approaching near
With wondrous speed, did bring about
Another state of things. The Southern sons
Of Laredef abandoned him, and joined
The army of Great Tarcomed. A few
Of Tarcomed's disciples in the North
Now sympathised with the defeated ranks
Of Laredef within the North, that dwelt
And these two forces now combining,
Adding to their strength the steadfast band
Which never compromised with slavery,
Determined battle with bold Tarcomed,
Although his ranks were re inforced
To great proportions; and, mustering all
Their strength, enlisted 'neath the Banner of
FREMONT.

The contest short, decisive, left
BUCHANAN master of the field, and for
The time was reign of Tarcomed supreme.

Not lost to hope however yet, a short
Quadrennial period ran its round,
And Laredef was eager for another fight.
His followers now resolved on stubborn war.
Great Tarcomed together called his sons
In mighty council, from the South and from
The North, and East and West, to look upon
The troubled sea, and fix upon a plan
Of warfare 'gainst the arms of Laredef.
The feud so bitter grown wherein the claims
Of Negros deeply were concerned, did now
Appear with threatening aspect in the midst
Of this unterrified assembly. That feeling which
Had driven women from Virginia's soil
Who dared to teach the sons of Negros how
To read God's Holy Word; that chased
From Carolina's ancient mart a gray
Haired veteran of the land because
He hated slavery in his very heart,
Blew blazing up, dispensing firebrands
About; and failing to agree, the council rose
Divided into parties three. The northern wing
By DOUGLAS led, because of their position
Being midway 'twixt extremes, were strong
Allies of Laredef. Another, led by Compromise,
Composed of weak-kneed sons of Laredef
Both NORTH and South, proclaimed
"Enforcement of the law," but failed the law
To state; the third were veteran troops
Of Tarcomed who fought for "Southern rights."

Against these three, the hosts of Laredef
Made valliant war, with LINCOLN at their head.
With "Freedom in the public lands" upon
Their banners set for watchword in the fight,
They moved their columns up and formed
Their battle line. The disaffected armies,
Dissevered from bold Tarcomed, were much
And seriously in his way to sure success;
And thus reduced in numbers and in strength,
Compelled to strike at disadvantage, he
Withdrew, defeated for the time.
Defeat
Was not a common thing to Tarcomed,
And this distressed him sore. He called

His captains to his side in solemn meeting held,
And with them spoke in long determined speech
And eloquent, which fired up the Southern heart,
And like a whirlwind catching up a straw,
Did carry off their better and their older sense.
With one accord, they then and there resolved
To break the bands which heretofore had bound
Them to the North, and to dissolve
The Union of their fathers; then, like men
Determined in their work, did set about
To do it.

Lincoln, victor as he was,
And youngest son of Independence, sworn
Before Almighty God, by virtue of
Inherited command, to suffer none
Of harm to come upon the Union placed
Within his keeping for the time to come,
Advised his father of the troublous state,
And prayed his counsel what to do.

CHAPTER VI.

REMARKS.

The stormy period between the election of Mr. Lincoln, and the capture of Fort Sumpter by the Rebels. The efforts at compromise, and their success; the appeals made to the South; the determination of the Slave power; the admonitions of the prudent, wise and just; a full portraiture of the public condition at that time: the death of slavery foreshadowed. Tarcomedraw represents that class known as War Democrats, led by Stephen A. Douglas; Lartuen represents the Neutral, or "Armed Neutrality" men of the Border States; Namecaep represents the Peace men of the North, many of whom fled to Canada and England, to avoid mixing in the war. Enterprise represents what the word itself means; Redlohevals is the Slaveholder; Blanco, the white laborer; and Negros, the slave. Mr. Lincoln's Inaugural Address, and subsequent call for seventy-five thousand troops.

Again we look. There UNION stands: his breast
Bespangled with the stars first planted there
And with them many more of recent growth;
In all are six and thirty now. His form
To manhood grown, developed full
In every part, was perfect and complete.
His hair, now longer grown, was dark, and hung
In flowing ringlets from his high, well rounded
Head; his eye was deep and peerless blue;
His shoulders broad and square, on either side
Of deep, expanded chest. From neck to waist,
In loosely gathered folds, a scarf of blue
Did hang; from waist to thigh, in vesture red,
And limbs in snowy white.
Before him, in
The grandest attitude, his flambeau holding still
Within his bold right hand which rested at
His side, stood Independence as a guard.
On either side of him and somewhat to
His rear, in form a full triangle, stood

Fair Liberty and Virtue with their sacred charge
Between the three.
Behind the trio and
Above the plane on which they stood,
In his accustomed state, sat Justice on
A throne of brilliant color mixed of red
And white and blue. To right and left
Of him, descending to the plane on which
These symbols were, and running some beyond,
In semicircle formed around the three
Who guarded Union, thus the spirits were
In place. To right of Justice, Wisdom first,
Ambition next, then Progress, on a line
Of front with place where Independence
Stood; then Mercy sat, and Blanco next;
Then Laredef, and next, in plainest garb,
Was Enterprise, the restless son of Capital;
Then Tarcomedraw, northern son
Of Tarcomed, and like his father much
In all that shows descent. He wore a loose,
Short mantle, swinging from his waist
Of scarlet. Next was patient Compromise.

To left sat Capital, and Avarice next;
Then Pride and Aborigines, with Negros next.
And Tarcomed. Sat Redlohevals then
The southern son of brave old Tarcomed,
And robed in cloak of black from his
Shoulders down, beneath the which, concealed,
His sword was hanging sheathed. 'Twas he
That owned the slaves. Then Namecaep, son
Of Tarcomed; his home was also in the north;
Then Lartuen the son of Compromise.

Addressing now the circle in a tone
Of deep, resounding eloquence,
Thus Independence opened the debate:

"Again in Council, brothers, are we met
For sternest thought and high resolve.
When first the child with his bespangled breast
Was given us in charge, most sacredly
We sware a solemn oath to cherish and
Protect his stars. By the baptismal
Altar stood we sponsors at his christening.

And took upon us vows to train him in
His youth, and not forsake his manhood.
Thus far, inviolate we've kept our word.
Calhoun once raised his wicked hand
To pluck a star, but palsy met the stroke.
Once young Missouri gave us some concern;
And Redlohevals threatened harm
When California hung her light
Upon that golden breast. By watchful care,
And vigilance incessant, have we saved
Our sacred charge unto this day. 'Tis now
Proclaimed that Tarcomed, dissatisfied
With law his judgment once approved,
Resolves secession from the sisterhood
Of States, and claims the right to sever from
Their cords sixteen of Union's stars. Unto
His heart by vital thread each one is bound;
If one were gone, then Union dies, and that
We've sworn shall never be. If this report
Be true, let Tarcomed declare, that if the cause
Appear a just demand unsatisfied.
It may at once be heard with due respect
And such consideration given it
As justice shall require."

Replying, thus
Said Tarcomed: "When first we met
For common good to make a fundamental law
For future government, a vital question rose
Twixt Laredef and me. By reason of
The urgent need of union then because
Of weakness in our youthful and divided state,
And from suggestions made by Compromise,
We signed the bond, and left the matter in
Dispute unsettled and unfixed remain.
The question was, in case the central power grew
Too strong and jeopardized the rights reserved,
If states at will might deem this cause
For just complaint and cut the bands
Which bound them to it. Such case is now
Presented in the law. The strength of Union, much
Augmented now, by power of his might
Does threaten to direct that public lands,
By blood of mine no less than yours
Obtained, be kept forever free from foot
Of Redlohevals and his sons with slaves.

To till their ground. By common right
Of law, we claim an equal share
Of all the land unoccupied for use
As we see reason to appropriate,
Without report of what we do.
Now Enterprise does claim unsettled part
Of what the nation owns for his support,
And Blanco urges on the claim,
While Laredef sustains him, and
The Government as well. To this do we
Object, and think the protest just.
The right to take his slave wherever law
Of Union reigns, and have protection there,
Is urged by Redlohevals as his lawful right.
If that's denied, I hold as purest law
Secession is his remedy, and I'll support
Him in the right. Demand is thus
Presented and the law set forth."

To Independence was this statement made,
And he replied in this wise: "Mistaken thou,
Good Tarcomed. The Government is not
A party to the controversy named.
The thing demanded is a proper case
For public argument, and then
For settlement as those who own the lands—
The people of the whole United States—
May in the end determine. They shall first
Decide by lawful ballot which is right,
And then the Government will act.
The PEOPLE now are parties; 'twas they
Created central power to execute their will,
And that must needs be known
Before an execution issue."
"The current now
Runs strong,—" said Tarcomed, "toward such
Result. 'Tis not so much what has been done
As what in future may arise from present signs,
That we do have our fears. The last election
Turned upon this point, and though the major part
Of all the voters who opposed the winning chief,
If concentrated, could control the law,
Yet by schism and distracting zeal
My forces were divided and I lost the prize
For which I fought. Opposed, 'tis true, the factions

Were against the Northern chieftain and
His band, but still they weakened me; and then, upon
This very right which here I claim, my army was
Destroyed. When Douglas blew his battle-horn,
A large and useful force enlisted in his train;
And pale-faced cowards struck my flag
For Law and Constitution. Not *for*,
They are *against* me, and this is sign
I dare not overlook. Assembled now,
I press my claim,—demand my right."

"Most noble Tarcomed," said Laredef,
"We've long been warm, devoted friends.
On many a hard fought field, opposing have
We met in battle, but in friendship, not
In anger was the warfare waged. We fought
To ascertain whose right to hold the reins
Of government for four short years was best;
And in our bloodless wars, to deviate
From what upon the field was fixed,
Was farthest from our minds. 'Tis there
We see the beauty of our law. In parties do
The people range themselves, for peaceful war,
If such anomaly can be, and thus
Decide with approbation of the law,
Which, for the coming term, shall ride the car
Of State. The contest won by one, to him
The other does submit in all good conscience, and
Because that is the law, Thou seemest now
Somewhat in anger grown. I pray thee let
It pass from off thy candid face, and hear
The truth from friendship's lips, when I
Declare, no change from ancient rule
Is now in contemplation. If rightly have
I understood thy ancient creed, it was,
That he should stand at head whose force
In numbers did exceed the sum of any one
Opposed. Is such the case?"
And Tarcomed
Inclined his head in recognition of the truth.

"In last engagement, then, the larger force
By Lincoln led, is by the ancient rule
Entitled to command; and thou, by creed
Unto thyself acknowledged as supreme,

Art bound to dutiful obedience.
We ask no more from thee than this."
"But when,"
Said Tarcomed, "the government assumes
Dictation where by law it has no right,
And people are aggrieved thereby, the case
Another aspect wears,—majorities
In such a case, must yield to what is law."

"Dictation such as thou presum'st has not
Been made," said Laredef.
"But it
Is entertained, and may, at any time,
When least we're able to resent its reach,
Be exercised," said Tarcomed.
"'Tis future overreaching power that
We most do fear."
"Thou art informed,"
Said Laredef, "by him who never yet
Deceived thee, that in this seeming fear,
Thou art mistaken. Dost thou now or not
Believe the statement thus in candor made?"

In answer, "No! I don't believe," said Tarcomed.
"Approaching danger comes like a summer storm;
Sure evidences go before. 'Tis written in
The very air we breathe. To me more certain
These than words, however candid, spoke
By mortal mouth."
"Thy fathers in
The olden time," said Laredef, "with thy
Consent, did promise, and made solemn vow,
That but a few short years, and only few,
They'd claim a right of property in man.
So universal was that thought, that no
Such word as "*slave*," is found within
Our written law. By mere consent,
For present peace and general good,
As then appeared, it was permitted
To remain untouched. What then was *thus*
Accorded, now as law and right is claimed."

"The time has not yet come to yield,"
Said Tarcomed.
"To yield what we permitted then.

We do not now demand. But this we do:
That promise then so fairly made, to this
Extent at least shall be performed;—
That nothing more shalt thou require;
For, if required it shall be refused. The time
Has come for earnest work. 'Tis not
The holding and the use of Negros where
The law does now permit it, that we do
Oppose, but 'tis the right you claim to place
Him in the lands where freedom reigns.
To this we don't consent."

"O'er all the land,"—
Said Tarcomed,—" the Constitution reigns,
On public lands no less than ancient State;
And that, is binding as the law supreme,
Protects the right I claim."
"Freedom is the rule,—
The public, general law," said Laredef,
"And slavery the exception. It lives by mere
Permission, not by law. In States
Already organized, the rule obtains
That public faith, once pledged, shall lend
Its aid to hold it there until, according to
The early promise made, the people shall
Abolish it. Such pledge for territory free,
Was never given, then, or now, nor will
It ever be."
"The remedy is then secure,"
Said Tarcomed. "The bond upon your part
Is broke. A breach of covenant I urge
Against the chieftain of the North, and now
Declare secession is my only hope."

"But hold," said Laredef, "the remedy
You urge, with greater reason we resist.
We hold you to your bond, and shall expect
Submission to the legal rule. Your faith
Is pledged to this; your hand is written on
The seal. We'll not disturb your peace
Where now you dwell so happy with your slaves.
But not an inch of public land, now free,
Shall ever foot of slave pollute; nor yet,
In feverish fear, shall foolish passion be
Permitted to destroy the noble work

Our fathers did."
Then Enterprise spake up
And said: "My home is in the busy North
Where all are free, and toil is made a high
Vocation. There, we know of purchased
Sinews, bones and blood but what we learn
From southern sons of Tarcomed. By labor do
We live, and move by labor's just reward.
Our children teach we industry from early
Childhood up, and thus we make an active,
Vigorous class. Our people grow, and spread
Their fields at magic speed, and soon will need
More lands to build their cities on. To west,
Upon the nation's newest plains, we soon
Will need migrate, and will not there compete
With slaves. Our brothers of the South
Are welcome there on equal plane with us.
But not with men in bonds. In freedom's ways
We've long been trained, and cannot now
Consent to labor by the side of slaves. We're proud,
But 'tis because we're free. We want
The western lands for common use of MEN,
Not slaves. We ask no right where now
By law the master holds the lash,
But do insist that there it shall remain.
By fair and legal means this point we've gained,
And most persistently will claim it."

With fiery indignation Redlohevals spake.
"What right, bold Mudsill of the vaunting North,
Hast thou to claim superior hold
To mine upon the unappropriated lands?
This brazen impudence is hard to bear;
And were the distance 'twixt us not so great,
My wrath might vent itself. To make thyself
An equal with my slave, thou'dst rob me of
My lawful right, and break the country's peace.
A people who would thus permit their serfs
To speak where noble men do sit, are fit
Companions for a servile race. Away!
I'll hear no more of this. I'll tear my stars
Away, and leave the dastard league."

"Thy braggart threats," said Enterprise, "have lost
Their force by frequent repetition. Once

Thy high disdain we feared, and courted thy
Approval. Now, 'tis otherwise. Not proud
Beyond our plane, we simply state our case;
But by persistent madness do you strive
To misconstrue our meaning and our words
To misappropriate. Again, and for
The last time now, I state, that for
Your own security in right of slaves
Where now you hold them by the law,
In order to perpetuate our word,
Do we agree that in our fundamental code
Shall be inserted that agreement, so
Your petted institution may not die
By our hands, if you'll but keep it off
The public lands. Will that suffice?"

"Present to me an open blank with all
Your craven signatures affixed, that I
May write my terms above them, and I'd scorn
Your low appeal and spurn it from my presence.
With people such as you in neighborhood
As partners, longer I cannot remain.
My honor is at stake, and I'll withdraw
From such debased companionship.
Our stars sixteen I now demand, that we
May do with them as pleaseth us."
And boldly forth toward Independence then
He walked while reaching out his hand ahead,
But stepping quickly up, Ambition bade
Him pause.
"Hear me a time," he said.
"This foolish resolution thou hast formed,
In later time will give thee much remorse.
I pray thee now recall thy step, and think
Of what may come of such a rash intent,
If thou attempt to execute it. Thou knowest well
The solemn oath we've sworn to save
The life of Union, and as well thou knowest that
To pluck one star from off his golden breast
Would deaden all his life. We cannot, and
We will not break our oaths. Think, oh!
Proud brother, think of all our glorious past,
So crowned with noble deeds and great;
The memories of the holy dead, around
That sacred symbol clinging fast

Like tendrils to the sturdy oak. The Banner of
Our ancient love floats o'er us yet,
And millions pray beneath its starry folds.
Forget not this; and think what deeds
Together have we done: what vict'ries won;
What good achieved; what hopes we've reached,
While in our breezes floats that banner still.
In all the world of men none honored more
Than we; and this within an age of man.
Of these do think, then look upon the future course
Of such a people when united, and how great
Should be their cause for separation. Where,
Oh! where shall end such noble record as
Our annals show the watching world?
If thoughts like these with thee have any weight,
I pray thee, brave American, to stop;
Retrace thy steps; abandon all thy wild
Design, and let no evil come because of thee."

"If war must come, 'tis thou that bring'st
It on," said Redlohevals. "I have no debate
Nor talk. The time for argument is past.
With contemplations of the past annoy me not,
Unless with your devout appeal you mix
Some thought of wrongs that you have done,
And now do threaten. Your people I
Despise with all their vile hypocrisy.
No more of this. My stars," again
Demanded he, as he attempted to advance.
Just then, as is her wont, with gentle hand
Before unseen, came Mercy, and before
Him kneeling said: "Brave Redlohevals, stay
The hand—so proud, so noble as it is—
That threatens blood. Thou knowest well
The ills of war; hast seen its current flow
On many a field of carnage. Thou hast seen
The widow and the orphan left a charge
Upon a heartless world; hast seen
The gathering dew of death upon the girl
Whose heartstrings broke because her brave
Defender fell upon the bloody field.
O! no one better than thyself does know
What cruel thing is war; so much of pain,
Of sorrow and distress, the heart recoils
Upon itself in contemplation of such woe.

Wouldst thou all this and greater evils bring
Upon this happy land where peace
So many years has spread her blessings round?
I pray thee now suspend the dangerous thought
A time at least. If afterthought a better one
Should prove, how much of misery hadst
Thou saved. O! see me as I kneel, and know
If ever heart were true 'tis mine. I know
No party to a wrong or right. In this
Unhappy strife I have no part; my sphere
Is love and only that. I know no fear,
Or hate, revenge, or other baser thing,
Away down deep within thy manly heart,
For woman and her kind I hear
Pulsations beat. In her sweet name do I appeal
For stay of execution in your rash design.
Thou hast dear children; daughters fair
Around thy evening joys do circle with
Their cheerful songs; and sons,—precursors of
A higher life to come; in name of these
And all their brilliant prospects seen ahead
Do I appeal to thee for time to let
Thy passions cool, that danger great,
Much greater than in this thy frenzied state
Thou canst discern, may be prevented.
In name of Jesus then, and His Religion,
Do I pray thee cease this mad foray
Against His Holy Law, lest danger come
Unsought upon thy head. In name
Of holy Angels I beseech thee hold thy hand
And spare, oh, spare the drain of blood."

And as she raised upon her feet, her arms
Around his neck she gently pressed
And wept upon his breast. Then, softly as
She came, retired from the scene, while Pride
Came bristling up, and speaking to him, said:

"If from thy course, by tears of Mercy, foolish thing,
Thou wilt be driven, thou art not the brave
And noble son of Tarcomed. Let not
Her vain imaginings bestir thee to
Thy utter ruin. Forsake not now
Thy manly attitude. Be bold, be brave,
Be worthy of thyself and all the proud

Descendants of thy noble sires.
Thy honor 's pledged. Betray it not,
And with it all thy kinsmens' blood—
The noblest of the earth—high-toned
And brave. Stand firm! Stand firm!"

"I will," said he; and back a pace or two
He stepped, as quickly came in breathless haste
Into their midst just then, a HERALD clad
In uniform of blue. Obeisance having made,
Addressing Independence, thus he spake:
"There 's treason in the Capitol! Your guns,
In traitors' hands, upon your ships are turned!
From Charleston Harbor 's driven 'Star of the West'!
Your stores, for soldiers' comfort placed,
Are stolen by the thieves! Your forts
They take possession of, and Moultrie 's in
Their hands!"
Asked Independence then,
"How 's Cass?"
"He 's faithful, firm,"
Replied the Herald.
"Buchanan?"
"Pale, nervous, sick,
Afraid."
"Depart; watch well; and bring report
Again."
And quickly as he came the Herald went.
Addressing then great Tareomed and his
Defiant offspring Redlohevals, thus
The patriot Tareomedraw spake:

"Proud brothers of the South, I pray you hear
Me for our common good. By strength
And hopes united, have we grown unto
Our present state. When discord came,
No readier than you to compromise
And chase away the cloud that rested on
Our hearts. When trouble came, no earlier
Than you in raising troops for war.
When dangerous questions rose for thought
And settlement, no abler minds than yours
To lend their learning and experience
To light us out of dread. If glory won,
Were none deserving more than you. If fame

Upon our banners perched, or victory on
Our sword, no share thereof was larger than
Was yours. Wherever good or greatness shines
Upon our matchless course; where name
Of Union gilds historic page; wherever brave
And noble men have stood together friends
For greatest good of our common land,
There stand in bold relief the honored names
Of Southern men. Shall all this glory pass
From Southern fame? This greatness die
Because of Southern shame? This honor lost
Because of Southern want of name to love
The memory of their noble dead? O! stay
Your madness for the time at least,
Impetuous men of the South, and hear.
A moment pause in yet an untried cause
To weigh the consequences of your wild design.
Let reason hold the sceptre of your brains a time,
And think what trouble you may save, what name,
What honor, greatness and renown attain.
We pray you calmly hear us; hear us well.
The times are fiery, deceptive, treacherous.
If aught, we have not promised, still you want,
To satisfy your will and let the Union stand,—
The noble monument it is of all
The fairest work of man in any age or time—
Proclaim it now, that if it be consistent with
Our knowledge of ther ight, we may it yield."

Then Tarcomed replied, and said: "Full well
We know, brave Tarcomedraw, thou would'st yield
A proper compromise; the same would I.
Between us stand, in solid barrier formed,
The stubborn will of Redlohevals, and
The vantage ground of Laredef.
From Northern home you come; from Southern, I;
And ties of common birth-place bind our hearts
To those we love. In final contest waged,
When all debate had failed of ending the
Dispute, if such a thing should come,
With Laredef would you ally yourself;
With Redlohevals, I; and this does give
The hope of compromise a gloomy look.
But yet, for sake of peace, I'll state the terms
If they'll agree, upon the which I'll pledge

No further prosecution of the remedy I named.
If in the public lands, my right to take
My slave by law shall be protected, and
No interference where I am, with this
Am I content. What say my friends?"

First Namecaep spake. "With pleasure I
Will grant you this, or any other thing
That you demand. This firmness and resolve
Of Laredef has vital error at its root
That leads to strife and only that. Within
Our midst for many years has lurked
A serpent which now shows itself. At first
But small, in time it grew, and now it crawls
Across the nation's stage with boldest head
Proposing terms to those who hate, despise
And loathe its very life. The cry has been,
When in its youthful days, 'The barbarism and
The wickedness of holding men in bonds.'
'Tis gentler in its terms of censure now,
And calls its interest in Negros, 'Love
Of liberty and higher law.' We're not
Responsible for anything of wrong
There is in slavery, if aught there be;
Much less are they who hold the bondmen thus.
The law protects them in it. He that interferes
In any way with this most ancient right,
Is enemy of liberty and public faith.
I grant the terms of Tarcomed, and do
Most heartily advise the nation join
In this most just and honorable plan."

Said Tarcomedraw then: "'Tis more than we
Demand for right to horse, or ass, or lands.
We go upon the public spirit of the people. Where,
In their opinion, slaves had better be,
There let them go; where otherwise, prevent;
For thus is pure Democracy established in
The land. What the people do refuse, compel
Them not to have; for this would be no less
A wrong than that thou fearest from
The central power in the case thyself hast shown.
If thou wilt have no stricture on the rights
Reserved by th' people's will in Federal Head
Combined, I pray thee then to grant that law

To us which thou demandest for thyself.
No fairer plan than this can I advance.
Let those whose interests are most concerned
In this contested case have free and full
Control thereof, and thus relieve the Government
Of all the ills attendant on its settlement.
In its nature local, let the local body rule
And regulate its place, its growth and death."

"But," said Tarcomed; "The right to slave
Is right peculiar. It must be fostered by
The law, and cherished—fed, by local power,
Else by its own oppressive weight it falls."

"Then," said Progress, "It is wrong, and ought
To fall. What common love of human right
And justice, in the heart implanted, won't
Sustain without the force of written law,
Is rotten in its core, and ought to die."

And Tarcomedraw then: "What sayest thou,
Good Tarcomed, to the proposition I advance?
Between thyself and Laredef it is
A medium."

"I've stated my demand,"
Said Tarcomed. "I've nothing more to add.
My people are united and will not retreat."

Just then the Herald came again, and said:
"The Capitol is guarded well. The Veteran Scott
Is in command, and Lincoln 's at the helm."

"And where is Douglas?" Independence asked.

"He 's in the Senate pleading for a compromise."

"And Lee?"

"Resigned, and in the South."

"Go, watch again, and bring report in time."
And Herald went again.

Continuing,
Then Independence said: "I now do warn
All threatening hands to cease their wicked work.
The plan and argument by Laredef proposed,

Do I approve; and if it be the people's will,
Let that, as in the olden time, be end of all
Debate. The Stars upon our Union's breast
A unity must be, and that forever.
No compromise which in its future execution
Would tear a star away, a moment can
I entertain. If trouble come because
Of failure to agree in matter of opinion, then
Let consequences rest wherever they
Do rightfully belong; and blood first shed,
On skirts of him who draws the sword
Before its time when none do threaten harm."

Said Tarcomedraw then to Tarcomed:
"Thy people are not now a unit as thou sayest.
Too many happy memories of the past
Around their warm and generous hearts do cling
To let such cruel feelings rise. Too much
Of our common history to them belongs
For such a bold and wicked undertaking."

Then Lartuen arose and said: "The signs
Grow deeply ominous of troublous times,
And fretful fevers come upon the people.
If any thing can now be done to stay
The tide which seemeth setting in, all hearts
Of patriots should join the work. A thought
Would I address unto our noble Tarcomed
And Redlohevals,—honored sires grown
On Southern soil. In early times, no friends
More firm and steadfast had the Union then
Than you. The life and strength which carried up
The state, was much of it derived from you.
Our progress great, surpassing hope, has been
Magnificent in every part. Our Union gives
Us strength; stability at home, and character
Abroad. The right of individual no less
Than body corporate or politic, has been
In all things most secure. Our commerce on
The seas; our inter-ocean trade; our traffic on
Our river boats, and on our rail-way trains;
The splendid net-work of our travel and
Communication; our liberal arts; our schools
And colleges; our churches too; our wealth,
Our greatness and our hopes;—all, all,

Are fruits of Union's strength.
The right we claim
To hold our slaves by Union is protected
By aforetime pledge of faith thereto.
In northern hearts the feeling is averse to our
Peculiar institution. 'Tis nothing but the law
Of Union that impels them to our aid.
Because of old agreement do they now
Declare they've no design to change the ancient law,
And that is all we legally can ask.
If dissolution and secession come,
'Twere not according to the ways of men
That those who now despise should then
Protect the right of property in man.
Its strength and sustenance is now
Derived from force of Union as I think.
Let that dissolve, and the controlling cord
Which binds it to ourselves is snapped,
And with it falls our petted system of
A servile race. In every view I take,
The reason of the thing does seem that we
Should now accept some reasonable
Compromise, and not in any case
Resort to separate independence.
"Do
We bear a grievance? Then petition in
The pale of Union for redress, and not
Outside his stately walls. Within, we husband all
The sympathetic strength of liberal
Minded men; attempt secession, and
Display another flag within our native land,
The very earth would yield her locust swarms
Of union loving friends, and every one of these
Would draw just that much blood from us.
Beneath the stars and stripes present our plaint,
And all the nation's moral sense would hear.
If then against us should the judgment be,
'Twere evidence that we are wrong and then
At once we should desist."
"I'll take the sword,"
In rage cried Redlohevals. "In the name
Of great Calhoun I swear that I'll
Have nothing now but independence."

Said Progress quickly, "I do swear

In name of Ossawatamie and blood
Of Brown, that thou shalt fail."
Then asked
Good Tarcomedraw of the maddened sprite:

"Have memories of our common fame
No weight with thee?"
"None save t' inspire
My heart for braver fight."
"Nor of
Our common dead?"
"No."
"Nor thought of what
We yet may be?"
"No."
"Nothing but to spill
Thy brothers' blood?"
"My brothers need
Not fear; I only ask t' be let alone."

"But that they may not yield."
"If not, then let
The consequences come."
"Art thou then fixed
Determined in thy will? Can nothing draw
Away this desperate intent?—no argument.
Nor love, appeal, or holy prayer convert
Thy raging thought? Is all hope gone
Of reconciliation and of peace?"
"I'm fixed
In what I say; my sword 's already whet."
And from his dangling scabbard then he drew
To half its length a shining blade, with step
Advancing, but he paused to hear the voice
Of Wisdom who did thus declare:

"Thou seest not what lies before thee. Signs
More certain than if
By mortal tongue were spoke, do hang
Upon the near horizon's verge.
Thy madness blinds thee to their light.
Beneath thee lies a lake of slumbering fire;
'Tis hidden only by a crust of thinest earth which jar
Of war may break and let thee drop to death.
Thou art upon the crater now,—so near

Its burning edge that swift destruction lurks
Beneath thy very feet. If thou wouldst save
Thyself, retrace thy steps and suddenly.
If Pride, determined, still allures thee on
And all I fear does come, then shalt thou not declare
That warning did not come in time to save.
If in this wicked cause thou wilt persist
'Twere just thou reap the penalty.
Thy demand is most unjust; cruel thy
Intent and criminal thy object. Oh!
Do turn thee now. I pray thee turn, else die."

"I've grown to years mature, and ask advice
Of none," responded Redlohevals wild.

Uprising to his utmost height, then Justice spake:
"Unfaithful son! Thou hast departed from
The landmarks set by noble men
Of early time. But little profit hast
Thou reaped from lessons they did teach.
How much of evil thou hast done and now
Dost threaten to the land thy fathers bought
With blood as pure as ever flowed in veins
Of mortals, thou dost not discern. Upon
Thee hang accumulated wrongs of ages. Thou
Hast bought and sold for gain the veins
Through which the blood of men has run
For centuries. The bones of dead men rise
Up from forgotten graves and strain
Their eyeless skulls to stare at thee and thy
Enormities, accusing thee of that
Infernal trade. O! monster that thou art.
Look back upon thy past of infamy.
And e'er it is too late, return to what
Is just and right. God's hand is in
The moving scene before thee passing which,
Because of sin's disease thou wilt not see.
The day of retribution with its fearful
Reckoning approaches fast, and just
Destruction waits upon the threshold.
Before thee yawns an awful vortex of
Devouring elements fast whirling into
Combinations such as man has never known,
And thou art but a step this side
The dreadful mass. Again I warn thee, halt,

And turn about lest justice overtake
Thy damning sin. Thou would'st erect a frame
Of bones and muscles of thy brethren built,
And show it to the world as work
Of modern liberty. What stupendous fraud
Would'st thou thus palm upon the world: a mass
Of rottenness and putrefying sores.
It cannot be. Then stay the hand upraised
To strike the blow which surely will destroy thee.
Desist, and though it take a longer time, the end
Of justice will be reached as well. Proceed.
And retribution lies within the vision of the day
In which the blow is struck."
"Stand boldly up
Brave son of the South," said haughty Pride.
"Thy sacred honor never, never yield."

"I'm firm as adamant. My resolution
Knows no slackening." And again advanced he
With a struggling grasp to disengage his sword;
But Herald came in rushing haste
And Redlohevals halted for his tale.

"Your flag's dishonored by the hands
Of Redlohevals' sons. Sumpter's fallen
And the banner trails in dust. Bold Anderson
And gallant little band of eighty
Union soldiers stood the fierce assault
Most nobly till the rebel shots did fire
Up the brave old Fort, and then they bowed
Their heads in shame to see such great,
Unmerited humiliation of
The nation's arms, and gave themselves
As first fruits of secession rule."

With inward zeal now firing up
Thus Independence asked:
"Where's Douglas now?"

"He 's building fires in the great Northwest."

"And Butler?"
"Himself transforming in
The East."
"And Scott?"

"Firm as adamant."
"And Lincoln?"
"Cool and placid as
A summer lake; genial and firm."

"And Seward?"
"Holds the compass."
"Then all
Is safe. Go quickly now and call out five
And seventy thousand men to take
And repossess the fallen fort, and raise
The flag again. Away!" and he obeyed.

At this command did Redlohevals draw
His glistening sword to all its length,
And flourishing it o'er his head, advanced
With pompous tread toward Independence
And his sacred charge, proclaiming loud
"My stars! Let war and all
Its horrid havoc come; let blood and tears
Like rain flow out; I'll have my lawful right;—
No less." And as he moved and thus proclaimed.
Did all his friends around him cluster fast
Save Namecaep, who did wheel about
Like frightened cur, and sped toward land
Of Kingcraft for a safer refuge there.
With instant spring as this progressed,
Did all the friends of Union bound
Between the raging Redlohevals with
His circling aids, and Independence,
Gathering in determined attitude
Around the glittering stars; and Negros, too,
With his clanking chains to th' noble circle
Hopped, but quickly was he thrust to rear
By point of the whirling sword.
A stroke
Made Redlohevals at the breast of Union,
But the hurling flambeau felled him to
The earth. Quick rising up, he sprang
Again in wildest fury on, when Tarcomedraw
Rushed before and drove him back with shout
Of "Treason! Treason!"—loud as stroke on stroke
He dealt him fast, while Justice, with
Contemptuous look, and pointing toward
Meek Namecaep fled, whose steps were now

In swiftness growing, cried "Oh, Shame!
Shame! Shame! thou traitor to the nation's flag."
The which attracted all attention for a time,
And as they looked and saw the flying brave,
With one accord did join the cry of "Shame!
Shame! Shame!" and Redlohevals' voice
Was with the rest. The while the voices rang
Along the darkening air, before
Returning conflict came, a quick paralysis
Struck Tarcomed to death, and then in front of them
Came down as smoke a sudden mist
Whose soft and airy folds of white
And deepest blue in curling wreaths and seams
Soft blended in, did close from further view
The heated group, but left in sight
In glaring letters in the smoky cloud
These words which all the world could read:
"SLAVERY IS DEAD."

CHAPTER VII.

REMARKS.

The Rebellion and its suppression, from 1861 to 1865. The freedom of the slave and destruction of Secession.

The nation's blood was boiling now. To South,
Above the fever heat, without restraint,
Through swollen veins the scarlet current ran.
It carried off the lazy scum of life; the nerves
Electrified; it crazed the brain, and drove
In staggering ruin from her ancient throne
The reason of the best of men.
All over hills and vales of the beautiful South,
Through forest, field and town, like sheet
Of rushing fire by demons fed, came wave
On wave of the flying storm that passion led,
Engulfing all in its scorching blaze.
The hearts of the bravest quailed, the young
Men ran, and fair ones wept, while leaders cried:
"To arms! To arms! Defend your homes,
Your wives, your daughters, from the scourge
And blight of Northern vandalism.
Drive the heathens back, and drench the land
With their barbarous blood. Let not
Their craven feet pollute the sacred soil
Of the noble South. Hoist your banner high,
And rush to the gathering hosts
Where freedom rallies in her might.
Crush the serpent in his coil; burn him in
His poison den; destroy his venomous fang.
And pluck from out his very mouth
The darting tongue that would dare insert
Its damning virus in the virtue of our land.
If treason hovers near and sounds its horn.
Destroy its dastard life, or drive it from

The soil it would disgrace. No quarters here
For traitor's heads. To arms! to arms!"

And thus it raged from day to day until
The South was armed and clothed for war.
Oh! that dreadful day when the fire raged
Like burning prairie on the western plain;
When passion ruled and reason slept, while men
And women, crazed and frenzied, ran
So causelessly from house to house to throw
Their little fuel in the fast consuming flame.
No heart so brave or hand so strong, that aught
Could offer of resistance to the flowing tide
Which swept across the land. If tongue
Were raised or hand uplifted to attract
The public gaze and quell the storm, 'twas burnt
And crushed beneath the blow of people wild
With rage before 'twas more than seen.
Apparent wrong to flagrant outrage grew;
And slumbering fires burst to conflagrations in
A moment's time. The people North
To monsters grew, and all their wealth
A stolen spoil. The words they spoke for peace,
To burning lies were turned; their candor to
Hypocrisy so black and damning, that
The very thought of honor, truth, or fairness in
A Northern heart, was spurned and scorned
With a deepened hate that a demon might
Enjoy. If a trembling heart was faint,
And prayed for time to ask himself what all
This meant, and if it might be wrong, the thrust
Of poisoning steel came quickly home
And frightened him to arms. If other, still
Devoted to his father's graves, who loved
The name his nation bore, and paused to look
At its ancient flag to catch a lingering hope
Still left of life in the old land yet, the hand
Of fury came and drove him in the ranks.
No words of caution or of kind advice availed;
No ear to listen, and no eye to see a thought
Or sign save war and that to death.
Fair girls, impulsive fairies, fanned
The gathering flames, and proudly pressed
Their brothers and their lovers to the front.
Their vivid scorn,—their pettish arts of pain;

The burning wounds their little, foolish tongues
Could make, by the brave young Southern heart
In manly bosom held for them, was feared
With a dread more terrible then, than
The threat or scold of the oldest man.
Their mothers too,—impassioned, fond and good,
Lent all their powerful aid to drive
The current on, and make more dreadful still
The all devouring flood·
In right, in wrong;
In fame, in shame;—no matter where;—
If woman's hand and heart do help,
The work goes bravely on. Her potent voice,
Like that of music in the darkened night,
Gives hope and cheer to all our toils,
And pains, and bitter disappointments.
Her honored name's a shield, her tongue a sword,
Her eye a star; her soul a world of hope;
And he who hath upon his side the power
Woman yields, is trebly armed; while he
From whom does she withdraw her warmth
And soul-enlivening love;—on whom she prays
Destruction and dismay, does lose his nerve,
And falters—staggers, and to ruin falls.
Oh! women of the South, if that destructive war
Upon your husband's, son's and brother's part
Was wrong, how large a share of evil have
You helped to do; how much of pain and
Sorrow, both t' yourselves and others well
Deserving, might your timely words have saved
To you, and them, and all the peaceful land?

By systematic self deception, now
The unsuspecting masses of the South
Were led, or pulled, or driven into line.
The cant of Northern thirst for gold,
The cowardice, the low and grovelling taste
Of their malicious hearts, were dribbled out
To listening ears in overdose and frequent.
And if the vandal *did* appear in arms, to buy
His musket and his soul would be
But pleasant pastime; and if, perchance, by some
Miraculous denouement he did offer fight,—
(Which would not be if nature had her course—)
'Twould be but morning recreation to destroy

His lines and drive him screaming from
The field. Oh! a monster vile was *Yankee*, and
He dared not meet and fight a Southern brave.
His talk of freedom, and of compromise,
Was all a base deceiving lie to win and cheat
The honest purity of men whose word
Was never forfeited. To steal their slaves,
To rob their women of their jewels, and
Betray their daughters into wrong; to burn
And desolate their towns, lay waste their lands,
And give loose reins to all the wicked arts
And passions of degraded men, was what
The base barbarians would come to do.
The whole of virtue in the land did dwell
In Southern heart and those who thought
As they, while those opposed to them and their
Ennobling cause were vilest of the vile.

The stupid listeners believed it all,
And acted on the willful cheat thus taught.
Three men of every four who joined the wild,
Malignant riot of the hour, believed within
Their honest hearts that all this stuff was true,
And no way could they serve their country
Better than humiliate its flag, and spill
The blood of those who still revered its name.
Stupendous fraud! How hollow and how damning
All its varied and deceitful cheat! How many
A noble son, or faithful husband, doting
Father, left behind him aching hearts to hear
His voice no more, while he did fight the fight
Of other men, because of this disastrous wrong.
No interest to him, mistaken dupe, except
That thus he might declare how well he loved
His land, and how deep buried was his hate
For freedom shriekers of the North. No slave
Had he to till his little land;—no bags of gold
To purchase bones;—the war was his, and his
Alone who handled both of these—the gold
And slaves. What little gain to him,
Deluded man; what little ultimate of good
To him who, thus deceived, did enter on
His wicked work? Delusion great!
Oh! what retribution came!

A few.

A noble few, of brave and faithful men,
One here, one there—like rocks in the stormy sea,
Who knew, or thought they knew—at least
Had faith—that all this rage and rant
Was wrong and rotten at its core. They held
Unto their ancient faith. No cause for grief
Had they. Oppression's weight from the nation's arm
To them had never come. Nor cause had they
For disaffection now, nor ever had. The evil of
The bold design to break the people's arm,
And build upon the ruins of a happy nation's hopes
A house of doubtful name, they plainly saw
And greatly feared. They swore they would
Not yield. The names their fathers bore
Had charms still left for them; the stars upon
The nation's ensign represented strength
And majesty with equal liberty for all.
They had a strong, abiding love for all
The solid work their fathers did, and saw
No good, but much of evil to arise from rash
Attempts, as causeless as they were so wrong,
To batter down the ramparts of our hope.
From happy homes of cheerful life,
From children, wife, and all, in hurried haste,
Without a parting word—a farewell kiss
Or kind embrace from any dear one there,
To caves, and swamps, and brakes and mountain
Lanes, were such as these in madness driven; or,
Still worse than this,—in many a hidden spot
Where eye of man did not observe,
Where echoes of a fainting widow's scream,
Or cry of orphan child made rashly, quickly so,
Ran through the tangled wilds, a husband, son,
Or sire with his gray hairs nestling on
His furrowed brow, the forfeit paid
To wicked, crazy men in wrath.
For faithful trust in his father's flag; for not,
In time of stormy sea, because the waves
Rolled high, deserting cowardly the ship
That never yet had failed to reach her port
In time and bring him safely home.

Behold that wretched train of weeping wives
And tender little ones upon the plains
Of West Missouri as they slowly move

In worn attire, and little shoeless feet
Their blood-stained prints upon the flinty rocks,
In sad mementoes leaving there. See fainting
Woman with her fevered babe in rags
Close wrapped within her arms, as on her
Faithful horse she sits, whose tender feet
Go limping on the dusty road, while
Crying children trudge along with weary steps
Behind, their little legs scarce strong
Enough to bear their starving bodies up.
And see them as they halt upon their weary way
At some befriending shade to drink a cup
Of cool, refreshing water, and to rest an hour
On the grass. Hear their sad lament as tears
In sorrow trickle down their careworn cheeks
While story of their great misfortunes do
They tell; how roving desperadoes came
At dead of night, and from their last embrace,
Amid their cries and prayers, their father tore
And dragged him to some limb, or cave,
Or stream, from whence he never more returned;
How then they came again and bade the household
Leave within a day the home they loved
And search a place where such as they
Might stay; how when they left and looking back,
They saw the smoke rise up from their burning house.
Then hear them tell of other father there
More fortunate than theirs, whose neck,
By reason of his zealous watch, escaped
The halter of the wretched men who haunt
The hills. He hides himself where'er he can,
And creeps and crawls from place to place
About in constant fear of death. At night
When darkness veils the earth, some trusty friend
His welcome food sends out to him by hand
Of Jim or Sam, or other faithful black.

Behold that line like train of moving ants,
Where frightened men are stealing to and fro
With tread of cautious pace, a station here
And there along the dangerous route in cave
Or friendly house, where blistered feet might rest
And get a draft of cooling air; then hear
Them tell of treatment they received at hands
Of men by passion crazed; how women wept

And prayed o'er mangled bodies of
Their murdered dead; how families within
An hour or a day, beneath the overhanging threat
Of lawless men, did leave their burning homes
And all they held most dear on earth, without
A change of clothing or a dime to purchase food;
How men, gray haired and trembling on
The verge of death, were pulled and dragged
About from tree to tree behind a crazy mob,
Then hanged or shot or both, and all
Because they could not face their God and cry
"Disunion" in the hills of Tennessee.

Such pictures might be multipled
To many—many more, by way of painting
What the penalty of treason was
To that the maddened people taught
In those alarming days when God, it seemed,
A 'strong delusion' sent that people might
'Believe a lie.' So widely spread this wild,
Unregulated zeal of passion and of hate,
That these, and such as these were common things
Wherever union loving men appeared
And held their heads above the stream
Which rushed with deadly current o'er the South.

To North we now will look. The news
Of Sumpter's fall like mountain fire spread
Throughout the anxious land; the people thought
That time had come the insult to resent.
The President for soldiers quickly called;
Kentucky and Missouri flahed
Defiance back, and blew a blast of scorn
In the face of the nation's honored Chief.
Insulted thus on every side, the deep,
Slow current of that native pride which fills
The hearts of liberal minded men toward that
They honor as a common good, began
To swell its channels and increase its speed.
Responsive to their instincts of the right.
Their hearts began to beat and faster beat
Until excitement of intense degree
Like earthquake shook the land.
The PEOPLE of the north were rising now.
'Twas not that wild, terrific flood of hate,

That bitter raging of impassioned blood,
Which inundated all the frantic South;
But 'twas a grand upheaval of the wave
Of popular devotion to the nation's flag,
As though Jehovah were beneath the swell
To regulate its rise and fall. Carlisle
Her little garrison did send, and like
The snow-flake dropped from mountain hight,
Increased its size and weight as toward
The Capitol it went with many braves
Of Pennsylvania's tribe. From Boston, too,
They came;—but why repeat the names
Where all, like gathering streams, did flock
To Washington, and none behind save those
Who farthest came? In court house, church
And school the people met in nervous,
Anxious meeting to resolve their willing aid
To him who held the reins of government,
And bid him to replace the fallen flag
On Sumpter's broken walls no matter what
The effort cost. 'Twas this that pained them most;
That hand of an American should raise
Itself against the Stars and Stripes,
And war upon the nation's soldiery.
Atonement proper for this ruthless act
Would then have stayed the rising tide and made
The people's pulse beat easier; but in
Reply to overture, derision came and scorn.
Endure this long they could not—did not; but
As called they went, and thousands more.
From shop and farm and bench; from press,
From pulpit and from counting house, they went
In long and earnest lines of patriots.
No burning houses, with their lurid smoke
To terrify the night; no hanging victims of
Malicious hate to horrify frail women; no,
Nor weeping trains of starving refugees,
Or homeless, wandering, hiding patriots.
Resulted from this rapid gathering of troops
As might be seen in southern lands.
No conduct unbecoming earnest men
Unless, indeed, some isolated case,
Where blatant fool, forgetting sense, did bray
Behind his shield for "southern rights" the while
Ashamed to fight, and poured his sickening slang

Into the rear of those who armed themselves
For war. On him the storm came sorely down,
And God forgave the people's wrath.

The action and the haste; this great
Commotion of the moving mass of men
By business rule was governed, and it came
And went by systematic change. The passion
Kindled—not of hate or malice born—
Betook itself to zealous effort at redress
Of this great national wrong; and while
The hand upraised in opposition there
Was struck to shame, no warfare waged
Because opinions did conflict, and feeling did
Not run to blood. 'Twas after this that baser thoughts
Were nursed, when graves began to multiply
Themselves on southern fields, and northern homes,
Bereaved of dear ones dead, wore crape
Upon their doors and still the war went on.

Missouri was the first to feel the grasp
Of the nation's hand, when in the secret den
Did Lyon throttle treason there. He watched
The glowing current as it flashed
From traitor Jackson's hand—"An insult
To Missouri that the President should want
Her troops to help maintain the law." He snatched
The tooth, fresh poisoned for the fatal plunge,
From out the opening mouth Secession hid
From public gaze, and buried it.
Brave man, by friend and foe alike
Admired; within the hearts of all his men
Is reared a monument undying to
His generous and devoted heart.
True soldier as he was, when duty called,
It found him at his post. Long live his name;
Forever green the spot that drank his honest blood.

By proclamation issued from the chief,
The South was asked again to cease her wicked war,
And to her allegiance faithfully return.
Advised and counseled then as father would
His child, that danger might arise
From further disobedience. But nought
Of good did this appeal effect. It stirred

The nerves of Davis and his men to greater wrath
And fixed determination.
The armies met;
And in the first engagement of this bloody war,
The Union troops were routed in most
Terrible confusion. Not trained to use
Of musket and of field piece as the men
Opposed to them had been;—their captains and
Themselves from peaceful homes just fresh,—
They little knew the skill and ardor of
The men who followed Lee. Position strong,
And chosen for the day; the leader learned
In all the military art; the soldiers young
And panting for the conflict near, they made
A brave heroic fight. "Manassas lost
And won," along the wires flashed to North
And South. Enthusiasm flushed the Southern troops
And nerved their victor arms. Upon
The Union heart determination seized
With stronger hold, and lessons learned upon
This first fought field were put to useful end.
The soldiers gathered into camps and trained
Themselves for war. From East, from North,
Northwest they came and learned
The art destructive.
Many a shop
And factory, where heretofore the busy hum
Of peaceful industry was heard, now rang
And sounded with a warlike ring.
By reason of the treachery of Floyd, and his
Brave coadjutor, Cobb, the nation's armories
Were empty, as was the treasury deplete.
But soon the brain and muscle of the people
Were at work, and wide extended operations now
Began for strong, determined battle.
Douglas said,—"the quickest way to peace
Is most stupendous preparation for"
Its opposite, and so the people felt.
With speed almost miraculous, were arms
And army stores created, while Chase began
To fill the purse, and Cameron to clothe the men.

A year had gone. The South was fortified

In all her strongest points. The nation's arms
She held, with many more from foreign realms.
Her lands the negroes tilled while white men went
To war. Enrolled were all her fighting men,
Equipped and well intrenched behind
Her hundred earthworks built by slaves, she now
Displayed a bristling front. From mountains of
Virginia, 'long Ohio's banks, and westward on
To Mexico, she drew defensive lines.

Another warning from the Chieftain now,—
A kindly warning and a fatherly rebuke.
In answer other insults came brim full
Of scorn and proud defiance. Now an overture
From him who oft had prayed for peace
On any reasonable terms and quite as oft
Met curses in response, was made a law.
An offer by the Union of a recompense
For each and every slave within the land,
By Lincoln's honest heart proposed to save
The flow of blood and all the ills that slept
Behind the curtain of the coming time,
To-day is law. But what effect upon
The southern mind this fair proposal had,
The sequel shows. By careful watch
Of captains o'er their men the warm
Desire of the North for peace was kept
Unknown in Southern ranks; and thus
The early spirit kept alive which taught
The silly dupes that North-men would
Not press their fight.
They came however, in
A thousand streams from all the busy hives
Of th' swarming land. From day to day,
And week to week th' incessant flood
Came pouring in. In massive boats upon
The running streams; o'er rattling rails
And on the dusty roads, in lines back reaching to
The outer borders of the land, they came;—
Their coming knew no end. While down
The mountains on Virginia's north the cautious young
McClellan led his valliant men, the rising man
Steamed up the Tennessee and proudly raised
His banner on her banks where Henry fell.
Across the rocky bluffs his noble army moves

In columns solid, long and deep;
Deploying then in skillful lines among
The thickly wooded hills, he falls upon
The enemy's defence. By day, through deep
Ravines and over rocks, up hill-sides steep
And strewn with trees in tangled mass,
The gallant soldiers fought; by night, in snow
And ice they laid upon the cold damp ground
With earth for bed and heaven's starlight
Overhead their counterpane. Three days
And nights they battled hard with many strong
Defences in their front. Not only hills,
And hollows deep and yawning ditch;
But line in front of line of earth-works thrown
Around the tree-top-tangled hills
All manned by soldiers brave as ever stood
Upon a parapet. The outer line obtained,
Within, the obstacles less numerous
And intricate, with oft repeated charge
Amid the trembling tramp of heavy rushing horse,
The deafening roar of constant cannonade,
The muskets' rapid, rattling jar, like tread
Of caravan upon some mighty bridge;
Through smoke and iron hail, 'mid dead
And dying, did the weary braves pursue
The fight until the Stars and Stripes o'er walls
Of Donelson in heaven's breezes played
And purified surrounding atmosphere.

To Shiloh then, Grant led his faithful men
Where Buell came, and proud success upon
The Union banners perched,—a just reward
For honest warfare waged.
Not all success
However, was the fate of Union arms.
With varying result the contest raged from point
To point; upon one single bloody field
Repeated battles fought; now one, the other army
Then its banners planting o'er it, till the time
When all believed the war was war indeed.

Though oft defeated and with havoc great,
This only nerved the northern arm to greater strength.
More men were called, and like a rolling sweep
Of avalanche they came from every quarter of

The land. Six hundred thousand men
Almost within a day were mustered, armed
And thrown upon the field. A million now
And more of Freedom's sons, with hearts
Emboldened by a consciousness of right,
With glittering sword and bayonet set,
Around the frowning ramparts of the South
Were tightening up their iron coil.

The noble hearted Lincoln, patient, brave
And generous as he was, looked now
Upon the scroll which hung beyond the veil
That shut the future out. He saw the prop
Sustaining all the framework of the war;
He saw that servile blood supplied the veins
And arteries of all the power in the south;
He saw that all her fighting men had now
Deserted field and study for the fight
While slaves rebuilt her wasting forts.
He called his people unto him and said:

"The conflict irrepressible goes on
Nor weakens aught its strength the while.
But stronger grows in virulence and power.
The stars or slaves must yield; which shall it be?"

The People answered,—"SLAVES!"

Once more he sent his warning voice abroad:
"An hundred days," he said; "an hundred days I give
You to abandon your mistaken work
And come again in peace into the house
Our fathers built. Forgiveness then
A warm and kind reception if you come.
An hundred days, and if the fight does then go on,
I'll turn the key which locks your servants' chains.
An hundred days in which to save yourselves
And slaves. The Union must be saved.
Come back. Be not deceived: Come back."

Like those that went before, this warning brought
A sneer and bound in closer union still
The fevered South. "'Tis now disclosed!" said they
"What oft we prophecied in the beginning:
These vandals want our slaves." 'Twas this

From that day on that served as battle cry and kept
The southern heart alive to wage its war.

* * * * * * * * * *

The hundred days had passed, and still
The war went on. It came. Th' uplifted hand
Had fallen. Ag lorious light as of a thousand suns
Burst out in th' Southern sky and lit
Up all the land. A voice as soft and sweet
As starlight's speech to a slumbering lake,
In every cabin whispered to the sleeping slave:
"You're free! you're free! Slavery is dead!"

Four millions then of slaves rose up and clasped
Their bony hands together o'er their heads,
And shouted "Thank the Lord! O! Thank the Lord!
His holy name be blessed forever! O!
Our day at last has come;—we're free.
We're men and women now. No more we'll see
Our children sold and bought, nor see the hand
Of traders lead our wives away. God bless
Old master Abraham, and spare his life
A thousand years to spread the blessings of
His good and honest nature round!
He's planted Liberty's jewel here, and in
The family of Freedom will we keep it.
God bless the Stars and Stripes; and may
They never cease to wave! God bless
The Union Army now and evermore!
God bless us and our children! God bless
The world—the whole great world!
O! Hallelujah! Hallelujah! Bless the Lord!"
And a rain of joyful tears bedewed
The very earth. The slave was free.

Another year had gone. Kentucky now
Missouri, and their sister Tennessee,
With southern Louisiana, were in hands
Of Union men. The battle flags, besides
Their stars, now bore a shield, behind
The which a flying slave might shelter find
From heavy chains and their effects
Still lingering in the hearts of men; and soon
They came. In herds, like famished cattle on

The arid plains; in rags and wretched filth
And up from these through every phase
Of garb and kind of dress to those who wore
Their master's coat or mistress' frock;
The old, the young; the sick, the well; in want,
With means; on foot, on horse, on crutch;
In carts and wagons old; pure black,
And almost white with every shade between;
Of feature Saxon some with raven hair
As straight as ever Indian wore, and down
From these through every shade of color and
Of look to Guinea face and head. They came,
And constant was their coming.
Two hundred thousand of their men
Were mustered in the line, and side by side
With Union soldiers helped to earn
Their liberty. Through all those anxious days
Of blood no hand of slave against his master's head
Was ever raised. In patient hopefulness
He served his years, a faithful, trusty friend.
Whatever else is said, all mouths are ever stopped
From charge of blood or treachery on him
Unto the hand that bought and sold his sons,
So long as he was chattel, thing. But now
As property of enemy in war, the Sovereign will
Declared him contraband, and taught
Him how to carry arms.

The war
Was earnest now. The passion and the rage
With which the Southern heart at first was fired
Began to cool and soften down toward reason.
Experience had taught them the deception wrought
Upon them when the storm was raging first.
A light at times came from the north,
And some mysterious attraction drew
From many a chosen band one two or more
Of men who saw the day was lost,
And further saw their interest and true
Position in the fight was on the other side.
But still the conflict spread and grew
In terrible intensity.

Defensive war
A time did Lee abandon as not best
And ran his lines across the border

Into Pennsylvania's Capitol. At Carlisle,
A tribute to his arms he levied, and a shell
Or two,—reminders of his presence,—left
He there, and burned the ancient barracks
Standing on the green where many a soldier trained
In honored times gone by. To mark
His trail in ruins left he Chambersburg;
And then to show the people war was out,
And its necessities to teach, he took
Their animals away. But th' old Keystone,
And by her side the Empire of the east, threw in
Their "boys in blue" until the valley of
Old Cumberland did tremble with
Their heavy tramp, and Lee reversed his plan.
With fatal wounds the flower of
His gallant army pierced at Gettysburg
Where Reynolds fell and with him twenty
Thousand Union braves. With great
Precision fell he back to Richmond and
Her earthen walls.
If aught before
Were wanting to increase the battle heat, and breed
A stronger zeal in northern hearts, this break
Of Lee across the lines supplied the need.
Their spirit from that fatal hour grew
More daring, reckless and determined.
Then prison dens and hospitals grew fast
And thick, and women came in clouds
With healing in their hearts to minister in love
To needy, fainting warriors in their need,
They came to watch and fan the dying
Soldier on his couch and wipe the death-damp off
His manly brow. They came to work, to soothe,
To sing, to pray and scatter blessings in
Their path. Like angels to the weary shepherds on
Judean hills, their welcome voices cheered
The gloomy night of death and made
The dying soldier feel how sweet her touch
Upon his aching heart; how strong is woman's faith;
How deep her love; how patient her distress.
Oh, happy, cheerful, loving, patient woman!
How oft your hand has softened down
A hardened pulse and bathed a burning wound;
How oft your soothing tongue has cooled
A fevered head and sung it into sleep;

How oft your thousand little, gentle, mystic
Kindnesses relieved a parching thirst,
Has dressed a dripping wound and stayed
The march of death; how often has
Your angel voice made beautiful and bright
The pathway of the soldier's parting spirit to
That purer land above.
How noiselessly
Her little work she does. From cot to cot
With fairy step she goes upon her round
Of love; the bloody blanket she removes; in soft
White drapery she now enwraps the iron bed;
The dusty, blood-besprinkled coat removes
From off the pale, sick soldier's arm and clothes
Him in a new clean gown. The sickening smell
Of putrefying wounds and rotten blood,
By some mysterious method she removes;
Her little vials of delicious odor brings;
Her bundles too, of snow-white cloths of every shape
And size. Her voice, her footstep and
Her touch, make all things new and happier
And better wherever she appears.
Her presence brings repose and pleasant change
As silent as transition from the night
Unto the morn.—so happy and serene.
Can soldier ever cease to love her name?
Can he forget that woman was his friend
And best companion in those dark
And gloomy days? Is there soldier in
The land who has not been a better son,
Or husband, father, since in hospital
And on the bloody field he learned
The value of a faithful woman's love?

The churches sent their missions out with stores
Of pleasant food by woman's hand prepared
For hospital and field, wherever soldier lay
In need; the schools sent out their pioneers
To teach the slave his name; the Government
Did throw its strong protecting arm around
The ragged freedman and the beggared refugee,
And fed them with a liberal hand.

The grand machinery combined
Of all the mighty North was now at work.

The church, the school, the shop, the court,
The plow, the press, the hand, the brain,
The heart, the head, the women and the men;
All, all were now exerting every nerve.
A few of Namecaep's sons, 'tis true,
Their ancient blood deserted and did run
To Kingcraft's soft embrace away, but then,
When danger passed returned they all
Somewhat ashamed, quite true and right, but still
They came; and their absenting worked
No evil save their own disgrace.

The sinews strong of war were stretched, and proved
Its dreadful cruelty. At Vicksburg Grant
Unlocked the west, while Rosecrans
Stood watching at the northern door.
And Meade was at the East, and Butler,
With brave Farragut and Porter, in
Their smoking monsters at the South.
Surrounded thus by strengthening wall
Of fire and sword, the faithful band inside
Made war as never they had done, the while
The Union lines in blue, in circle after
Circle growing less, did tighten up their coil.
No halting now for winter or recruit; no place
Of rest but on the busy march; 'twas one
Unceasing, cruel war unto the end.
The offer of a full, free amnesty to all
Who would abandon now their failing cause,
Was made by him whose heart was all
The time for peace—the faithful President,
But his kindly effort fell stillborn.
From Mission Ridge, and down its sides,
Through hills and tangled forest, ran
The stricken legions of the South in great
Dismay, and Chickamauga tells a tale
Of bloody, bloody war. The Mississippi free;
The theater of strife contracting fast,
And still the wave went rolling on.
At Richmond, Lee defied advance
For days, and weeks, and months, until
The very rocks of old Virginia frowned
In warlike mien, and opened up
Their rugged jaws for graves of Union
Soldiers, while the bloody drama lengthened

Out its play. 'Twas here amid the hills
That Sedgewick fell. The soldier of the West
Went round the hills to give the battling troops
New zeal and hope—(for the very presence of
The modest chieftain, Grant, was hope itself,)—
While Sherman,—great exemplar of
The Northern heart and will,—took up
His wondrous march,—unprecedented for
Its peril—toward the sea. He gave
New impetus to all his feeders, and
They poured supplies by tons into his train.
On every line of traffic, on river and on land;
From all the farms and stores, through hills
And valleys; over plains and on the rivers, came
The smoking boats, and rattling trains,
With bread and shoes to save his men.
With Thomas in his rear to guard the veins
Through which he drew his blood, the noble
Chieftain with his brave command, embarked
Upon the dangerous voyage. From Chattanooga
Fought his way through many a bloody field,
With gallant young McPherson at his side,
(Who fell, the bravest of the brave,) o'er hills
And mountains, and through valleys deep;
No halt or resting place he found. Atlanta
In his grasp, to praying, tearful, helpless
People there, he told the cruelty of war,
Necessity of peace, and how the nation's heart
Was beating for return of due submission to
The law. Pen never wrote a braver line
Than Sherman's answer to Atlanta's prayer.
Controlling now this center of the South,—
This active heart from whence her outer
Pulses took their steady beat,—four arteries
He snapped apart, and then began
Her dearest blood to flow from every vein.

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Three columns moving—none knew where
Save him who led the whole, while sending
Back the news that he was loose from all
Behind, and looked for help ahead,
Th' intrepid warrior led his armies on.
The waste and desolation in his wake,
As through the heart of Southern land
He moved, disclose in no mistaken voice

How sorely felt his travel was.

'Twas narrowing now to near the end.
While Grant in front, with aid of rich,
Exhaustless people at his back, sustained
By captains brave as ever wore a plume—
With Hancock, Warren, Meade and
Hundreds more, with thousands humbler names
As good and brave as they—beneath his eye
To catch its every glance,—with Sheridan,
The dauntless cavalier, and all his fearless host
To change the tide, did pour unceasing shot
And shell in face of Richmond's frowning walls,
The great leviathans with Sherman came
Up slowly in the rear of Lee.
A cloud of gloom
And black despair fast settled now upon
The city doomed to yield. A last and
Powerful struggle yet remained and only that.
That brave old soldier Lee, for truly such
He was, now ventured out, to find
Some avenue of safe escape, but he
Was near his end, and so he saw. He struck
Now left, now right, now forward, then
To rear, but every channel closed against
His flight. Like locusts came the assaulting hosts,
In front and flank and rear; by day,
By night; with shell, with shot; on foot,
On horse;—no end to the pouring stream
Of warring men. He looked to rear, as back
Again he fell; far, rising dust betokened
Danger there. Again he struck, but there,
Brave Sheridan drove off the blow.
Across the line he called to Grant
Who had already prayed him cease his war.
The Chieftains met. He tendered up his sword.
But no: too brave and fair a soldier he
For such humiliation, and too generous
For that the captor hand. His word was good.
No: he kept his sword by Grant's command.
The din was hushed. The brave, deluded men,
So faithfully and long their gallant
Leader followed, now laid down their
Burnished arms in silent peace beneath
The nation's flag, and then, with food

From former enemies' stores in cheerfulness
Dealt out to feed them on their way,
Unto their homes returned they all with but
A single promise,—that t' "obey the law."
And then to Sherman Johnston gave his men,
Who all, without a struggle, laid their arms
On piles beneath the banner they'd insulted, and
As those of Lee had done, returned.

A wild, unearthly shriek came rushing o'er
The troubled land just then like frantic cry
Of a drowning child at sea. The nation's heart
Was sick and faint. O! foul, remorseless
Demon, clad in human garb! When peace
And gladness beckoned and the people saw
The end at hand, thy deadly ball
Must pierce that noble brain which then
Was framing amnesty for all, and send uncalled
To heaven best of earth! The President
Is gone.—murdered—dead! A sickening grief
At first came o'er the people's hearts,
Revengeful hate came next, at last
The wiser, better thought:—On him alone
Who did the damning deed shall rest its curse.

Then Andrew Johnson took the wheel.

To west did Nashville's hero, Thomas, take
The tendered sword, and led the wandering
Warworn soldiers on their journey home.

The battle 's ended and the field is won. The flag
Floats over Sumpter now with all its stars
Still there, and Negros is a man.
The nation's law 's obeyed; the Union 's saved;
Each golden star retains its place; and high
O'er every battlement in beauty floats
The Star Spangled Banner.

CHAPTER VIII.

REMARKS.

Disbanding of the armies; our political history from the close of the war to 1868. Reconstruction; the impeachment of President Johnson; his opposition to Congress, etc.; rise of Southern feeling.

We hear the heavy tramp of armies now
Retiring from the scenes of bloody war
Wherein four millions men were armed,
And they our own. In columns long and deep
They move upon their dusty way, with weary feet,
But joyful hearts, to think their work of death
Is done, and home is near. They carry up
Their tattered banners as they march; they hold
Them stiffly, proudly up, as though
The battle smoke still lingered near
With enemy in front. They love those old
Scarred banners well,—are proud of every hole
And sabre cut that in them are. The steady eye
Of the warworn brave, when he looks upon
That proud old battle flag, lights up again,
And four years more he'd fight to save
It from disgrace.
For four long years
They fought, and bravely fought, but now they halt.
They stack their arms in lines, and stand
Their banners up against the guns.
Their dusty, sun-cracked knapsacks they
Unsling, and lay them on the ground. Adown
And up the lines they look upon the implements
Of war before them spread, a proud, sad look.
A tear, a strange, unbidden tear, starts out
And trickles down the sunburnt cheek
That knew not tears when danger faced.
A soldier's heart has feeling left. His eye

Within its steady light, holds still a tear;
And when he looks as now he does, upon
The long, long lines of what upon
A hundred fields had been his best
Companions, the silent tears will come.

He leaves his favorite gun in friendly hands,
Then turns about and goes with strange
Emotion never felt before, to where
The steaming engine waits. Like rays
From fire shining out, the varied lines
Of travel seen from business points
Where armies met and left their arms.
In trains uncounted now they're dashing o'er
The quivering rail, distributing themselves
Along the line, one here, one there—these starry
Lights of home—until the whole great army
Of the Union's gone away and lost itself
Among the people,
Then see that other train
Behind the first on every rail, where soldiers,
Pale and sick, do sit and lie, with arms,
And legs, and hands, behind them in
The South. Their eyes light up as now
Their homes are called and anxious friends
Come in to meet and love them, and receive
Them home. How many, oh, how many such
As these in every portion of the land,
Where but a few short years before
None knew the art of war, or ever felt
Its curse?
The husband comes. His tender
Trusting wife his footstep hears upon
The threshold rest; she bounds to meet him as
He stands and weeps such tears as never
Battle saw. Her tender arms around
His neck she throws, and on that manly breast
She weeps, oh! how lovingly and long.
She leads him in and seats him in his home.
She smiles, she laughs, she looks that sweet,
Angelic look he saw a thousand times
Before, but never, sweet as now.
He clasps her to his heart again, and thoughts
Crowd out his utterance—he simply weeps.
His soul flows out to meet her tender heart

In tears: They are his only language now.
She looks, and starts. "That arm?" She asks.
"At Chickamauga left." he answers low.
"But you are left, thank God," she says.
He gently takes her trembling hand and puts
It on his knee: "Feel that," he says. 'Tis wood."
"But still my husband's left, and he is all
To me." They're happy then. His duty's done,
And he's at home again.

The son unlocks
The front-yard gate, and walks with beating heart
To the old home door. There sits his father
In his old familiar garb, to welcome him.
"Brave boy," the old man says. "God bless
My soldier lad," and pats him on his dusty face
While rising tenderness chokes up his speech.
The loving sister comes in wildest joy, and throws
Herself upon his neck and kisses him;
The mother then, with trembling lips, and tears
Beneath the glasses running down;
The little brothers shy, and sisters,—all
So glad to see him home again.
His sister asks: "Where's Charlie?" "Dead."
"And John?"— A tear comes in the soldier's eye:—
That tells it all; he 's dead too. They all
Sit down together round the old door-step
And he tells them of the war.

And so it is
All o'er the land. Go, count the homes
Where vacant seats are seen and names
Of dear ones lost are heard repeated; count
The aching hearts where voids are left; repeat
The number of the widows and of orphans left
As pensioners upon the nation's bounty; then
Go, speak it to the world. The tale will ne'er
Be told.

Brave soldiers of the Union Army,
The nation owes you much. Your cause
Was noble just and pure; your sacrifices great
Beyond computing, and your patriotism
Unalloyed. How well you fought your nation's fight;
How long and steadfast was your work; how much
You lost, how much you won, how much
Endured, and all for liberty and law,
Is written in the heart of every true

American. Your names are written on
The everlasting page where all the good of men
Is penciled out. Maintain that great
And glorious record pure, and take it with
You to your graves untarnished. Let your children
Learn to love your names when those who bore
Them sleep their last, long sleep. And while
You treasure up your own, let not the waste
Of time obliterate that other charge
You have,—that sacred legacy of war,—
The name and child of him who sleeps
In shroud of blue upon the field of carnage
Where he fell. Forget him not. His work
He nobly did. He fell where others stood, amid
The fiercest fight. Go, mark his grave. Plant there
A pine—a rose—some evergreen—that though
The winter come, its leaves will never fade.
Forget him not, and save his child.
His widow, look to her: she's worthy of
Her dear lost dead. Spread flowers in
Her path. He loved her dearly, well. Forget
Him not.

And he that lost his cause,
See him. With sadness in his face, he looks
About to find the corner stone, or other trace
To mark the spot he called his home four years
Ago. His beautiful wife who bade him go,
Now leans upon his fainting arm, and weeps
To know how sadly they have fared, as thus
From place to place they wander, looking up
The landmarks of their former happy home.
The mansion house, the trees, the lawn,
All gone. The blue grass sward, wherein
His happy children played in the good old time
Gone by, adorns the parapet of some
Great Fort, or embrasure where many a
Deadly shell came out; and cannon balls
Have furrowed up his fields. Yes, war
Was there. They're homeless now, and poor.
Then proud, they're humble now. Then, slaves
To come and go at call,—in affluence and ease
They dwelt,—how changed! They're bankrupt now.

That other poor and saddened face we see,
Is he whose heart was never in the fight.

He did as he was bid to do. He goes to where
He left his wife and nestlings on the fatal day
That swept him from his home. They're gone.
He sits upon his humble door-step, now grown up
With moss and weeds, the chimney toppled down.
"Oh, where?" he asks himself, "may they be found?"
A stranger says: "They struggled hard in poverty,
And to save themselves from starving, left
To feed from hand the Government held out.
They're refugees."
But there's another young
And sparkling eye that lights the air about
It, whose look betrays the noble thought
Of never yielding to despair. He looks
About him with a careless air for those
Around to see, but hides his heart from view.
He calls his sister to his side and says:
"Not all is lost, my pretty girl. This heart
Is manly still. I've lost my cause, but not
My manhood yet. These hands that never yet
Have toiled, must now hold up the plow,
And you shall be my help. There's life in
The old land yet. Go hide away this
Little flag; put it in a silken case,
And let it sleep in peace. For a time
It fluttered proudly in the breeze, but now
The Stars and Stripes must be our flag.
Put it carefully away, and keep it as
An heirloom. Don't destroy it; I love
It still. There, dry your tears; have hope
My darling, not a fear."
Proud hearted boys
You were. Your fight was bravely fought.
Though wrong, you did not think it so.
Were you and those you fought, combined
Against a common foe, the world would stand
Aghast to see our greatness and our strength.

'Tis over now. The nation gathers up its dead,
And side by side as when they fell, they're placed
Within their last, long resting place, with little
Head-boards raised to tell their names.
Upon the little mounds the grass grows
Greenly up, and trees around them wave
Their sunlit leaves, while overhead

The banner waves to save whose stars they fell.
But what are those outside?—those ragged mounds
All through the woods, and on the hills about
The field whereon did fall those sleeping braves
Now resting on the grassy green?
They're "Rebel graves." Ah! Why not have
Them gathered too? They fought; they lost;
They gave the people much distress; but now
They fight no more. Go, gather them up too.

And those that live, who, in the smoky siege
Were uniformed in gray,—with them what shall
We do? They're humble now and would return
To him they spurned when in their rage. Be kind
To them. Secure the state and then forgive
Their wrong, and let them be our friends again.
See them strew upon the graves of those who fell
Their flowers and their tears. See them fold
Their cherished banners up and hide
Them from the public gaze, and now and then
When no one's near, display them to
Their children while they tell the story of the war.
Shall we ask them to instruct their babes
To hate their fathers for their cause and curse
The hand that gives them bread? 'Tis not in man
To so demean himself and teach his child
To spurn him. It is better far for us and them
To make ourselves secure, then draw a line
Across the face of all those dreadful years;
Wipe all their painful memories out, and lead
Our erring brothers back to better life.
They see their weakness now, and know full well
The strength that mastered them. They'll not renew
The fight. They think much better now of him
Who wore the blue than when they knew him not.
We all do know each other better now. Let us
Be generous to them then. Their loss
Was greater far than ours, and nothing gained
But lessons which in future will deter
Them from repeating this their grievous sin.
If punishment were needed, that they've had
To very great extent; their slaves, their cause,
Their pride, all gone. Can we not forgive
Them then and live together friends?
Be merciful, be kind, be just. Wipe out

The saddening lines that mar our past.
If we had done no wrong, there might
Be more then to avenge. But much remains
Untold of wrong that we have done.
Perfection comes not here, and all have gone
Astray. Save this one sin of theirs, we stood
On equal plane. As moral men and good.
In all things else, they stand as peers of all.
Give back to them their ancient rights
Save those their war destroyed. No harm
Can come of this if first we save the state,
And of rebellion write our hate in lines
Effulgent that the fool need not mistake.
The Negro now is free. We'll clothe him with
The ballot; then let us all be equals as
Our law intends. A sword will each have then
For self-protection and defense; and race
Or color of his skin will not debar him from
An equal voice in national affairs. The State
Will thus be safe and public health improved.

Four hideous years of raging fever passed.
The nation's throbbing pulse beats easier now;
It rests. A peaceful calm pervades the land.
Like human body by disease that's racked,
Its progress checked,—the crisis reached,
Recuperation then its silent work begins;
But every nerve by long abnormal strain
Is weakened and the patient prostrate lies.
It needs repose and quietude. The germ
Of health returning 's hidden there
But peaceful sunshine only is the pure
Safe atmosphere to grow it in. And so
With nations,—so with us. Our every nerve
We strained and held them thus for years.
Of strife so weary now we need repose.

To view the nation on the present now
We stand and back upon the country look
As there she basks within the glorious
Sunshine of that welcome peace which came
With all its golden fruits when half
A million men had wrapped themselves
In shroud of death for Union's sake.
And little less than these in rash attempt

To take his life had died, while many millions of
The people's gold, to feed and clothe
The soldiers with was spent. We see
The youthful nation resting from a war
Whose like the world had witnessed ne'er before;
A war wherein were armed more men,
In shorter time more battles fought,
More property destroyed, more money spent,
Than world had ever known in four short years
To any single people's land confined.

But what result,—what end obtained?
What questions settled, what principles
Not recognized before established in
The State? Of gain to Union's arms how much
To equipoise the balance on the other end of which
Do hang one half a million lives of men
And all the ills upon their death attendant?
We answer these: Secession is a crime
The nation won't excuse, or palliate its dye;
And human slavery shall ne'er again
Our people's peace disturb. The blood
Which in that dreadful war was spilled
And all the treasure lost,—the lands
Made desolate, the cities burned,—it seems
Was necessary to intruct the people that
We are a nation with adhesive force
Sufficient to perpetuate itself, and that
The great, Eternal Friend above
Wou d not permit another people to
Arise and grow upon the earth from seed
Their own great wickedness had planted,—that
The day and age had passed when Slavery
Might be the corner stone of any nation new.
Secession dead, and slavery expiring fast:
To these de.ermined facts the public heart
Responded; and did they who had rebelled
Declare: "Our honor 's sealed: we will not e'er
Again renew the strife. Our slaves we yield;
Our cl.im to independence too, as well;
Surrender all for which we waged our war.
Unto the nation's will submissively we bow,
And for the future peace of all devoutly pray.
No object have we now to bring distress
Anew. We've felt the pains of war and great

Humiliation of defeat. The People's banner 's ours;
To it we owe and bear allegiance."

But though has ceased the clash of arms,
A contest great as that does yet remain.
The war of mind, a battle of ideas now,
The future of the land how best t' arrange;
How best to profit by experience learned;
What safety-valves to make and where to place
Them in the great machinery of state;
What safeguards throw around the nation's head
To make the future safe; how best to regulate
The new conditioned mass so badly torn;
How much to give how much reserve;
What sureties to require of the vanquished men
Who yielded only when their strength had failed;
How best apply the lessons taught by war.
The errors of our past must now be cured;
Destroyed our causes of disease; and what
We've gained by such a costly war made safe
Beyond a doubt. If Slavery be dead,
'T must not be so in name alone;
All bulwarks of its ancient strength
Must be surrendered too. That foolish pride
Of Caste, begotten of the institution, must
Be buried with the rotten carcass of the thing
Itself, and so interred that when, in time
To come, if sympathetic trump should sound
From bugle of ambitious chieftain who
Arranges parties politic, to call to life
The old-time bitterness which ruled
And drove free thinkers from the South,
To aid in building up his strength,
A balance power shall be left to save
The fruits of victory won in Freedom's cause.
At least the former slave must yet
Be placed where weapons of defense
Within his own weak hands may hold
The preservation of his liberty and right.
Without the means of holding it, is freedom
Valueless. With these the slave must now
Be clothed, that in the future evolutions of
The changing times, he'll not be trampled down,
And made no less a slave than if he wore
His chains. He must be free indeed,

And in his freedom be protected by
An equal law which governs all.
The social system of the South must all
Be changed, and to the new condition made
Conform. So long accustomed was
She to the presence and the blight of this
Devouring curse, that all her body was
Diseased, and through her every pore
Was oozing out the poison of her sin.
She must now return to where she was
When in her infancy she prayed Kingcraft
To keep his slaves away. To great
First principles of government must she
Come back that all her sunny fields
May start afresh in equal race
With other portions of the land where rust
Of slavery had never eaten up their life.

All this and more must now be done.
That battle rages now. The end has not
Yet come. The Union safe, and Negros free;
Yet still in freedom more is meant
Than merely name. 'Tis thought that when
The struggle ends, we'll all be equal then
Before the law, each holding weapons of
Defense to parry all encroachments on
His rights, when color will no more be sign
For rise or fall of men. So may it be.
Its day has passion had. Shall reason now
Return and do her proper work, or shall
We still by hate and bitter jealousies
Prolong the past and deepen all its pain?

Forgetting all the bitterness with which
His rash, impulsive nature, in the times
Of strife within his native Tennessee,
Had shown how much a man could do
And say to baffle enemy's designs,
The President, now rising far above
The common plane of passion kindled by
The deadly war, upon the anxious people did
Bestow full amnesty for all the evil they
Had done, reserving leading few, whose prayers,
As common good in after time might seem
To indicate, for pardon would he hear.

Like dews upon the thirsting valleys, fell
This magnanimity upon the Southern heart,
And people everywhere said,—"well!"
He then, to give the chastened Southrons
Instruments for better governme t, built up
A system of initial rules to set them on
Their feet again. He asked them kindly too,
To give to some of Negros' sons an equal right
With them of suffrage, and share in the
Affairs of State; but this did they refuse,
And in its stead decreed some "vagrant" laws,
And other stringent acts, that bore
With hardship and unequal weight upon
The freedmen there. In office did they place
No one who in the stormy night of war
Retained his love for Union's flag, and fought
Its battles, but reward to those, and those alone,
Whose hands were yet unwashed from blood
Of loyal men, was freely given out.
To represent them in the nation's halls,
Such men as these were sent, and for them claimed
Admission in her gates without report,
Well knowing that it was against the law.
The loyal people's representatives complained
At such return of faith, and thought
That those who proved in time of need
Their worth as guards on freedom's walls,
Should rule the conquered land. They held
The matter up for further thought, and said
'Twas better not be hasty, lest an evil now
Be done which time could never cure. The keen
Discriminating eye of Stephens saw
Within the possible results in future of
Foreshadowed combination, a gloom
Which might eclipse the liberty, and bind
The arms of those to whom the nation pledged
Its strong protection. He counselled that 'twere best
To wait for better signs. Thus, a time delayed
Was restoration of the ancient law,
And Southern delegates were out of order ruled.

At this the zealous Johnson bitterly
Sent back his strong, sarcastic shafts
Of anger, and as traitors, equal with
The hand that recently had laid upon

The nation's throat its ruthless grasp.
He styled some men in public estimation held
Above reproach for virtues, and denounced
Their tardy disposition as an act
Of treachery deserving great contempt.
Unfortunate the sequel proves of this
Most ill considered speech. It threw
Into the very midst of all the people's hopes
A burning brand that started up afresh
The smouldering fires of the awful fire which
But recently consented to withdraw
Its fury and let the nation rest in peace.
From this imprudent and most ill-advised
Attack, between the two departments of
The government sprang up a contest bitter
As 'twas dangerous and long. As lawful right
The President did claim his plan
Of re-habilitation should remain untouched,
And representatives should be admitted from
His re-constructed States; and this infused
New hope into the dying Southern heart.
Perhaps not yet, thought they, all hope is lost;
And possibly in future droppings of the wheel
Of time, as signs, now ominous and growing, seemed
To indicate, the public sentiment they might
Divide, and still have power left.
The Congress thought it well to hasten not
Too fast in such important work,
Lest evils should arise in time from errors now
Committed, and did hence, declare that no
Authoritative restoration of all ancient rights,
Without their sanction and consent, could come.
A simple plan of settlement they tendered to
The people of the land, amendatory of
Organic law, whereby an equal system might
Prevail of power in the nation's council, and
Whereby the rule forever might remain
In loyal hands. It offered, too, reward
In power greater grown, to all the States
Where color was no bar to suffrage, and
Declared as equal citizens all persons born
Within the limits of the land and not
For crime disfranchised. This, with Johnson's own
Consent, by all the Southern States
Save Tennessee, was stubbornly refused,

And here this great and honored man
Destroyed himself. Some little deference
To those the Northern people honored in
The rights they claimed, would then have given
All the moral force of government combined
To work which so much needed it.

This fatal error of a patriotic President
Gave courage to a conquered people's pride,
And sad effects resulted both to him and them.
A word of prudent counsel from him then.
Restraining useless hopes, and urging meek
Compliance with the nation's will, had saved
Us much regret, and them a lasting pain.
A word of caution not to *press* but *yield*,
As they of right should do, would then
Have healed the sores which all did pray
Most ardently might cease their putrid flow,
And not again besmear the country's face.
A word of kind advice.—that they were conq'rd men,
And should obey, but not command; a word
Of truth, that government did not require
Surrender of all manhood and estate,
But simply every tributary stream which fed
The rushing tide rebellion emptied in
The nation's lap;—that loyalty should rule,
While those remain behind whose record was
Not fair; and that when these by acts, as well
As promise, were admitted right, and made
Secure, the end was reached;—had this
He done, our country's peace had been preserved,
And vastly better state prevail than now
We see. But he thought otherwise, and lent
His power and his name to stirring up
Of strife and discontent.
In place of steady work
Restoring peace and stronger Union, now
The people joined the governmental war,
And those who never saw the smoke
Of enemy's gun or joined the list of them
Who fought when war was raging, clamored loud
And long against Republican aggression,
Usurpation of the Congress, and despotism
Of the military arm, as well a horrid want
Of common love of liberty, and great

Corruption in the highest places. Thus
A party, strong and threatening, rose,
Whose object was to ring these changes on
The public ear till, frightened lest
Their liberties should pass away forever,
They might be goaded to resistance, and
Replace it once again in power.
This gave
The wasted pulses of the stricken South
New energy and zeal. Now, nothing would
They do but wait result of contest Johnson waged.
The Congress then thought time had come
To face the danger and its consequence accept.
They held the reins while o'er the people's homes
Rebellion swept like unchained thunder in
The troubled sky; no reason saw they now
Why still another year or two they could
Not steer the gallant ship they'd manned
So well before.
They sent the warrior Grant
To hold the people still while they reorganized
The Southern land. For such ungrateful acts
As here have been detailed, they drew a line
'Twixt those who had remained the friends
Of national supremacy, and those that failed
In this first duty of the citizen in times
When loyalty was in demand; and passing o'er
The color of the skin, clothed *faithful* men,
Without regard to former state, with right
To choose their rulers and their laws.
The leading lights whose glitter stirred
The deadly strife and chased its fury on,
Were all disfranchised; and the people, thus
Arrayed, were taught to build them up
A safer, and a better law, by which the rights
Of all are equalized. The work is near
Completed now. Two years have passed,
And in the Congress sit the representatives
Of all those troublous States save three,
And they will come in time as well.

But one thing now remains to make
Our States that which within the cloud was first
Designed but crippled through the years
By evil spirits' work:—a perfect and

An universal freedom. Through their pride
And persevering obstinacy, led by those
Of whom were better things expected, sons
Of Redlohevals find themselves of power
Stripped save that which mind on mind
In different planes of life exerts.
The negro now in all respects secure,—
(Unless, indeed, the ghost of Tarcomed
Should rise again to curse the land;)
Why not at once restore to them
Their ancient rights excepting those
By fundamental law denied? When this
Is done, and not till then, the land will bloom
Again as in the olden time, and not
On earth so free a people and so great,
In all the elements which give success,
As happy, free America.

CHAPTER IX.

REMARKS.

The United States as seen from an aerial journey; the Temple of Liberty; an American Presidential campaign; the recent contest between Gen. Grant and Gov. Seymour; trial of Laredef,

The midnight has passed and the starlight's receding,
While far away east, on the grayish horizon
We see the faint dapples of day's early dawning;
Then lighter and lighter the morning is growing
And fiery gleams of the earliest sunlight
Are streaming in masses of glimmering splendor
All over the hills and the valleys and mountains,
Awaking up Nature from silence and dreaming
And draping the heavens in silvery lining.

Above the clear tide of the lucid Ohio,
With all her fair meadows and beautiful farm lands,
Where thousands of farmers are happily dwelling
Whose fields with rich harvests are heavily burdened
And sending above them their delicate fragrance;
Where cities and villages, raising their steeples,
In floods of the healthiest, cheeriest sunlight,
Are looking like so many innocent teachers
That point to the happier heaven above us.
'Tis here that we stand, 'mid this beautiful landscape,
Enjoying the sweetness of purest of mornings,
And enter upon an aerial journey
To pencil and sketch out the country we live in.

Away to the east of us, pure in the morning's
Serenity, cautiously op'ning their caverns
And rocky, precipitous cliffs and bold ledges,
The rugged old mountains of happy New England
Are robing their summits in golden adornment.
And silently showing a look of contentment

That mortals around them might well take a note of.
Beneath them the valleys with fatness o'erflowing,
Where happy and peaceful are dwelling the farmers;
And milk-maids abundant attending the dairies;
Where neat little cottages workmen are building,
And fabrics of endless varieties, fingers
Of women are constant, unceasingly spinning;
Where active, industrious people are busy
In every conceivable kind of employment
And making themselves and their studious children
The better and wiser because of their training
In arts that are useful and duties ennobling.
All over this busy community, nestling
Beneath the cool edges of many a forest
Where tenderly martins are singing their carrols
To those who attend their sequestered amusement,
No less than upon the fair bosom of valleys
Where orchards and gardens make sweet with their odors
Surrounding enchantment; or on the great headlands
Where ocean comes solemnly near them with deep, hollow roaring
To bathe the rough rocks and the trees that upon them
Do rest in their places securely; or there, in
The villages where the mechanics are plying
Their industry, filling the land up with plenty,
We see the neat school house and numberless scholars
Attending the lessons that in them are taught there.
The churches and colleges, airy and cleanly,
That rear up their belfries in modest demeanor
Bestow on the land the riches of learning
And piety pure as is taught among christians.

To south of the region we now are surveying,
We hear the deep roar of the rock-ribbed Atlantic,—
As, washing the shores with her high rolling waters
She rises and falls again daily and nightly
With regular intervals resting, save when the Storm King
His cold, chilling currents does blow on her bosom.
Then, rising in fury and madness, she flushes
With anger, and foaming in desperate passion.
She lashes the rocks on her borders, and frightens
The ships that do sail on her surface, and sinks them.

To north do we hear the low moan of Niagara,
As over her ledges she pours down her waters,
And foaming from bottom where plunged they in madness,
The mists rising o'er it display to the watcher
That's anxiously gazing, most beautiful rainbows,
Then pass to the clouds for another refreshment
Of earth when she prays in her violent thirsting
For heaven to moisten her face, and to cool it.
We look at the fields of the Genessee farmers.
And see their ripe harvests o'erlaying the distance,
And then do we see the neat valley of Mohawk
Who mingles her waters with those of the Hudson
Which flows at the feet of the Empire City.
And there goes away to the South Susquehanna,
Through lands of contented and happy old Keystone,
And near to her southward, Potomac with substance
That bright Shenandoah has fed her from mountains
And valleys of old Allegheny, where often
In olden time gone the wigwams of Indians
In peace and security were with their inmates.

To northward again do we look, on the border,
Where lakes and their streamlets in silence are resting;
And westward from these to the wealtheir region,
Where miners and trappers are building their fortunes
In digging for copper and catching the beaver.
To southward of these then we come, where the prairies,
Outstretching their beautiful margins, invite us
To pluck the fair flowers and look at the farmers
While they, with their reapers and mowers, do shear the
Fair face of their fields, and do gather their crops in.

Across the deep tide of the Father of waters,
Missouri, with iron beneath her great mountains
Sufficient to cover the land with her armor,
Implores us a moment to view her broad rivers,
Her hills, and her valleys, and fast growing people.
Then off towards the sunset, we go on our journey,
Where elk, and the buffalo, feed in great numbers—
Where upper Misouri, and all her great feeders,
Come springing in gladness from feet of the mountains.

From hence the eye glances on over the valleys
And widening plains of the Carson, to westward
In land of the miner—in land rich and golden—
Where vines, in their richness grow wild and luxuriant,
And yield to the gath'rer their sweet luscious vintage.
To northward is Oregon, clad in her forests,
Where glides the Columbia toward the Pacific,
Whose hoarse and deep voice the pioneer welcomes
To breathe in his health-giving currents and breezes.
Then southward there flowing the young Sacramento
From mountains snow-capt in the hottest of summer,
Through valleys rich teeming with grain and with verdure,
Where cattle are pastured and watched by their herdsmen.

Then backward again, o'er the great mountain ridges
Dividing the land that we love in two portions,
Where breezes refreshing spring up from Nevada
To heighten and stimulate pleasing emotions.
To east, and to south of us, theae lay the prairies,
With wild horses grazing near edges of forests
Which border those beautiful plains and adorn them
As silvery rays do the clouds of the morning.
Then, far in the distance, we see the good people
At work in the fields, while prairies around them
Are dotted all over with cattle there feeding,
With sheep, and with goats, and many blithe kidlings
That play upon ruins of ancient cathedrals
In olden time built, and on Mexican Missions
Whose mounds may be seen in those limitless prairies
Where springs issue forth from their life giving fountains,
And groves of live oak, and of walnut abundant,
Do stud here and there the plateaus of young Texas.

O'er sugar plantations of fair Louisiana,
Whose oranges come to the chamber of fever
As wine to the weary and desolate traveller,
Continuing now our hurrying journey,
We pass over forests of cotton and pine trees
Which cover the features of proud Mississippi,
And breathe the fresh odors ascending up from them.
Then over the live oaks of fair Alabama,

Whose branches are hanging in festoons of mosses,
Suspended like so many silvery garlands
On heads of the fairest of virtuous women.
We see her fair cities in midst of her oak trees,
Secluded and cheery, like maids of the mountain,
Whose hearts are the places where nature's seclusion
Does purify, brighten, and elevate passions
Directed and trained in the schools of teachers.

O'er Georgia we pass with her rocky faced hill-sides,
Where breezes do reach us from far off Atlantic;
And next to the Caroline sisters then sail we
O'er sand-hills and ridges, where odor of charcoal
Does welcomely come to our nostrils. Still onward
To Tennessee then, where the honest old farmers
Consume their own produce and smoke their tobacco,
Who dwell in contentment, not feeling the anxious
Solicitude some of their neighbors around them
Do have as to coal, and to lead, and to marble,
Which lay in great beds in their beautiful mountains;
To wheat and to vines that abundantly grow there
In valleys of greatest fertility, watered
By deep winding rivers and springs never failing.
Then over Kentucky, whose blue-grass and horses
Give note to her acres; whose beautiful women
Are part of the spirit that lends its enchantment
To this most delightful and ornate of regions,
We pass to th' beginning; and on the fair margin
Of young Indiana, whose network of railroads
Extending in every direction from centre,
Commands the attention of every observer,
Whose people are ever directly connected
With all of the world that is lying about them,
We rest on the banks of the lucid Ohio
At point where we started this beautiful morning
And look at the picture we've hurriedly painted
Of all our land,—the American landscape.

In midst of this landscape which here we have painted,
On banks of the beautiful, limpid Ohio,
There rises up now a magnificent temple
Of structure artistic and grandest proportions,
Whose spacious apartments are ample and roomy
T' accommodate all of the gathering freemen.

It stands upon pillars on pedestals massive
In number uneven—just thirty and seven.
They rest on a solid, a rocky foundation
Of smooth and of glassy appearance and finish.
The pillars are walls, and the spaces between t hem
Are doorways for places of entrance, and windows
For passage of light and the free air around it.
In form it is that of a regular circle
Extending up heavenward many a cubit,
Surmounted at intervals equally distant
By turrets and towers of firm architecture,
Where sentinels diligent, faithful, are watching
And guarding this grandest of temples beneath them.
Inside of the circle of towers, there rises a dome up
With series of arches and braces sustaining
Its manifold parts and its wonderful angles,
Whose surface, though built up of squares and of corners,
With numberless changes of commonest figures,
Is arching in perfect proportions and glowing.
Above it there rests on a system of circles
Each smaller than that upon which it is resting,
A dome, but of smaller dimensions, inverted,
In midst of which Liberty's fires are burning.
From center of this up there rises a column
Surrounded by smoke and the flames of the altar,
Which serves as a beacon to suffering nations,
Inviting them here to the pleasures of freedom.
Above, and to guard it, in pride of his grandeur,
With eye of a keenness and lustre defying
The brightness and glare of the sun in his splendor,
Contented with duty conforming to nature,
And looking away all the storms that would harm him,
In plumage of varied and magical colors,
All tinged with a matchless and silvery lustre
That dazzles the eye of the eager beholder,
As, gleaming, and flashing, it glances the brightness
Of sunlight that's darting its streams of effulgence
Upon his unspeakably brilliant apparel;
Majestic and patient, and silently watching
In gloom of the noontide, in calm of the twilight,
In hush of the quiet of midnight, and beauty
Of morning, an Eagle is sitting—an eagle
Unchained from the mountains—liberty's symbol.

He holds in his talons that glorious banner
Which first he had shown to the struggling pilgrims,
And throws to the breezes of heaven its colors,
Proclaiming that this is the Flag of the Nation.

At centre below, in a golden enclosure,
A circular area's open and empty,
The which for convenience is properly known as
The Forum with entrances four at the points of
The compass, where, out from the Forum extending,
With spaces between them of equal dimensions
Within the great Temple, in segments of circles
Near centre though short, to the outer edge lengthened
And rising as each is receding, in numbers
Sufficient t'receive the whole people with comfor
Are seats for the pleasure of listening freemen.

From every direction the people are coming
In numbers uncounted with badges and banners,
Some tattered and war-worn, some shining and
glist'ning
Just fresh from the hands of their skillful projectors;
With music and dancing, the blowing of bugles
The beating of drums, and with every manner
Of musical pleasure that could be devised for
Affecting emotions of patriot freemen.
The wealth of the country, its poverty, weakness
And strength do we see represented; the masses
Are mixed in an endless and curious confusion.
With whites in their varied and singular feelings
Are coming the blacks in their medley of colors,
Who now, they thank God, are divested of fetters.
All manners of classes in many gradations,
But massed in a general admixture of equals;
All shades of opinion, of look and of stature,
With habits and customs as equally various.

And such are the people in streams that are coming,
No end that we see to the lines reaching backward
Away in the deep of the widening distance.

Now into the Temple they're pouring incessant
Through each of the doorways so airy and open,
Dividing and seating themselves in the places
Which fancy dictates as the choicest and safest.

No noise or confusion, but pleasant and quiet
Is all their deportment; no discord or striving.
Though rivalry 's lurking in many a bosom.
And passion and prejudice lie in abundance
Beneath the calm surface so peacefully seeming.

Oh! There they are resting, this liberal people.
They equal in all many millions of faces
In circles enlarging as outward and upward
They rise in the limitless distance awaiting
Impatient the scene that's aproaching the Forum;
For this is our cherished AMERICAN COURT ROOM.

"What do they all here thus assembled?" you're
asking:
"What national trouble now fevers the people
That thus in such numbers and strength they are
gathered?"
In answer, you hear, a quadrennial Law-suit
Is pending in this most exalted Tribunal
Where all of the people are jurors to try it.
The great Court is this of Appeals where do causes
Come up from inferior courts (with the reasons
Why Justice or Liberty has been insulted
As those who are grieved do most earnestly view
them.)
For settlement fair as the voters decide them.

The cause that is set at this term for a hearing
Is one which dissatisfied freemen presented,
With charges of serious and threatening nature
Against a responsible part of the nation,
And noble old Laredef is the defendant.

In midst of the Forum, on pedestal granite,
Superbly in robes of his ermine, sits Justice
Presiding, while near and behind him, in grandeur
Unequaled, is Union in charge of his keepers,—
Fair Virtue, with Liberty and Independence.
The anxious assembly are breathing in silence
As listening, hear they the sound of his gavel;
And then, as an echo goes on through the mountains'
So echoed the voice of the Judge: "Let him be
presented."
The widening circles of earnest spectators,

To see the great prisoner, highly distinguished.
Now looked in great eagerness, wondering only
What would the result be if he had evaded
The summons the People in majesty sent him.

Look! There he 's approching in lordly deportment,
His features decided and furrowed, but pleasant.
His locks are all whitened and placidly hanging
Upon his broad shoulders and happily playing
In zephyrs that softly are creeping and musing
About in their mystical fancies and fanning
The faces of this multitudinous audience.
Beside him his sureties are modestly coming.—
The warrior Chieftain who, wearing his laurels
So honestly won in a hundred fought battles,
Wrings cheer upon cheer from th' assembled battallions
Who followed his lead in the days of his glory;
And with him the young man,—the child of the people—
Whose industry raised him to this high position—
Reward that is given to labor unceasing—
The honest young printer of fair Indiana.

Then Seymour appears in his yeomanlike garments,
A modest and truthful example of fairness
To those he conceives he has injured; and with him
He brings his impassioned debater and soldier
Whose honors, not burdensome though they are glaring,
Were dextrously won him and proud'y he wears them.
He reads in a voice that the multitude, list'ning,
May hear with distinctness each syllable uttered,
The long list of charges made th' indictment.

"DISSATISFIED CITIZENS CHARGE YOU WITH TREASON
CORRUPTION AND MURDER; WITH BURGLARY, ARSON,
EMBEZZLEMENT; GREAT USURPATION OF POWER
UNAUTHORIZED CLEARLY BY LAW; AND WE CHARGE YOU
WITH WICKED MALFEASANCE IN OFFICE; AND FURTHER
WITH WANT OF THAT LOVE WHICH HAS EVER BEEN COMMON
AMONG OUR PEOPLE OF FREEDOM. WHAT SAY YOU?"

"NOT GUILTY": Responded the prisoner, bowing
To Justice, who answered, "Proceed with the trial"

The Counsel, arranged in their various places,
Are proud Redlohevals and meek Namecaep,
Who urge the conviction of Laredef proudly
Now looking around him. And bold Tarcomedraw,
And with him Ambition, appeared for the pris'ner.

The Plea was then entered as Justice directed,
And witnesses came and were sworn to speak truly
Whatever they'd testify for or against him.
First spake a degenerate son of Ambition
Whose business it seemed, without further observing,
Was public commotion, that by it he'd clamber
To power for which he was eagerly thirsting.
His name,—Ex Officio,— does amply determine
Between the employment he had and his office.

But now that we're op'ning this solemn proceeding,
We'll change for the better, it is hoped, our measure
From constantly rolling, symmetrical cadence
To that more expressive of depth and of reason,
Where though may not thought be so pleasantly
spoken,
Yet argument based upon logical reason,
Is better expressed in a meter more nearly
According in spirit with what it is showing
To eye of the careful and critical reader.

The witness then proceeded thus:
"I know
The pris'ner here arraigned; for years have known
Him well; and through the bloody war
So recently that devastated all the South.
I watched his wicked course. When first
It came, he promised fair that by the law
He'd wage his war without intent
To subjugate or make it one of spoil
Or conquest. Constitution was his guide.
He said; from that he'd never deviate.
Abiding hope this gave the South that no
Unjust, illegal warfare 'gainst them would
Be waged; they set themselves about

To place the fight on purely legal grounds.
Forgetting all his sacred promises,
He called great armies out and slaughtered men
In wilful malice; he destroyed their homes,
Set fire to their cities; and for all this work
Of wickedness, he used the treasure wrung
From pockets of the people. When the armies of
The South, on terms by all well understood,
Surrendered up their arms, their cause,
And all for which so long they fought,
He instituted kinds of legislation such
As ne'er were known in our land before.
And now, in violation of the written law
A quarter million of the wisest citizens
He has deprived of right to vote, while those
Who were the slaves of them disfranchised are
Entrusted with most full and perfect rights.
A Freedmen's Bureau too, has he set up
At great expense the negro's interest to guard.
He has destroyed the governments of ten
Great States, and in their stead built others up
On negro votes in part, while many white
And knowing men were not allowed a voice
In any State affair. Besides he has
Arrested men, confined them too in jails without
Authority of law save that which he
Himself had made; convicted them
And executed his decree by force of arms.
Because the nation's oath-bound President
With such administration of the law would not
Ally himself, did Laredef attempt
By means of quick impeachment, to
Remove him from his office. And,
Lest Courts should interfere in his designs,
He hedged them round about with rules
Abridging rights untrammelled heretofore.
To force submission to his will, he keeps
His armies in the field, and to retain
His hold of power does the people grind
With taxes grievous to be borne."

Next Freedman, as defendant's witness came;
But Namecaep made objection; "For,"
Said he; "The color of his skin betrays
His blood. Against a white his tale cannot

Be told."
Said Justice then: "'Tis true his skin,
By small degree, is not so white as thine,
But still he is a man; and if he speak
The truth, that 's all he' s sworn to tell.
Let him but speak that which he knows."

His testimony thus then Freedman gave:

"The blood which in my veins does pour
Its crimson current on is mixed, for that
Of two distinct ancestral stocks is there:
My father white, my mother was his slave.
In this respect one half my people are the same.
Two centuries and more we've toiled in chains
Beneath the lash of cruel overseers, and
The profit of our toil the master reaped,
Through all that long and dismal gloom
Of servile bondage, when the hope of time's
Approaching crisis that should make us free
Was faintly glimmering in darkness deep
As Egypt's night for ages in the unknown years
Of future change, no hand of power ever came
To our relief to give us of ourselves control,
Save Laredef, now here arraigned.
No friend to us so good as he. Without
His aid we'd still be slaves. But though he made
Us free, when war had ceased, and men
Returned to peaceful life, because of promise oft
Repeated sacredly he gave the rule
To whites, entrusting us and our fate
To future keeping of the masters that we served
In olden time, believing they would do
Us justice. Most shamefully was he
Betrayed. No sooner was the power placed
In hands like those, than thick and fast
Did trouble come upon us; and if Laredef
Had given no relief, our fortunes had
Descended low and deep beneath the dark
Horizon of an awful night. His Bureau led
Us through the sea, and now we're safe on shore.
Our people love not bondage well, not yet
Adore the hand that held us so. When news
Of our freedom came, we joined the army of
The free, and this displeased the Southern men.

Such laws as they conceived would keep us slaves
In fact, though free in name, they passed.
When by the great commotion, some were thrown
Without employment on the changing times,
As "vagrants" were they classed and forced
By law to labor when they had no voice
Whatever in the contract. By law
Compelled some spot named "Home" to have,
And yet the right to purchase one denied;
To educate our children promises were made,
But taxes on us levied paid the total cost.
And if too poor, perchance, to pay the tithe
Of each required for the public purse
Our indigent, decrepit, old and young to feed,
To grind the needed dollar out, the law
Arrested us, our time at public auction sold.
As "Servants" by this law and "Masters" were
Employer and employed there known.
If cruel and abusive masters proved,
No remedy the servant had but to submit.
If measure from a harvest labor had
Produced, as owners would we sell, denied
This common right of freemen o'er the world
Except our masters' written permits could
We show. Although when slaves we learned
Mechanic arts and practiced them; as slaves
Christ's Gospel did declare, in this new dawn
Of freedom reconstructed,—Liberty redeemed,
If over anvil or the plane a colored hand
Its strength would wield, a license must be paid
Quite equal to the earnings of the trade;
Before we dared—(although three quarters white—]
To call our kin together and proclaim
The truth in God as best we saw it, law
Of record taxed us dollars ten per year.
The truth is stated when I say the form,
And that alone, of slavery was changed.
This system of unequal laws to us
Did work injustice; and without the timely aid
Of Laredef, we'd still be bound in worse
Condition, were it possible, than when
They owned us. Now that we have voice
In state affairs, our votes protect our rights;
The ballot gives us safety-valve whereby
We regulate the public engine and control

Its steam. Without the help of Laredef,
Large numbers of us might have starved,
And not the black alone, but white as well.
So long as we are slaves, we've many friends;—
Such friends as owners to their cattle are;
But when we doff that cheerless garb,
And robe ourselves in manhood's uniform,
Their vaunted friendship quickly vanishes,
Unless we use our freedom for their good,—not ours.
Although two hundred years we've worked for **them,**
And made them what they are in wealth, without
Attempting once their blood, because we love
The hand that made us free, and won't forget
Its name, they think us enemies of them.
In numbers nearly equal to their own,
Without a voice in public councils, are
We left, one third and more, the slaves of those
Who know us not as men but things.
Four millions now and more we are, and soon,
If Laredef retains the rule, as *men* we'll aid
The nation to replace the money spent for us
In time of our need. In earnest now
Our people are at work. Our children learn
To read in schools established by
Good Laredef. No place of learning there
Was built for us till he assumed control
And none would e'er have been, if left
To Southern love of equal rights."

The Secretary then of Laredef was called,
And op'ning out his hundred written books,
He said:

"Correctly these accounts are kept,
And not a dollar of the people's money has
Been spent except upon a warrant signed
According to the law, and for a purpose named,
Which is of record here. The vanquished South
Was not disposed to grant a fair estate
To those from slavery by war made free,
Nor yet to those within their midst who, when
The nation needed friends stood firmly by it.
Not learned in ways of equal freedom yet;
And having once against the legal rule
Rebelled and forfeited their ancient rights,
'Twas deemed but safe and proper for the state

To place them under bonds a time, until
The safety of the whole was amply made
Secure. The military arm, for this,
Was stretched across the land. But now,
When equal and impartial laws obtain,
And sure protection is afforded all,
While posts of honor and of trust are filled
By those, and those alone, whose history
Is not besmeared by stains of loyal blood,
The military yields to civil law. The way
For future restoration to their former rights
Of those who once betrayed the nation's trust,
Is open, and their good behaviour will
In time effect the cure. Though Laredef
Has held them thus at bay, 'twas not because
He'd serve his private ends, but that the rule
Might hence remain in loyal hands.
When peace was first proclaimed, he was
Most generously disposed to grant them rule,
And amnesty went gladly forth to all;
But quickly they betrayed his trust, and turned
Upon him all the power that he gave. With help
Of secret agencies, their acts disclosed
A plan to thwart the nation's will and hope
By placing at their head the men who led
Them in the war. This, he said, was wrong,
And so believing, changed his generous design,
He raised another class of voters up
Who thought rebellion was at least not right,
And who'd respect the rights of Union's friends.
Then when he sent his agents out to feed
And teach the ignorant and poor,
'Twas done to save the starving refugee,
And trim the flickering flame of life
Which cruelty had nearly beaten from the slave.
His work was earnest, not corrupt,
And done, as he advised, to save the State."

The testimony here was ended, and the Judge
Proclaimed: "The argument will now proceed.',

Then Redlohevals, proudly rising up,
Addressed the jury thus, upon the facts
Presented:

"I appear to plead the wrongs

My people suffer at the hands of him
Who here is charged with gravest crimes.
We waged a war as never man had waged,
Against his usurpations, as we thought they were,
For four eventful years. Conceiving we
Were right, his conquest of our arms has made
No change in our opinions. Overcome
By force superior to our own, we looked
A last, long look upon our fallen flag,
And yielded to our captors' strength. Returned
To homes we left, unsullied as our honor was,
We swore allegiance to the law supreme.
That oath we've never broken, nor intend
It ever shall be. Though defeated on the field;
Though all for which we waged our war
Was lost, and fairly lost, because our choice
Was arms as weapons to decide the cause,
We claim our manhood still remains
To us, and all that common love of right
Descended from our fathers down. We claim
To be Americans no less because we differed with
Our countrymen upon an open question, and
Were willing to abide the sword's decision
Of the matter in dispute. Against the charge
That we are enemies to liberty,
Or to the government our fathers made,
We earnestly protest, and brand it as unfair,
Uegenerous, unjust. That spirit of
Rebellion now remains within our hearts,
Is equally untrue; and that the public weal
Is not our first only wish, is false.

"The hidden memories of that awful time
When blood was moist'ning all our happy land,
Come struggling up for utterance while I speak.
Look here! Look there! The smouldering embers of
Our ruined cities send their curling wreaths
Of smoke above to catch the trav'ler's eye;
Our wasted fields, our homes destroyed, our sons
In death's embrace asleep; our slaves set free
And turned upon us with unbridled power;—
Are these no losses? Nothing these to call the tears
To strong mens' eyes? No causes these for pain
And inner wretchedness? Then rich, now poor;
Then happy, now disconsolate; Then free,

Now slaves. Oh! that some great power would
Descend and give us back our ancient state
Without the bondman or his chains, how soon
We'd rise again and show the gaping world
There's life still in the noble land we love.
We care not for the slave;—we care not for his loss;
We're asking now for freedom, and that we mean
To have.

"Our pride 's not conquered yet. Within
Our hearts are raised strong citadels of life
Where angels guard the parapets, where shafts
Of malice, envy and revenge can never reach,
And where we're safe at least from hate.
The glittering bayonet's a stranger there;
The sword has never reached its seat; the rods
That tyrants use do never scar its flesh;
And there no earthly process sends its summons.
Yes, there, at least, we're free; and though
The throng around do scoff and snarl
As passing we are seen, oh! there we're free
From all to hold communion with our God,
And let the cruel, wicked world go by.

But now that we have lost our cause, and sworn
Allegiance to the power we braved for years,
And pledge our sacred honor for the trust,
A portion of us are denied the common rights
Of man in nations free, while those who were
Our slaves in times departed and not long
Ago, do hold the reins in part, and rule
The land which once we owned and now do dwell
In. This the work of Laredef. Responsible
Is he for all the wrongs of which we now
Complain. The loss of war, its causes or
Results, I'll not discuss. The trouble now
Is, that we're bound, and owe our bondage to
The prisoner here arraigned. He holds
Us in his iron grasp; he spurns us and
Our prayers; he turns away from all our cries;
He points us back to war, and tells us there
We sowed the seed we're reaping now.
He teaches madness to our former slaves, and leads
Them off from duty; he sends his emissaries out
To breed dissension, strife and war, and binds
The freedmen to his plans by secret oaths.

He sends his troops of war to hold us still
While he does tie our hands, destroy our rights,
And set the negroes on our necks. He rules
By power of his might. He gives us credit for
No good; will trust us none with rule. We pay
Him taxes, and we pay his debts; he calls us still
The nation's citizens, and yet he rules us by
A brutal race, unlearned, unlettered, fit
For nothing but t' obey what others bid.

"Like swarms of insects do his minions
Come and spread their damning poison o'er
The land. They open up afresh the wounds
That war had made which all would gladly close
And heal; they sow the seed of strife and future war;
Wherein the loser is, and must be, he whose dark,
Benighted passions now they're using for their good.
They keep the public feeling strung to height
That cannot long remain without a break.
Each hour is it on the verge of terrible revolt.
Insulting to us and our former status in
The land; insulting to our prejudices, and
Insulting to our manhood's native pride;—
They fill our offices, and eat our substance up.
They conjure in their mischief-making brains
Imaginary evils, and disturb our people's peace
By dragging innocence to dungeons fit
For fiends incarnate. They do cry for peace,
But by their mad, infernal arts of vice,
They goad us on to rashness in our sore
Oppression, then, the evidences of our pain
And restive discontent, they use as darts
For distant enemies to pierce us with,
And make our bad condition worse.
Communication close with this their chief,—
This demon monster Laredef, they keep,
Who sanctions and approves their wickedness.
The countless treasure which the people pay
For public use, he sends in cargoes out
To these infatuated myrmidons,
That they may bleed us in our humble homes,
Then turn and spew their stolen blood upon
Our childrens' names. Oh! the awful flame
Of hot devouring fire he is feeding; the
Remorseless hate his tyranny is breeding in

The hearts of men once free; the storm of death
And dreadful devastation that his want
Of all the courtesies of life is fast
Creating in the near approaching future, sees
He not. His fiendish armor blinds him from
The pregnant truth. But when it comes, as come
It must, unless he cease his cursed spoil,
The overmastering tide of burning heat
Which shall consume him and his silly dupes,
Will rage unceasing and unflagging till
The proud old homes we love are free again.
We've no relief from his accursed despotism, save
In his dethronement and defeat."

To this impassioned speech replying, thus
Did Tarcomedraw join debate:

"The proffered aid of friends, when friends had done
Him good, he spurned, and scorned, with threat
And contumely. Now he reaps reward
Of madness that himself aroused; reward
Of evil that himself has sown: reward of pride
He cherished then, and fondled to his heart
As jewel in a royal diadem.
All arts of peace and kindly feeling then
Were brought to bear upon his burning rage;
The voice of friends he'd never known to tell
A heartless tale implored him to return
To those who loved him well, and not disturb
The country's peace: the tears of Mercy fell
Upon his frenzied heart like rain, and she
Appealed in words of tenderness and love
To all the manly instincts of his kind
To cease his wicked crusade; but he thrust
Her prayers aside as trash, and listened to
The foolish tale of Pride. Ambition gave
Him word of caution; Wisdom gave advice;
And Justice gave him fearful warning; but
In cruel disregard of every kind
Entreaty for his welfare and his peace,
He swore he'd take the sword, and now he reaps
Its cruel harvests. He brewed the dreadful storm,
And when its crushing tempest overtakes
His path and brings destruction on, he weeps,
And prays for safe deliverance at hands

Of those whose warning voice he would
Not condescend to hear when danger might
Have been averted. Let him writhe a time
In torment brought as fit accruing end
Of stubborn pride and wicked, wilful self-
Deception. Let him feel the penalties
Of courted civil war; let him riot now
Amid its ruin; let him struggle with
The wreck he made, until its broken spars
Do carry him to shore. Aye, let him learn
By such experience as this what harm
His evil passions did; what dreadful scourge
He brought upon the land, what burning wounds
His daggers made; what tender hearts he broke;
What terrible alarm he gave the people; what
Irretrievable bereavements he has made;
How very wrong and wicked he has been; and then,
Perchance, some safer hopes of his
Repentance may arise, some promises
Which may be treated with becoming trust.
He broke the nation's law; defied its will;
His sacred honor pledged he broke; his oath
Of true allegiance violated, and made war
Upon the flag our fathers bore in triumph
Over Bunker Hill and Brandywine. Yes, his
Was act the first in drama now whose
After piece he plays, and frets and worries o'er
His part.

"Restore to us our honored dead;
Heal up the wounds you've made in hearts
Of women fair and lovely as the morn;
Bring back our fallen braves; erase the scars
Upon one million soldiers living still;
Replace their broken limbs; give houses to
The homeless widows; feed and clothe the child
Left orphan on the mercies of the noble land;
Our empty coffers fill, and clothe the poor
You've made;—then pray in penitence and fear
For mercy at the feet of those you scorned
When you were the aggressors and we were
The suppliants.

"Complaining now you come
Of iron rule, of military courts, and jails;
Of false arrests, corruption, and deceit.
Look back, oh, guilty being, look adown

The bloody lane of recent years, and see
Your dangling victims hang upon your hills;
Your cursed engines of malignant hate,
Which sent their thousands into early death,
And Union-loving men in dread away
From homes their childhood knew and loved.
To use the torch and steel, were you the first;
To fill the dungeon cells with men at peace
And not in soldier's uniform, the first
Were you; to send the leaden messenger
To heart opposed or so suspected, you.
And those you led were first; to take the life
Of him his cause deserted under arms,
The first were you. Oh! say not now
Your cause was just and such as these were right.
Restrain your tears; they come too late to bring
Us what we lost, and remedy your wrongs.

"You told us then to let you go. Alone
To live forever was your sole demand.
Too proud to live as all your fathers did,
In peace with those who had a right to rule,
You drenched the land with blood; and now
When retribution comes, you cry because
Your self inflicted pain is great and sore.
When we appealed, you scorned, the scale is now
Reversed. Petitioning, you may pray redress;
We answer: 'Let the faithful steersman hold
The wheel until the threatening rocks
An safely passed, while those remain below
Who once betrayed the ship.'

"Be patient now,
And let returning sense of justice teach
You more of pradence and a better life.
Obey the law your disobedience has made
A necessary rein upon your wounded pride.
With what the nation please ty give, content
Yourselves. Petition, don't demand, for worse
May come. The taste of blood has made
Good soldiers of us all. Be quiet, still;
And let the people breathe in peace. If thus
Yon live, and by your friendly conduct show
That you will not again rebel and bring
Dishonor on our flag' we'll gladly take

Your proffered hand, and bury all the past.
We ask no more than this, but this we'll have.
And when you come with prayer, forget
Your threats, and deal with us as those who hold
Of right the reins of power.
"Laredef
Has saved the State; no more, no less.
If that were worthy work and bravely done,
He's guilty of no wrong. If cruelty
And hardship come' 'tis not his fault.
Imperfect as all human actions are,
'Twere most ungenerous in us now
To charge the aggregate of all the people's sin
On him who led the major part to do
A work the law required at his hands.
That equal liberty might soon prevail,
And peace and quiet reign abroad.
He kept his iron fingers tightly clasped
About the throat of passion, and has taught
Some useful lessons to the South indeed
Which nothing less, as years of trial proved,
Would teach. Arresting those creating strife,
He punished traitors to the peoples' cause,
And this he did of lawful right. When waste
From fire and sword prevailed, 'twas done
That on the ruins of a rotten, falling state
Might rise and grow a healthy plant
From freedom's living waters nourished.
The promise made as to the conduct of the war,
Was spurned and lauched at by the South;
And though by Laredef it was observed.
No less than conquest did at length prevail;
And nothing short of subjugation did
Induce the rebel armies to surrender up
Their arms. Capitulating terms were none
E'er made save those of ceasing to make war
And in the future to obey the law.
Their arms were conquered; subjugated were
Their fighting legions. There the conquest ceased,
The subjugation there, and that's the end.
The instant cleared away the clouds of war,
The kindly voice of Mercy came; and from
That very hour ceased aggressive rule.
The famished soldier on his homeward march
With gray upon his person wearing, ate the food

His Conqueror gave, and carried in his hand
The safeguard for his home. The Confiscation Act
Was dead; an Amnesty for all proclaimed,
And not a rebel tried for treason. O!
Were e'er revolted subjects dealt with so
Before? Was magnanimity e'er met
With such ungrateful, base return?

"In doing justice to each other now
Let all unite in hearty work, that peace.
With all her cheer and hope, may bloom
Again in this our common land. When this
We do, and do it earnestly, the gloom
And mist which now environs our hearts
Will pass away forever, and a happy state
Remain to bless and heal our wounded past."

Ambition following, reasoned thus:
"If freedom's right, then also right the means
By which it is obtained; and friend is he
To liberty who aids the struggling captive
To regain his hope, while enemy who withholds.
Upon this proposition rest the claims for right
We urge upon the judgment of mankind
In casting off the rule of kings.
If slavery is wrong, and Laredef has set
The bondman free, no wrong has then been done;
And if his freedom was a farce without
Continued aid from him, 'twas right
That he afford it; and if this required
Expense, 'twas justly paid.
"If war against
The life of Union was a wicked act,
'Twere right to crush the arm which struck the blow;
If war is cruel, then the hand which laid
The train must bear the burden of defeat;
If war 's expensive, he who is at fault
Should bear the blame and fill the purse again.
If evils come of war, then let them rest
Where rightfully they do belong. If right
It was to free the slave,—if right it is to make
His freedom worth the name, and any do
Oppose, 'twere well to curb their passions in
Until they can be safely loosed. If those
Who once defied the people's rule were wrong,

'Twere wise to keep the trust in other hands.

"If on the side of right then, Laredef
Has been in all the great events of past
Eventful years, the part of wisdom it
Would be, the causes well we weigh
That point to change of rule. If men of will
Corrupt and purpose evil in intent,
Upon the surface of the boiling flood appear,
The remedy were better that we let the heat
Subside by ceasing to produce the flame
That burns, and they'll descend again to where
Their proper level is. So if extremes have come,
'Twere better far to gently draw the feeders back,
And not renew the terrors of the past
By hastily reversing our course, and go
As suddenly to opposite extremes.
"But one
Remaining cause of discontent we have,
And that,—disfranchisement of those whose sin
Has given all our woe. If truth there be
In logic of events, this cannot long remain,
If they will aid in due enforcement of
The law. When they are free again, then all
Our disaffection's gone;—the nation's free
In fact as well as name. If freedom from
The former bondman's grasp, should any one
Attempt to tear, we'd have the war to fight again,
For equal liberty is our law supreme.
If of this should any danger be,
'Twere better then that for the present, rule
Remain as now we find it, and await
The soothing influence of time.
The genius of American success
Forbids the thought, that hate of liberty
Should any freeman have. 'Tis false as wrong,
And none know better this than those who charge
The noble Laredef with poisoning the State,
And wasting its emoluments. 'Tis said,
And so 'tis proven here, that numbers large,
A quarter million freemen, are denied
An equal voice in choosing those who rule,
While many who were once degraded slaves,
Are given rights which are denied to them.
'Tis true, and 'tis a glorious truth, that time

Has come in our affairs, when men
Have equal liberty; for though a time
Deprived of privileges two, and only two—
Official post to hold, and cast a vote—
It cannot so remain for longer time
At most than to the death of those displaced,
While Laredef has left it to themselves
How soon again they will enjoy their much
Esteemed defensive armor. Though the time
To them be long and fraught with some distress,
The greater good achieved does compensate
Their temporary discontent. The end
For all will much the better be, for then,
The errors of our past are cured, and all
Are free.

"Look then upon the future page
Of history we'll make, and see us stand
United as the forest oaks, and strong
As Allegheny's rocks: A band of freemen then,
Commanding awe from Kings: a family
From all dissensions free, without a check
Upon our peaceful progress through the years.
If in the past, with terrible disease
Fast growing in our vitals, have we grown
To such estate, oh! what would be too great,
Too vast, to hope for future of a people such
As we combined and free from all
Impeding cause? Spread out your country's map,
And count its boundless acres; estimate
Its treasures hidden; then compute its worth
As homes of freemen toiling for their wealth
By hundred millions counted, with
A common interest and common end,
Then say when can we cease our onward course,
And when forget what made us free?
We'll then be mistress of the world of men;
Our beacon lights will hang upon the outposts high
Where struggling mortals may look up
And see their glimmer through the vap'ry mist
That lowers o'er their heads, and we will lead
The nations back to peace and hope.
Then, free ourselves, we'll send the light of life
Through all the night around, and wait to see
It grow and brighten. Welcome happy future!
Thy pleasant dreams of hope, all welcome,—

Thy flowery paths, and purer lanes of life!
We're marching on to meet thee in
The land of peace where purest freedom reigns
Supreme, and the Eternal God uprears
His holy state where all of mortal kind
May congregate, and 'neath His starry shield
Forever sing His glories and His praise."

The argument concluding, then arose
The modest Namecaep filled with wrath. Before
He spake however, something seemed to say,
Or intimate, that one superior mind
Was near, or coming, and a view of that
Majestic myriorama plainly told
That half at least were stirred by some
Unknown, though vigorous and potent cause.
Ah! there we see a grayish mist slow coming in
Beneath the temple's dome and growing
Into shape, assuming human form,
But standing in the air. *It is the spirit of Old Tarcomed*; and from his mouth
A narrow, flowing stream of whitish rays
Proceeding down, do enter in the brain
Of him who stands to speak, and gives
Him what to say and do.
Proceeding, then
He said: "The record of the war is closed.
'Twere useless now to harrow up the past,
And call up from their graves the sleeping dead.
We care not for the hideous years sped by,
With all their wretchedness and trouble left;
We care not to discuss their causes or results;
They're gone and buried in the general wreck.
We're dealing with the present now, and that
Alone. We're cramped and tied, and fettered down
By usurpations of the prisoner here arraigned
At Bar of Justice for his grievous crimes.
He has betrayed the country's peace; he has
Corrupted every engine of his power by
Illegal use of treasure fraudulently wrung
From honest citizens. He lives upon decay
Of liberty, and fattens on its stench;
He grows upon dissensions in the State.
And rides upon the storm his passions raise.
He riots in the people's poverty and woe;

He laughs at their misfortunes, and he grinds
Them down to absolute despair. His rule
More wicked is than that of Roman beast,
More cruel than of Spain's most bloody King.
He wastes the people's treasure and their blood;
He squanders their estate, and puts upon
Their yielding necks despotic yoke so strong
And chafing that they cannot longer rest
Beneath his galling rule; and now we try
His countless crimes before the jury of
His peers. If justice has not lost its force,
No longer than the time the sure decree
Requires for its utterance, will be his reign."

As this prophetic word rang out upon the air,
A shout responsive rose from nearly half
Th' assembled populace, which shook and jarred
The very earth. Proceeding then, he said:

"These bold attacks upon our cherished form
Of government is not of recent years alone;
His policy and creed have ever been at war
With just administration of the law.
His treason's old, and in the distant time
Long past, he struck his venomed fangs
Into our noble system of restricted rule.
No hope for his repentance now. Grown old
In crime and bred to it, too far he's gone
Upon the road to ruin leading, for
A speedy cure of his accursed malady.
No hope for liberty until we check his reins.
Destroy his power, and remove his minions from
Their purchased seats. He's growing wild with hope
Of long continued rule. He'd have eternal reign.
He'd cut our veins, and laugh to see the flow
Of blood. He sits upon the nation's breast
Like fabled bird, and while by gentle
Winnowing of wings, he'd fan us into sleep,
His beak is sinking deeper in our vitals, where
He sucks the life-blood from our hearts.
No, no: there's nothing to be gained by hope
Of his conversion. Too old for this, and hardened
In his crimes. He reaches now for further hold
Upon the people's throats. He'd carry us
To ruin in a day. Let 's drive the despot

From his golden seat! Away! Away!
Malicious monster that thou art! away!
Infernal tyrant, from the seat thou hast
Usurped!" And bounding forward as
The people rose, he rushed toward Laredef;
But then, as he has ever been, at duty's post,
Did Grant come in between, and held
Th' impassioned orator at bay.
"Beware,"
Said he. "I wear the sword. Let us have peace."

Quite pale with rage, did Namecaep then
Resume his seat, and those who saw
As well.
The Judge then charged the jury on
The law and fact presented in the cause.

"When first the seed was sown which grew
At length to what we see around us here,
A root of evil genius grew as well, and many
Years the full development of right defeated
By its latent and destroying strength.
Beside, another vicious weed grew up
As well, and spread its overhanging vines
Across the land until, beneath their leafy shade
The people basked and lulled themselves to sleep.
Outside of these, the law had perfect play.
The good and evil plants grew side by side
For many ages on, until their strong
Aroma met where lowering clouds prevailed,
Through whose revolving currents passed
Electric sparks, when these ignited all
The mingling mists discordant, and the storm
Ensuing shook the nation in its seat.
Its terrors past, the gloomy vapors gone,
We look and see—not ruin, as 'tis urged,
But well nigh full fruition of the early seed.
The wreck of war 'tis true, was great
And sorely felt, but 'twas the purifying blast
Of God's progressive storm. It came because
Impurities in our life had slowly crept.
And overpowered our resisting strength.
No less than this had saved our precious plant.
The law is now supreme. The poison weeds
Are being rooted out of soil they've harmed;

And though a lingering fibre here and there
Remain, you've seen their vitiating growth,
And know full well the remedy. No harm
From them if you but execute the law.
Secession had its day, and slavery
As well. If remnant lives, destroy it, for
Their virus poisoned you. Remember that.

If in their destruction Laredef
Did aid, he did a proper work, and law
Is none offended. If, when war had ceased,
He then assumed to batter down
The ramparts of the people's liberties,
Then that were wrong, and should destroy
His rule, but if the fact be otherwise, the law
Directs no penalty. If citizens be now
Deprived of suffrage, look you to the cause;
And if it be a necessary regulation for
The better order of the State, or for
The preservation and the nurture of
The claim to liberty of those who recently
Were slaves, 'tis right; if not, 'tis wrong.
If he, for all the gold he used, do render true
Account, then look you to the thing on which
It was expended; if proper that, he's done
No wrong. The law is right. What's done
In its behalf deserves the praise of men.

The charges and defence you've heard; the proof,
And argument as well; If these his guilt
Have clearly shown, your duty's plain: convict.
But if a lingering doubt within your mind
Remain to trouble and perplex, then stay
Your hand and let the prisoner go his way.
Consider well the charges and the proof;
See what behind them lies in shadow of
The thing ambitious men may hold in front,
For view of fickle-minded citizens.
The object and design for which is brought
The suit, do probe and see if they be good,
The manner of the witness, too,—see that;
His statement analyze, and it compare
With what defence has shown, that truth
And only truth, appear to turn the scale.
Each fact and circumstance as they present

Themselves. their bearing on the charges and
Defence, deliberately weigh; and ponder well
The nature of the whole proceeding with
Unprejudiced determination right to do
Regardless of the consequences. that
Your verdict by the law be well sustained.
Be calm. Let not the rabble sway,
Nor tumult overawe your judgment of
The right. A healthy opposition gives
Relief to States; but when it is diseased
And runs to blood, the passions of the whole
Become aroused, and changes radical
Result. Beware of rashness then; you're in
The climax of your freedom now, and woe
Unto the hand that forges other chains.

In what you do remember this; That freedom,
And what is essential to maintain it, is
Our law. In changes that you make
If any, don't restrict, but still enlarge
The area of liberty; instead of lessening,
Increase the number of her votaries.
Let not a prejudice of caste, or race,
Or color lead you from your duty to the law.

The substance of the law is this: That God
Rules over all; directs the whole for purpose of
His own; that when to His eternal rule
Do men their works conform, progression grows
Unceasing on in channels pleasant and
Without a jar to shake the plan; but
Whether and without compulsion come or not
From men, to Him no cause is this
For pausing or delay. The end is certain of
Approach. If man be free to yield
A cheerful hand, without a shock
The change does come.—for progress works
A change.—and progress is the primal law.
Refusal of his aid a time defers
The final end; but come it will, as God
Hath said; and stubborn passions of
Deluded men as instruments are used
In building up the work to which they had
Denied their voluntary aid.

"You have

Within your power now the prisoner and his fate.
In cause so great do with him as is meet.
That God may look approvingly
Upon your work, be merciful; that He
May not undo it all, be just; remembering
That liberty to proper bounds by law
Restrained, is heaven's own decree.
Unto that conform your reason; leave
The rest to God. As justice points,
And wisdom does dictate, your passions yield;
And may no cloud in after time arise
To cast its darkening shadows o'er
Your verdict now."

The Judge has concluded his charge to the Jury
Who rise in their seats now and join all their voices
In one simultaneous, thundering chorus
Whose deep sounding echoes go off to the mountains
And over the distant clear watery valleys
Then dipping its tremulous tones in the river,
Till every American answers the echo:
"WE'LL RENDER OUR VERDICT ON THE IDES OF NOVEMBER."

The prisoner 's retired in keeping of sureties
Who pledge his return when the People demand him.

The myriads of people now slowly descending
From places they occupied during the trial
Through passages same as which they had entered
Commingling again in the pleasantest humor,
Without the confusion and striving commotion
Of those unaccustomed to usage of freemen,
Began their departure in every direction
With great animation discussing the merits
And probable sequel, in all their bearings,
Of Laredef's trial, and which were the better
For peace and for safety and health of the nation,
To thrust him from power and place there another
Of policy different and fresh from the people,
Or let him continue and prove if he can that
He's honest and faithful and ought to be trusted.
They're moving in streams of unlimited number,
Diverging as farther they go toward the homes where
Their children are anxiously waiting to greet them,

Until the great mass is completely divided,
And scattered about in diminutive parcels
All over the country wherever their homes are.

Now up on the Temple of Liberty look we,
And see with amazement the fairy mechanics,
Whose numberless fingers are busily lifting.
The various parts of this grandest of structures
From that upon which they had formerly rested,
And placing them gently in beautiful caskets,
Securely protecting the jewels from danger
Until they are put in their natural casements—
The hearts of the people—for future rebuilding
When four years have passed their attentive inspection.

And thus in the time that a moment's passing,
The temple had rapidly vanished, but every
Minute and material portion was safely
In keeping where none but the people united
Can ever have access;—the forum remaining
As first we observed it, where Union is standing,
Unequalled in grandeur, in charge of his keepers,
Fair Virtue, with Liberty, and Independence.

CONCLUSION.

REMARKS.

Gen. Grant's election; short review; a look ahead.

As to ambitious youth arrives the time
Which tests the merits of long years of toil
And anxious labor of the brain, so dawned
That pregnant day wherein the potent voice
Of millions to the listening world should speak
The verdict of Columbia's sons; and as
The gathering freemen, like their habit is,
About their voting places cluster round to cast
Their votes—the shield of liberty and right—
As best to them it seemed, throughout the day,
Like winter's snow-flakes falling silently
To earth, so dropped the people's ballots in
Ten thousand caskets framed for them.

The night had scarce her shadows spread
Across the fevered land, while anxious hearts
Responded to their inward prophecies,
As each unto itself foretold the choice
America had made, when every where athwart
The active nation, from the East, and West,
And North and South, as though the heavens' quick
Machinery had lent its subtle agencies
To man for sudden transit of his thoughts,
Along unnumbered wire threads there flashed
The news, as from the counted votes was seen,
"NOT GUILTY! Laredef has been sustained."

Across the ocean ran the rapid current on,
And distant nations read the glaring news
Which set the world at rest; for now
The problem 's solved, "Are freemen fit to hold

The reins of government within their own
Weak arms; and is the sword of power safe
When each of thousands multiplied of men
His grasp upon its hilt does hold?"
Before
Another morning on the land had shed
Its peaceful glow, th' enlightened world had learned
The verdict rendered in our court: that he,
Of all most highly charged with wrong and crime,
Was duly tried, and by the judgment of his peers
Acquitted. Grant, the humble citizen,
The lowly, modest, incorruptible
Civilian; he whose priceless worth the people knew,
Was chosen President, and to that choice
This moving mass of freemen bowed assent.
By lessons our experience taught, we'd learned
That when through lawful forms their will
The people speak, that will must be obeyed;
And though in passion had we long discussed
The merits of the cause decided now
In those immortal words our chieftain spoke
We prayed as with a common voice: "Let us
Have peace."
Thus ended that great struggle which,
For eight long years had strung the nation's nerves
Unto their utmost tension, and for half
That time had threatened all the world of man
With evils at whose very mention turned
Disgustfully away his better instincts of
The right. The latter half—the half of peace—
Defensive and deceptive as it was,
Was big with danger and combustion, for,
Deep underneath the surface of our life
A deadly current of dissension ran
That, but for timely action of the people's will,
Had ruined all our hopes, and misapplied
The fruits upon a thousand hard-fought fields
Upon victory won. The contest of the field
By ponderous armies waged, had ceased
Its dreadful havoc and its burning waste.
While liberty fresh garlands wore; but then,
When to the watching world we seemed at peace
And basking in the sunshine of a sweet
Repose, another, fiercer, nobler struggle raged
Of thought: how best to heal the wounds of strife;

Secure the State and save the fruits of war;
To guaranty to every man his lawful right
Without debating whether he were bond
Or free in other times; to bury deep our past
Distressing feuds, and to destroy the seed
So long within our vitals breeding discontent;
To best restore the beaten foes of just
And lawful rule to equals in the land;
To reconstruct their fallen states, and rear
Upon their rotten ruins freedom's walls;
To wash away their ramparts of deluded pride;
To open up their veins and let new blood
Flow in; to teach them how to elevate the slave
And educate the poor; to show them fresh
Example of the law of equal liberty;
To turn the stream of clannish prejudice
In channnels of a higher life; to chase away
The darkness of their past and send
The happy light of freedom through their homes;
To strengthen loyal hands and cultivate
Their growth;—the subjects these this war of brains
Was fought about, and it has ended too.

We've lopped short off the cumbrous cankers of
Our younger life, and in a vesture new
Of buoyant manhood stand we forth to-day.
We've struck the shackles from four millions slaves
And clothed them with the rights of men;
We've conquered valliant armies on the field
And proved their error in debate; suppressed
Rebellion in its strongest holds; our life
We saved, and then our enemies forgave,
Nor tried a man for treason.
We've set a nation free; have smothered deep
In death Secession's hurtful heresies;
And thus, in these two master strokes of right,
Have rid ourselves of every cause which brought
Resistance and its blood within our doors.

We've linked Francisco's Golden Gate to Maine;
We bring the juice of Calafornia's vines
To cheer the rigors of New England's cold
Through that great artery of Trade whose arms
Of iron reach across the continent;
And to the eastern world, by cords submerged

Beneath Atlantic's tide, we've bound ourselves.
Besides, though war, as never war before,
Had drained our substance long, through all
That tier of noble States whose sons came forth,
Two millions and a half in armor clad,
To battle for the right, our thriving people grew
More prosperous and great; and there—(it is
A pregnant truth—) no traces of the war
Are seen. No fields are there thrown out to grow
With weeds and briers up; deserted farms
None there, nor factories, nor shops, nor towns.
'Tis only at the South these sad reminders of
The awful conflict stare upon our path
As through the land we go. 'Tis here we look
With sadness on the wreck of war, and see
The smouldering embers of that dreadful fire lie;
Mementoes of our pride, our wickedness,
Our sin.

But though the conquest of our arms
Released the bondman and relieved the State;
Although our victory in argument was great
And of a lasting good; although the bold,
Defiant stand our gallant Congress took
Against the rising tide of madness fresh
Returning with augmented strength and hate,
Is demonstrated just, and wise, and right;
Although for self-defense we've placed a sword
In hands before that never swung a blade;
Although one shining mile-mark in our road
We've passed, and all obstructions to our line
Of march displaced; yet, though so much achieved,
Of all disease and guilt, we may not quite
Be free. Has Avarice left no seeds of death
Deep lurking in our blood? No bane has Pride
Left lying on our banquet boards, whose taste
Slow poison in our vitals may infuse?
Ah, yes! While young, and weak, and poor, we felt
And knew but little of the sin of Pride;
For poverty against her arts is shield.
But now, that prospering unparallelled
Has filled our coffers up, and in our downy laps
Laid luxury and ease, the question's fitly asked:
Is she not holding still too high a place
Within our people's hearts? And then,
That other subtler spirit who destroyed

Great Rome's estate when all the gaping world
Paid homage to her name; that lisping imp
Who taught the Pilgrims how to steal,
And whose devouring maw infects the purest blood,
Then spews the stinking mass around the world.
'Tis he we now must grapple with, and Pride.
The love of gold; the love of ease. Beware;
Americans, beware! Their snares are set.

And yet another thought. Our foemen,—are
They conquered finally and well? Have war
And victory had their full fruition yet?
Has all for which rebellion struggled been
Surrendered, and to time in death interred?
By souls unseen do bodies move; and know
That while to all the world was told the truth
The State was poisoned by the slave-pen's stench,
Yet still was slavery but the body; and
Within, beneath, above, around,—all through
It ran a spirit living, active, vital, brave.
The body slaughtered, is the spirit dead?
Although the serpent's hissing head be crushed,
His mangled, rotten form be stinking in the earth,
Unnoticed and forgotten in their depth
His fangs may still be lying 'mid the wreck;
And in some balmy time to come, when wealth
Her golden pinions plumes and fans us into sleep
Again, the nation may be seen to weep
Because the poison of this buried tooth
Has reached her heart a second time.
As the unthinking horse the cactus shuns,
Let us by careful watch avoid the thorns
Left lying all about the land, whose sting
Breeds death and national decay.
If freedom 's not a farce and liberty
A dream,—then where our banner floats let all
Be free;—the hand, the thought, the tongue, the pen;
None fearing danger from his fellow man—
The midnight raider's devilish mask,
His fiendish threat or his avenging steel;
Nor yet the shafts of malice born of hate
Long nurtured, nor the odium of public scorn
Piled mountain high to stand where bayonets failed,
As barriers against the march of mind: When such
A state exists, then, in the footprints of the dead

Who died the heroes of a wicked cause,
We'll write an epitaph upon the past,
Forgiving all its wrong, its crime, its blood,
And sing with truth We're free;—ALL free.

That much we've done. What now remains to do?
The moral world is full of work. Across
The growing nation cast your eye and see
The wretchedness and want, privation and
Distress in countless phases shown. The poor
On every hand need help; reach out your hand
To struggling poverty. The fallen, and the low,
Go down to them; go, help them all to rise;
Go, ease the aching world of pain, and on
The ruins of a wicked past raise up,
By good you do to humble, needy man,
A monument for Virtue's eye to scan.
And Woman,—noblest, best of all,—she pleads
For help; she begs a saving friendship now
That 's strong and deep within the heart
Of man to help the best, to save the worst
Her sex presents. Go, learn her every want,
And with unsparing hand supply them all.

With this just labor of the heart, the head
And hand must needs keep pace. The boundless fields
Upon our west where foot of man has barely trod,
Must come beneath the culture of the times
And bloom with wheat and corn. As now
Across the snowy regions of the North, so too,
From Memphis to the western Sea, we soon
Must see the line of travel take its course
Upon the iron way. All through the hills
And valleys of that vacant wild, amid
The sound of cascades and the moan of trees
Must soon be heard the rattle and the roar
Of wheels and engines on the rail as rolls
The car of progress on and tides of men
Move west. Wherever little streamlet leaps
From rock to rock in nature's pastime free,
Let Labor build himself a shop and turn
The precious drops to use. Where forests sing
Their ancient hymns let songs of honest toil
Be heard; and where the buffalo and elk

Now graze upon the native verdure of the plains
Let reapers ring as quick their thorny sickles strike
The golden wheat; and where the savage council meets
The click of the printing press be heard.

And stop not here. The seat of Government
Potomac's placid banks must bid adieu.
That marble pile within whose walls were heard
The wisdom of a Madison, a Webster's sense;
An Adams' strength, a Clay's bold eloquence;
The threats of a Calhoun, a Jackson's ring;
A Randolph's pungent wit, a Butler's sting;
A Hayne's menace, a Brooks's burning hate;
A Cass's honor, and a Douglas' strong debate;
A Benton's energy, a Sumner's lore;
A Seward's prophecy, a Stephens' war,
To-day is left behind this moving age
Which westward hies and still goes west.
Yes, from the Statue emblem on its dome
To deep foundation stone, each part
Must be removed, and westward of
The parent stream be built anew.
If this may not be done, in peace then let
It rest,—a monument of freemen's work;
And where the nation's heart so long has beat;
Where name of Washington the world has learned
In reverence and admiration to repeat,
There let great National Schools arise wherein
Columbia's youth may learn the art
Of all important most,—the art of government.
"Go west? Go west?" you ask; "Then where?"
Upon the soil of fair young Kansas was
The first great battle for the right fought out;
And fit commemoration of that noble work
Would be give her the Nation's Capital.
She 's central and she 's safe: she 's true.

In this new era of our country's dawn,
As now we launch anew our noble ship
Into the opening sea of future life, we look
Ahead upon the waste before to catch a glimpse
Of what in time may come, while Fancy weaves
Her webs of prophecy and hope. We stand
Upon the outposts of a fast receding age

And strain our vision o'er the great expanse
Beyond, and there within the bosom of
That coming time we see the busy world
At work in all the pleasant arts of peace,
And hear the happy songs of millions in
Their toil where labor reaps its just reward
And all mankind are free.

As first
With Washington in life we started out,
So now with Grant to steer the State, we leave
The wreck and carnage of the past, and go
Upon our voyage fresh to reach another point
The Father has in store. When that we gain
Another lesson we'll have learned how best
To shield ourselves from sin and guard
Against the evils of our past. The priceless art
Of government we'll better understand;
We'll better know necessities of man.
Then may we not devoutly pray that there,
When by the tidal wave of time we're drifted to
The nation's holiday, in looking out upon
Our progress made, we'll see the world at peace,
The lowly raised, the ignorant taught,
And plenty in the coffers of the poor?

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